

Chapter One: The More Things Change

Up in one of his many office buildings, Harry Potter sat deep in thought. It had been two and a half years since he defeated Voldemort. Two and a half years since that clone had completely sabotaged the name of Harry Potter. In that time, Harry had kept busy, trying to rebuild his vast mafia empire and also raise it to new heights. Harry barely paid attention to the world around him, least of all Wizarding Britain. As far as Harry concerned, that entire world, with a few exceptions, was dead to him. He still had the Daily Prophet under his control. He gave them full run to print anything they wanted providing it was factual with one exception. Any stories about Harry, good or bad, were strictly forbidden.

A flashing light underneath his desk had brought Harry out of his recollections of the events of the past two and a half years. Sighing, it appears someone had found their way inside his office building that was not authorized. Despite all the security measures, nothing was perfect. Quickly, Harry rose to his feet, wand in hand and moved forward, opening the door of the room that he was in, stepping forward into the hallway. In the air, Harry saw smoke rising up from one of the lower floors. Quickly, Harry moved forward, as the smoke got thicker, as he rushed down the stairs. Putting a Bubble Head charm on, Harry pushed his way through the door and he saw a scruffy looking grey haired man exit one of his storerooms and enter the next. Quickly, Harry entered the room and saw the man pouring lighter fluid on the floor, humming a merry tune under his breath as he strutted across the room. Harry cleared his throat to get the intruder's attention.

"Didn't your mother warn you about playing with matches?" asked Harry as he pointed his wand at the intruder.

"Many times, not like I listened to her," commented the intruder as he turned towards Harry, who raised his wand. "Wow, it looks like you have a problem with my little arson hobby, eh, kiddo."

Harry moved forward but before he could attack, he was caught off guard with a large wall of fire erupting from a high tech apparatus fastened to his intruder's arm.

"I really hate technology," muttered Harry under his breath, as he dodged another blast of fire, before he attempted to use a jet of water to fight off his opponent, but he was much quicker than he looked.

"I have the solution to any problem," said the intruder before he turned to Harry. "TORCH IT!"

Another blast of fire with Harry just dodging it. The fire completely obliterated the vase behind Harry, reducing it to cinders. Harry moved in and more bursts of fire impacted, lighting the room ablaze, creating a ring of fire around Harry.

"You've just been burned, kid!" yelled the intruder as he rushed forward but Harry pointed his wand towards the door, causing it to shield shut. "Well, it looks like you want me to turn it up a few notches!"

Harry, having just doused the fire around him, had to deal with another fireball being shot from the flame throwing device strapped to his attacker's arm. Every time he tried to aim to destroy his opponent's apparatus, another burst of flames shot right out of him.

"Admit it, you can't handle the heat!" shouted the arsonist, his eyes widened, as Harry blasted a cool jet of water right at the attacker, sending him into the wall.

"No, just the puns," corrected Harry, before he shot ropes at the attacker, binding him tight. He could easily kill him, but he had more pressing matters to attend to like what this nutcase had trashed.

Harry moved forward into the next room and quickly opened the door. His eyes widened, several of his crates contained shipments from highest paying client had been reduced to little but ashes. In a flash, Harry shot jets of water from his wand, hoping to salvage the damage, as these particular shipments were due out by the end of the week. Sadly, not even magic could restore the damage done and Harry angrily blasted the mess away before he moved forward to check on his secured arsonist. Harry guessed that it might not have been a good idea to leave him alone for too long.

The smell of smoke had brought Harry to the conclusion that he was certain that it was not a good idea to leave that crazed arsonist in the room alone. He opened the door and sure enough, the ropes that he used to bind his enemy had been burned straight through. A smoldering hole in the wall had given Harry a good idea where his enemy went but unfortunately the arsonist moved rather quicker than Harry had mentioned. Harry's attention was caught by a message that had been scorched into the floor.

"Another Person Successfully Burned By Inferno!"

At that instant, some of Harry's employees showed up, ready to bust anyone who was messing with their headquarters.

"Boss we heard the alarm, we got up here as fast as we could, we were putting the finishing touches on the Cartier Shipment," said one of the mobsters.

"I understand perfectly, Cartier is our second most important client after all and his shipment is due out by the end of the week, but the shipment that was supposed to be sent out in two days had been completely obliterated by fire," said Harry and the mobsters looked grave, the person who ordered this shipment had been rather persistent that it'd be shipped out on time. "There's his calling card, if any of you have any ideas as the individual behind this, so he can dealt with appropriately."

"Inferno, wait he's one of the most efficient corporate saboteurs in all of Europe," inputted one of the mobsters as the others nodded. "Real name's Herbie Periwinkle, he's been at this game for thirty years, Boss Evans ran into him a couple times, but not even he's been able to stop Inferno from committing his acts of arson, in fact, he's never been caught, not by the people's he's crossed or even the law."

"Yeah, Periwinkle's good at his work, but the fact he's not playing with a full deck. He's become a bit too much obsessed with his work, fanatic even, makes him really dangerous" inputted Antonio, who looked about like his niece Hermione right now, before she was about to rattle off some obscure information. "He was expelled from school when he was nine for attempting to torch the school when some classmates made fun of him. From what they say, he was drawn to

how much power fire gave him and eventually, to pay the rent, he began to do small jobs for corporations, who paid him well enough to sabotage the competition to make him consider it to be a full time career. In fact, rumor has it there were many times that he worked for one corporation and then a bit later, he turned around to sabotage the same corporation that he received a pay off for, as a retaliation move.”

“So, no loyalty other than to his bank account,” summarized Harry.

“Indeed and after some time, he got involved in the mob scene, no never with your grandfather, as he didn’t trust a freelancer to do anything,” commented Antonio. “Still, Zabini used him a couple of times that we know of, and other upstart mob bosses, more than I can remember. Didn’t get far, your grandfather was rather good at cutting off most rising threats at the knees.”

“Speaking of rising threats, those rumors about the Zabini mob being splintered, I would have thought that all those factions would have wiped each other out by now and I could focus on eliminating one constant threat,” commented Harry. “Now, there still battling with each other over the Zabini territory, not that I mind, because it gives me more time to worry about this organization rather than what the other guys are doing. Still, keep your friends close and your enemies closer.”

“Ah, that is a tricky situation, looks like we can nail it down to two guys, Caruthers and Eckstein,” remarked Antonio. “Caruthers has been there since the time of Boss Evans, pretty close to a right hand man as you can get, not that Zabini even trusted his own shadow. Eckstein joined towards the end, within the last couple of years, hasn’t done much until Zabini was whacked, but proved himself to be a sleazy little opportunist by attempting to take control. While Caruthers wants to keep with the traditional practices, Eckstein wants to bring everything into the twenty first century.”

“Caruthers is a tough one to crack, he won’t let a slimy little upstart like Eckstein walk over him,” added another mobster.

“And if Eckstein tries anything with me, I will cut him off at the knees,” said Harry and the others nodded, knowing that Harry meant his

threat to be taken quite literally, but at that second, a buzzing sound echoed throughout the building. "Yes."

"Boss Potter, your contact is here to see you," announced a gruff voice over the loud speaker.

"Can't it wait?" asked Harry, who still was trying to figure out how to get that high priced shipment back together, because after it was burned beyond all repair, even if he used magic.

"She says it's urgent," remarked the mobster on the other end of the communication link.

"Send her in," replied Harry before he turned to Antonio. "See if there's anything you can do, find some men to get that shipment back together. We have less than two days, but still we have to try, as this client will not settle for an extension and his business is very high priced, I can't afford to lose it."

"Absolutely boss," said Antonio, as he left, with two bodyguards hovering around Harry, but Harry dismissed them with a wave of his hand.

"We need as many hands on deck on possible, I'm sure no one will kill me for a few hours or at least I can handle it if they do try," said Harry, as the door opened, to reveal the very tired form of Nymphadora Tonks. "Tonks, they've been working you hard again?"

"Yes, thirty six hours straight, seems to be that the Ministry of Magic forgot a little necessity called sleep, as all the Aurors who have less than ten years experiences have been worked around the clock," remarked Tonks in a moody tone of voice. "Still, they're giving me a two hour break, how generous of them, don't you think?"

"Yes, the humanitarians," commented Harry dryly. "And the fact that you're here, instead of getting some sleep on your break suggests that you have some important news to tell me."

"Yes, I've got to make it quick, as I have spent about a half hour avoiding someone, because I have the strangest feeling that I'm being followed, but I lost them," said Tonks. "Only because everyone

with a known connection to you is being followed, and given the role you planned with getting us reinstated in the Black family tree, I'm on that list."

"I know, Luna was followed a few days ago, but she seemed very amused by what happened," said Harry.

"She wouldn't have anything to do about the two Aurors that came back yesterday babbling incoherently under their breath and humming, would she?" asked Tonks, who despite her lack of sleep, looked slightly amused. "The effects wore off and the Aurors didn't have the foggiest idea that they had even seen her."

"I hope so," said Harry proudly. "So, anyway, enough small talk, the news that's so urgent."

"Well, the new Minister of Magic, who just happens to be Scrimgeour, you know the guy who wanted to kill you for your clone killing his daughter," said Tonks and Harry nodded in acknowledgement. "Well, you're unofficially the number one most wanted public enemy in the Ministry of Magic, well they can't do anything to bring you in, but just be careful, accidents can happen."

"Yes, as in my finger accidentally slipping and connecting with a certain button, causing proof that the Wizarding World Exists to be broadcasted on every radio and television station in the world," remarked Harry coolly.

"I know, that's another thing that I should warn you about, the reason that we're working so much overtime, mostly Aurors who are half blood and muggleborn I should add," said Tonks. "We're trying to look for transmitters that are powerful enough to broadcast that much, not that I'm much help, as I can barely figure out how to set the microwave that Dad bought last year."

"The Ministry will never find that transmitter, not in a million years," said Harry confidently. "Although perhaps it might be a prudent move to warn them that it's also motion sensitive. If anyone attempts to enter, magically or otherwise, without inputting the correct code, you can say bye-bye to the secrecy."

“Knowing you, this thing’s hidden well enough that someone can’t accidentally trigger it,” yawned Tonks.

“Of course it is, the last thing I need is a bird accidentally flying into the door and triggering the end of the Wizarding World, no matter how much that amuses me to no end,” said Harry and Tonks just nodded.

“I better get going,” said Tonks and Harry just nodded, waving Tonks off, as she moved to the Ministry. Harry could care less about the Ministry and he actually did not know that there was a new Minister until Tonks told him so. Harry put those concerns out of his mind, until Inferno showed up, this was supposed to be his day off and in fact he was supposed to spend the rest of the day with Luna, when she had put the finishing touches on an article in the Quibbler.

Another knock on the door and Harry looked up hopefully, but Hermione had entered the office.

“Oh, it’s just you Hermione,” said Harry.

“Good to see you too Harry,” replied Hermione with a smirk.

“Sorry, Hermione, I was expecting Luna,” commented Harry.

“I know, she told me to tell you that she should be by in about twenty minutes or so,” remarked Hermione. “Still, Harry you and Luna seem to be getting pretty close...”

“Of course we are, it’s something that even I don’t fully understand, but I’m happy to go along with it,” remarked Harry, who looked forward to every moment he spent with Luna. Given everything else that happened in his life, Harry felt that he deserved some good to go along with the bad and something told him that Luna felt pretty much the same way about him.

“Yes, you’ve been dating for almost three years, when are you...you know...” prodded Hermione.

“Actually, we’ve done that several times, didn’t think you’d be interesting in what goes on behind closed doors Hermione,” said Harry which caused Hermione to roll her eyes slightly at Harry.

“Not that, you prat,” said Hermione shaking her head. “Given the fact that you’ve been dating so long, I would have thought give how close you are, you would have asked her to marry you.”

Harry took a swig of his pumpkin juice, for the sole purpose of doing a spit take, causing the juice to be spat all over Hermione.

“That subject’s come up, but Luna says, and I agree, that marriage is a bit too conventional for two people like us, we’re together anyway, but why do we need to make it official?” asked Harry. “Plus, Luna said her parents were together for several years, and only got married about nine months before Luna was born, but she does seem rather amused by the timing of that.”

“Yes, that is some interesting timing,” remarked Hermione as she shook her head from side to side. “Still, given that you are the head of one of the most prestigious pureblood families, I’m surprised that you aren’t given static. After all, I read that the Ministry of Magic does frown upon the fact of unmarried of age heirs to pureblood families. That’s why most get married right out of Hogwarts.”

“The Ministry of Magic also frowns upon the fact that I’m still breathing, so I can’t say I’m too upset that they might get upset about this stupid heir heritage thing,” commented Harry.

“True, I can’t really argue with that,” said Hermione before she abruptly shifted gears. “So, how are things lately?”

“Other than the fact that an arsonist just wiped out a high priced shipment and the new Minister of Magic has a vendetta against me, I say things are going pretty well,” answered Harry. “Sadly, the arsonist managed to slip through my fingers, but I’ve got my eye on him for next time but still, that shipment was worth a lot, to a person who isn’t fond of being kept waiting.”

"No wonder everyone was running by earlier, they were scrambling to put everything together," said Hermione. "And it couldn't be put back together by magic?"

"No, damaged that bad and besides, it can't be pieced back together with magic, it would fry all the circuitry," replied Harry. "I would help, but considering my computer illiteracy, I'd more likely screw something up. Besides, I can pay people to understand that stuff."

Hermione decided it was not best to give Harry the "magic can't solve everything" lecture.

"I also heard that they finally got the Forbidden Forest back up, would have been by now, but the centaurs were not all that cooperative," remarked Hermione. "No clone, or at least there's no word about it being found."

"Something's up," muttered Harry, as a clone could not have just disappeared. The Ministry was hiding something but the problem was, Harry had no idea exactly how much they were hiding or where they had the clone stashed.

"I thought as much as well, perhaps you should hint that in the Daily Prophet," suggested Hermione.

"No, I refuse to lift the Potter embargo on the Prophet, I refuse to let my name to be mentioned any more than I have to or my likeness to be shown anywhere," commented Harry.

"Give that all Harry Potter related merchandise are now collectors items when you pulled it from the shelves, it seems like you're trying to erase your own existence from the Wizarding World," said Hermione.

"Well, outside of historical reference books, ever since the Hogwarts Massacre and Riddle's defeat, my name has only been mentioned in that brief Ministry owned paper. You know the one was forced to be shut down to a series of accidents," said Harry.

"Right, accidents," commented Hermione with a smirk and a wink.

“Hey, it’s not my fault if certain business associates of mine thought my words of disgust that someone should do something about the lies that paper told implied that they should go and blow up a Ministry owned building,” said Harry defensively. “At least no one was killed. Just priceless, irreplaceable magical printing equipment was destroyed, shutting down those efforts.”

“And putting the Ministry out several hundred galleons, something that they had to justify to the tax payers, when they demanded an explanation about why they did not have better security,” added Hermione.

“Well, anything that puts the high ranking officials at the Ministry in hot water works well for me,” remarked Harry as he heard a knock on the door. “Come in!”

Finally, Luna pushed open the door, with a smile on her face as she saw Harry.

“Hi Harry, sorry it took me so long, that article took me longer to tie up than I thought, but now I’m all yours,” said Luna as she approached Harry. “Was something wrong, I saw a bunch of people rushing by when I entered the ring?”

“Just your usual attempt of corporate sabotage,” replied Harry as he rose to his feet. “An order got damaged...”

“Yes, but I’m sure I can handle making sure everything goes smoothly for you while you two enjoy yourselves,” interjected Hermione, as she looked at both Harry and Luna. “Seriously, go have a good time, I think I can handle it from here.”

“If anything urgent comes up, contact me immediately,” said Harry sternly.

“Of course Harry,” commented Hermione with a nod.

“Remember, immediately, if it takes you more than two minutes to come up with a solution,” said Harry.

“Of course Harry,” repeated Hermione with a nod.

"I mean it Hermione, immediately," added Harry.

"I know you do Harry," answered Hermione.

"No matter how much you think that I should not be bothered, if it's urgent, contact me," said Harry.

"Yes, Harry, I get you, loud and clear" said Hermione as she took a deep breath. "Plus, I think Uncle Antonio would be able to help me, or if not him, then Sirius and Remus, they have about as much of an idea of everything that's going on than you."

"Still, if anything comes up..." stated Harry but Hermione cut him off.

"DAMN IT HARRY, GO, LEAVE, HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH LUNA, BEFORE I HEX YOUR BLOODY LIPS TOGETHER!" snapped Hermione, and Harry opened his mouth to retort, but Luna decided to step in, as both Hermione and Harry could be really stubborn.

"Harry, I'm sure nothing's going to happen in a few hours, and besides it might do you some good if you to get away from that, you look to have been under a lot of stress, in fact, I have been too," said Luna, before she whispered in Harry's ear. "Perhaps we can find a way to help each other relieve us of some of that stress."

"Of course, I'm sorry, Hermione, we're going right now," said Harry as he walked off with Luna, as Hermione sighed as she watched her two friends.

"Thank you Luna, I was about to throw this at his head," muttered Hermione under her breath, as she absent mindedly looked over a Harry Potter bobble head doll that was sitting on the edge of Harry's desk. Hermione just sat there, if she was lucky, nothing would come up tonight and she would not have to even think about contacting Harry.

In a deep cavernous chamber deep within the Department of Mysteries, a group of rather distorted individuals walked by a glass case containing an exact duplicate of Harry Potter. The figures had been disguised from everyone, including the other members of the group. They passed the case, before a swirling mist appeared at the

end of the chamber, revealing a figure dressed in grey robes, the facial features quite distorted and muddled.

“Status report,” prompted the figure, a higher ranking superior, in a deep, obviously magically distorted voice.

“The weapon is reaching completion, in fact, only a matter of moments, we will be able to release it, G.W.,” commented the leader of the group.

“Very well, the one that we seek should be eliminated before we can fully proceed with our scheme,” said the superior in its distorted voice. “Need I remind you that no one else in the Ministry is to get a slightest hint of the plan outside of this group, not even others within the Department of Mysteries.”

“Yes, you have, numerous times, we’ve been nothing but discrete, when we collected the duplicate from the forest, we left no trace that we were there,” commented the group leader.

“Yet, did you leave a decoy in its place?” asked the superior roughly.

“No, does it matter, most of the world does not believe it exists at all,” argued the group leader.

“Yet, Harry Potter knows of it and if he ever finds out that nothing was found in the forest, he will suspect that something has been done,” said the superior coldly.

“Yes, but he would suspect the upper management, we may fly under his radar as being suspects,” suggested the team leader feebly.

“For your sake, you better hope that you are correct,” concluded the superior coldly. “Keep me informed on the success of our little weapon, the moment it eliminated the Boy-Who-Lived.”

“Of course,” said the group leader, as the mist disappeared, allowing the group to move forward into the next chamber.

“For all our work, this plan better be worth it,” muttered one of the members of the group.

"It will be worth it, for the safety of every witch and wizard in the world," said the group leader. "While we are much better than Muggles in every way, the gap of how much better we are lessens with each passing moment. Should we allow Muggles to evolve at their current rate, there is a very real and dangerous possibility that they will create methods that can beat even the most powerful of magic in another century or so. This cannot be allowed to happen and while others in the Ministry scoff at this ever occurring, something must be done to stop this before it even occurs."

The group nodded, it was the basis of their research that started sometime ago, prompting them to draw these conclusions, but many would be deceiving themselves if they did not have their misgivings from time to time on how successful the long term plan would end up.

The group leader gave them the signal, as each of them tapped their wands to the specially made cloaks, becoming transparent. They approached a tube, containing a beautiful young girl, about sixteen years of age, with an athletic build, with shining long black hair, flowing down her back.

"A male duplicate created by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named failed to properly eliminate Harry Potter, so an exact duplicate of Harry Potter is out of the question. This project does not need to be tied into failure right from the start, so with several modifications to the Dark Lord's work, an accurate representation of what Harry Potter might have been had he been born female has been created," narrated the group leader to the official magical log for the project. "Perhaps, these female models will have other uses that can be exploited in time, but right now, we must stick to the mission regarding Harry Potter."

Reaching forward, the tube disappeared from around the girl, causing her vivid green eyes opening, as she looked around, as she examining her surroundings.

"Your confusion is understandable, you must not remember anything from your past," commented one of the distorted voices, as the girl looked up, as expensive looking robes magically appeared on her body. "You were involved in a severe incident that caused most of

your memory to be wiped, but we managed to restore most of your sanity and health.

"I see," commented the girl coolly as she looked around. "Perhaps you might fill me in on exactly of certain important facts like my name and what I was doing when this incident happened, because I'm not sure if I trust any of you."

"Once again, very understandable, your name is Lotus Evans and you are the youngest of us, you showed great potential, especially since you were the only one who could stop the greatest menace that the world has ever seen, Harry Potter" replied the distorted voice.

"Was he the one who did this to me?" demanded Lotus, as she walked forward, to the source of the voices.

"Perhaps, especially if he caught one hint that you were on to him and were ready to finish him off," remarked the distorted voice. "We found you in a bad state, severely injured, damaged, it took some time even with the most advanced magic possible."

"Magic?" asked Lotus.

"Yes, young flower, you have the ability to perform the magical arts, you are a witch, but do not worry, as it will come to you naturally, with the wand in the side pocket of your robes to help control your gift," commented the team leader in his distorted voice. "Potter's gone underground, but we fear that he will come back, and destroy all that opposes him. He is a plague that infects all aspects around him. He cares of no one but himself and his agenda. Here is a picture of your target, perhaps in time this will help you on your way to clearing some of the mental fog that plagues you."

A picture of Harry Potter appeared in front of Lotus, as she looked over the Boy-Who-Lived's features intently, with a bit of interest.

"Cute, shame that he's evil," commented Lotus under her breath, taking as much time as she felt studying the picture of Harry Potter before she looked in the direction of her nameless, faceless cohorts. "Don't worry, I'll find a way to finish him off so he doesn't hurt anyone ever again."

“Remember the fate of all of humanity rests in your hands, you are the last hope for everything, so exercise great caution, as Potter does have his followers that are as dangerous as they are,” commented the leader. “If you fall this time, everyone else will but remember, bring Potter’s body back as proof as his demise, as he’s deceived us before.”

Lotus just acknowledged the presence of her superiors with the briefest of nods, before she exited the premises with a confident, self assured walk as she made her way off to eliminate Harry Potter. She had a task to do and would sort out everything else about her life in time.

The group watched the girl leave. Their weapon would do well and once her task was completed, she would be disposed of much like any tool once it’s outlived its usefulness.

There you go kids, the first chapter of this thirteen chapter sequel to a Twisted Timeline. I have some interesting plans that will amuse me and well...we’re just going to have to wait and see about the rest of you, won’t we?

Chapter Two: Meetings

“Move it,” barked Rufus Scrimgeour gruffly, as several dozen Aurors filed into the Wizengamot chambers which had been converted into an Auditorium of sorts with several chairs. “Everyone take a seat, by rank, Captains in the front, Trainees in the back. Everyone quickly now, sit, we have a lot to go over today.”

A pair of curse breakers made their way over to face Scrimgeour, who just regarded them with a stern, surly look as he awaited their report.

“Minister, no listening charms have been placed on the inside or outside of this room, and everything is secure,” stated one of the curse breakers and Scrimgeour just motioned for them to take their lead, before he took a seat at the head of the court room, as the Aurors sat, looking up at Scrimgeour, the surly demeanor that the Minister made many feel like they had to tread lightly as they could lose their jobs at best or worse, chucked into Azkaban.

“Now, I’ve called you all here on a matter of great importance, Harry Potter,” stated Scrimgeour and a few averted their heads slightly, to shield the rolling of their eyes. There were still Death Eaters out, some rather dangerous, a couple more so than Potter could ever hope to be, but the Minister was obsessed with bring Harry Potter down. While many were confident of Potter’s guilt, there were a fair few that were not too sure given time to reflect on what happened. “Now, Potter remains at large, with the power to ruin the entire Wizarding World so he should choose to. Yet, none of you have ever come close to locating this transmitting tower of Potter’s. We are the center of the magical world, we have the greatest resources, yet we can’t find one Muggle contraption in this blasted country. Inexcusable if I may say so myself, and we have a rogue, quite unbalanced, dark wizard that could obliterate us at any time. Many of you saw the destruction that he brought upon Hogwarts, the bodies that he left in his wake, and the only reason he fled because he decided he should be the Dark Lord, instead of mere second in command.”

The Aurors just nodded, they had heard this same exact speech many times over the last two and a half years from Scrimgeour, they could recite it in their sleep, but Scrimgeour paused, before continuing on.

“Now, before when Weaver was the Minister and there was only a certain extent that he was willing to act, but now I’m the new Minister of Magic and can devote all of the resources of the Ministry of Magic to Harry Potter,” stated Scrimgeour. “The longer we allow him to have control of his weapon, the more the Ministry will suffer and some of you may find yourselves out of a job, thanks to Harry Potter.”

That statement stirred up quite a bit of anti-Potter sentiment to say the least, as the group listened among the Aurors and Scrimgeour awaited for the muttering to cease, before he made his next announcement.

“As the new Minister, it is with a regret that I will no longer be able to actively supervise the Auror office, but that’s not to say I will not have a fair say on which direction this department goes,” remarked Scrimgeour calmly and the Aurors all perked up. “Therefore, I would like to introduce the new head of the Auror Office, Garrett Winston.”

The room went silent. Not in awe but rather because they had no clue who this Garrett Winston person was. Scrimgeour motioned where a young man that looked to be in his early twenties stepped up right in front of Scrimgeour.

“Hello everyone,” said Winston in a boisterous, cartoonish voice, with a big cheesy overblown smile. “Now some of you might not know who I am, but rest assured I’m going to correct that notion right now. I am an Auror in the United States of America.”

A few groans could be heard in the room. The United States was considered the biggest joke in the entire magical world, for various reasons, most likely due to the fact they were still split in half in the American Union Government and the Confederacy of Magical America. Each government claimed they were the official Ministry of the country, but in the last one hundred and forty years, neither had been powerful enough to reunify the country into one magical government. The fact it was over the right to be able to have

werewolves maul house elves for sport made the situation even more absurd.

“So, while I might be from the greatest magical country in the entire world, don’t let that make you down, I’m here to work just like the rest of you for the same goals,” stated Winston cheerfully. “Harry Potter represents a threat to the national security of every magical government and indeed every magical government in the world. Therefore, we must ensure the freedom of all the magical people in Britain by heavily monitoring everything they do and putting strict restrictions on how they can live their lives. The only way to ensure a free world is to watch the movements of everyone and take steps to put away people who threaten the stability of our world by thinking outside the box.”

The Aurors just blinked in response. They blinked a second time.

“So let me get this straight,” commented Tonks slowly, deciding to speak for the thoughts of many in the room. “You want to give people freedom by telling them how to live their lives.”

“Absolutely, the only way to have freedom is to clamp down on revolutionaries who think they know better than the Ministry of Magic,” stated Winston in a happy tone of voice, as he flashed a grin all, showing all of his white, no doubt magically charmed, teeth. “Nice to see some of you have gotten the message.”

“Now, Head Auror Winston’s policies may seem to be a bit foreign at first, but trust me, they will restrict a repeat of incidents such as Dumbledore, Potter, or He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named,” stated Scrimgeour roughly. “The Ministry of Magic will be treated with the respect of all the people in Magical Britain and anyone who rebels against our policies will be dealt with.”

“Right, Minister, I hope that we will all work together to eliminate the dangerous security threats and I aim to get that transmitter tower shut down, so we can properly bring Harry Potter in by the end of the year and give him the Dementor’s Kiss,” stated Winston who looked excited at this possibility. “I hope to work with each and every one of you, to ensure a more secure Wizarding Britain.”

“Dismissed for a ten minute break, but report back here at that time, as there is much work to be done to restructure the Ministry,” ordered Scrimgeour, and the Aurors rose to their feet, all happy to receive a break. Once the Aurors left, Scrimgeour turned to Winston, he had only dismissed the Aurors so he could talk to his new Head Auror in private. “This plan of yours better bring Harry Potter to justice, Winston.”

“Don’t worry Minister, he’ll be in custody by the end of the year, you can count on it and thanks to my plans, the Ministry will be treated with respect,” stated Winston but Scrimgeour just waved him off, after Potter brutally slaughtered his daughter, he cared little about the Ministry of Magic itself, he just wanted to see Potter dead or kissed, it didn’t matter which to him, as long as the boy was brought down.

Speaking of Harry, he was in Diagon Alley, in disguise of course, with Luna, and the happy couple had made their way back to the Leaky Cauldron after both had to pick up a few items. They were heading to an expensive hotel for dinner and time together in a private room.

“Got everything you need, Luna,” whispered Harry, as he looked around, he did not need to be in Diagon Alley for anything longer than he had to, there were still Death Eaters lurking around that attacked from time to time.

“Of course Harry, but now I’m yours for the rest of the night, anyway you want me,” said Luna, as she leaned up against Harry calmly and looked up at the sky. “Nice night for a walk, don’t really need to apparate, the hotel’s not far from here.”

“No, only a couple of blocks,” muttered Harry, but a figure from the shadows stepped, pointing its wand at Harry and Luna, dressed in a poorly constructed homemade Death Eater robes and mask. “May I help you?”

“Shut up, I’m a Death Eater, I serve the Dark Lord, don’t make me have to hurt you,” said wannabe Death Eater in what he thought was a terrifying tone of voice, but just seemed quite sad and rather forced to Harry.

"Of course you are," stated Harry with a slight roll of his eyes. "Listen, my girlfriend and I want to spend quality time with each other, you know, I suspect you don't know anything about that, given the fact you resort as dressing up as a follower for a dead man."

"CRUCIO!" shouted the wannabe and Harry just felt a slight sting from the curse, given he had been put under that curse from the likes of Bellatrix Lestrange and Lord Voldemort, this chump had nothing.

"Are you quite done yet?" asked Harry, after he casually blasted the wannabe into the wall. "Listen here junior, I'm going to tell you the facts of life. One, Riddle's dead. Two, all of his real Death Eaters are in jail, dead, or drinking themselves into a coma in that seedy tavern in Knockturn Alley. Number Three, that was the worst attempt of a Cruciatus Curse I've ever felt. And Number Four, I'm going to put you somewhere where you can think long and hard about what you've done."

With that point, the poor imitation of a Death Eater was lifted off the ground, and Harry walked to the side, where there was a dumpster. Quickly, the dumpster was blown open and the wannabe Death Eater looked horrified, as his poorly constructed mask fell off, revealing someone who looked to be just barely out of Hogwarts, with a severe amount of acne on his face. In an instant, Harry dropped the punk in the dumpster.

"Now, you can come out once you've learned your lesson," stated Harry in a mock fatherly tone, as Luna giggled at the state of the punk, as he flopped around in the garbage. "Sorry, you had to see that, Luna."

"No problem Harry, I needed a good laugh, hopefully you helped dislodge that infestation of whackspruts from that guy's frontal lobe," replied Luna with a smile. "I heard there were a lot of people dressing up as Death Eaters lately..."

"It's just a sad attempt for them to be hip and rebellious, but it is kind of amusing how the Death Eaters have devolved from a terrorist group into what basically is a magical equivalent of a street gang," commented Harry in a bored tone of voice, as he extended his arm towards Luna. "Shall we."

“Of course,” said Luna with a smile, as the two walked to the hotel, leaving the wannabe Death Eater sputtering, attempting to pull himself out of the muck, but by the time he managed to free himself, Luna and Harry had been gone for several minutes.

“Those two, if I ever catch up with them again, they’ll pay, the Dark Lord will rise again,” said the wannabe Death Eater as he siphoned the muck off of his robes with his wand, nearly setting the sleeve on fire, but just managing to douse it from the robe of his light. Footsteps nearby stopped the punk in his tracks, he would make whomever was coming pay for his recent humiliation.

At that moment, Lotus walked forward, dressed in black robes, with a veil obscuring her face. Something told the girl that her target was rather close and her mission was completed. Hopefully, someday could be found to eliminate the mental fog that her mysterious bosses had told her this Harry Potter had caused her to have. She wanted her memories and her life back, but still something told her that these people were withholding information from her. For the time being, she would assume that it was for her own good, but instinctively, she did not like being kept in the dark in the slightest.

“Freeze, I’m a Death...” stated the wannabe but Lotus never allowed him the chance to finish his threat, she quickly knocked the threat out cold with a stunning spell. It came to her almost instinctively as breathing, almost as if she was born for the express purpose of being able to fight and defend herself. She shrugged off those thoughts, plenty of time to think about that later once she had brought down her target.

Lotus crept towards the Leaky Cauldron, careful not to be seen or heard. Most of the patrons had already left or had checked into a room for the night, but still, Lotus being seen by one person was one more than the girl wanted to be seen by. Passing through, she walked forward, quickly moving, dodging behind buildings, keeping her cover and she peered across the street at a hotel. She saw her target standing next to a gorgeous girl with a blond hair, most likely a date of some sort, moving from the front steps upstairs. Mentally, she was seething, she was a bit too slow, and now if she attacked her target now, she would risk the lives of several innocent bystanders

inside the hotel. That would make her no better than the person she was facing. Still, she could wait and the minute Harry Potter left the hotel, she would strike, attack, both avenging herself and saving the world from a rather dangerous threat.

The backroom of a smoke filled room pool hall was the venue for a meeting between the heads of two key factions of the former Zabini mafia empire. At one end of the table, with two armed bodyguards behind him was a young man with greasy black hair and a bad attitude. He had the demeanor that gave the impression that he believed that he was above everyone else in the world. The man's name was Lou Eckstein, an upstart in the mob world, someone who had taken advantage of the demise of Boss Zabini.

A smartly dressed old man walked forward, with the aid of a cane, flanked by bodyguards as well. He wore a derby hat and had a cigar in his mouth, as he sat in front of Eckstein calmly, with dignity. The man's name was Carlos Caruthers, a long time advisor of Edward Zabini for many years.

"Eckstein I understand you have an offer for me," rasped Caruthers, as he looked at Eckstein, the old mobster puffing on his cigar, blowing smoke at the young rival, who waved it away with his hand.

"Indeed, Caruthers, with all due respect given how much you've given to this organization, I think it's time for you to move on, retire," stated Eckstein with a cocky smirk. "Let's face it, you ain't exactly a young man anymore, you can barely walk without the aid of that cane. I'm willing to cut you in on any profits that I make, if you and your associates step down. We're both getting something, I'll be able to ascend up to my rightful place in this organization and you will have a nice, cushy retirement fund."

"Eckstein, child, let me tell you something, you have not earned the right to lead this organization, I was knocking off people when you were still soiling your nappies," whispered Caruthers. "Now, you've stepped on a few people, took advantage of an opportunity, a few people have interest in what you're saying, but I invested too much time and energy into this organization to let someone completely tank it."

"I might have only known him for a couple of years, but Zabini tanked this organization due to his inability to take it to new heights," replied Eckstein. "The guy was a crazy head case, we're lucky to be discussing a future for this organization, the fact that Barone nearly put us in the poor house just proves my point."

"Barone's not the issue, Eckstein," said Caruthers shortly. "The issue is maintaining the integrity, the legacy of everything we've earned. I've been more than patient with your attempts to go over my head and attempt to take unnecessary risks that harm the organization. I've turned a blind eye to this petty extortion racket of yours..."

"A racket that's earned us more money in one year, than the past ten," stated Eckstein in a confident voice. "Plus, you haven't mentioned where I've made the most money..."

"Yes, your drug trafficking, it may have made you some spare change, but you are nosing around in Barone's territory to sell the stuff," countered Caruthers. "We do and have killed yes, but drug trafficking in the other person's territory is an area that directly violates the Evans and Zabini pact of 1977. Swift and decisive action could be taken, especially considering Barone absolutely abhors the items you are selling."

"Barone, I can deal with him, just wait, if he was standing in front of me, I'd knock him the fuck out with one punch," stated Eckstein arrogantly and with that Caruthers whacked Eckstein right in the face with his cane, dropping the arrogant upstart, causing a very tense moment to occur between both sides.

"Do not speak of things that you do not have any comprehension Eckstein, this is exactly why you are not fit to run this organization, so I will decline your offer and if I see you attempt to go over my head once more, I'll have you dealt with," stated Caruthers gruffly and Eckstein just nodded sullenly, looking like a five year old that had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar, as Caruthers and his bodyguards walked off, leaving Eckstein and his bodyguards alone.

"Now what boss," stated one of the bodyguards.

“Old fool, he lacks the imagination and the vision, he attempts to honor agreements, when we should be making money at all costs,” stated Eckstein. “The moment I have a chance to stamp him out of existence I will, but damn it, I need something that will put me over both Caruthers and Barone. Barone especially, he’s so successful it’s almost like...like...”

“Magic,” offered one of the bodyguards helpfully but Eckstein just rolled his eyes slightly.

“No, don’t be a fool, there’s no such thing, I refuse to believe that hocus pocus and all that rot exists,” said Eckstein and at the second, he paused. “Someone’s out there, go check to see who it is, you mugs.”

The two bodyguards took a step forward, machine guns drawn, as they only saw the outline of who ever was approaching.

“For someone who prides himself on having imagination in the criminal world, you seem to have a lack of imagination regarding things you fail or are rather unable to understand, such as magic,” stated a crisp, superior voice from the outline beyond them.

“Shoot him!” stated Eckstein and two mobsters began firing a round of bullets towards the figure, but the bullets seemed to have hit an invisible wall around their mysterious visitor. The visitor just stood there, waiting for the two bodyguards to exhaust all their gun fire.

“Are you quite done yet?” asked the shadow in a calm, but slightly amused voice. “Muggles, such interesting creatures, thinking that anything that they have created could even match what magic could accomplish.”

“I don’t know what you’ve said, but it sounded like you were insulting me,” said Eckstein hotly. “So, tell me why you’re here or get out.”

“Yes of course, I am here to offer you unlimited power, that you can use to eliminate your enemies, along with placing yourself in the position to rule the entire mob world,” stated the shadow mysteriously and Eckstein perked up at these words.

"Alright, now you're speaking in terms that I can understand," responded Eckstein, greed dancing in his eyes, as he looked at his mysterious visitor.

"While magic greatly outstrips Muggle technology by a substantial margin, when combined, both technology and magic could be a very deadly combination," stated the mysterious figure calmly. "For quite some time, we could never have the two work in harmony. After years of intense study, we managed to implement weapons that will allow you to eliminate anyone you chose, including the famous Boss Barone."

"I like the sound of that," said Eckstein, nearly licking his lips in anticipation, as he turned towards his mysterious benefactor. "Wait, how do I know you ain't jerking me around? I've learned by now not to trust anyone who ain't gonna show his face."

"Yes, I do sense some distrust, but believe me, meet us at the address on this slip of parchment and we will make it worth your while to trust us," stated the shadow and in a blink of an eye, Eckstein found that he clutched a piece of paper in his hand and in a second, his mysterious contact had disappeared just as quickly as he had arrived. Eckstein looked at the address, his desire to have power, outweighing his suspicions about how convenient of a set up this could be.

It was later in the morning, with Harry and Luna leaving the hotel. Both had stayed a bit later than they intended to, not that the time with each other was unappreciated, far from it, they savored each and every moment they could spend together.

"Lovely day, shame I have some urgent business I have to oversee, meetings that I have to go to," said Harry with a sigh, as he looked off into the distance. "I think I might be free this weekend again, for the entire day on Saturday..."

"That actually works well into my schedule Harry," remarked Luna. "So it's a date then."

"It is," remarked Harry but at that moment a large red light sped right towards them. Instinctively, Harry put up a shield to protect the both of them, as he craned his neck looking around. "Great now what?"

Luna just shrugged, as she looked around. She had a strange feeling that something was there, but she did not quite know what. A flicker of movement appeared in the distance, as Harry grabbed Luna's hand firmly.

"Stay here, I'll be right back," said Harry and Harry stepped off, with Luna standing back, attempting to keep a calm demeanor, but she was worried. That spell nearly put Harry out. "Whoever you are, come out...."

Another spell whizzed right at Harry, but Harry deflected it backwards, with a triumphant look on his face. He now had an idea where his mysterious attacker was. Quickly, he moved around and twirled his arm, eliminating the spell cloaking his mysterious attacker. Harry turned to face the attacker, a figure wearing a black battle robes with a veil obscuring their face.

"Who are you?" demanded Harry, but he got no answer, as a spell blasted right towards him. Harry was forced to defend himself and he moved around, attempting to catch his adversary off guard with a stunning spell, but it was blocked. Harry upped the ante by attempting to tie his opponent up with ropes but the ropes were just after they left Harry's wand.

Lotus cursed herself, she nearly had Potter right where she wanted him, but she allowed him to remove her cover. Quickly, she blocked a bone shattering curse aimed right towards her wand arm. The attacks were getting more and more advanced, but for every move her opponent had, she had a counter attack. Unfortunately, the same thing was true on the other end of the duel, as a cutting curse was blocked and deflected back at her at twice the speed. Lotus summoned over a large rock. The powerful curse sliced right through the rock and quickly Lotus ducked around, she would need to regroup, before planning her next assault.

Harry saw his opponent sneak off and followed. A banishing spell aimed towards Harry was easily deflected by a shield charm. His

opponent was crafty, ducking behind a building and Harry peered around. Instinctively, Harry blocked a bludgeoning charm that would have cracked the top of his skull had it connected. His opponent was on a ledge above, firing another spell, this time a conjured dagger that would have pierced into his hip. Harry melted the dagger and jabbed his wand towards the ledge. The ledge vibrated right beneath his opponent, forcing the mysterious adversary to jump to avoid a nasty landing. Harry spun around to touch depravation curse, before he dove at his opponent. This lack of non magical attack had caught this mysterious adversary off guard and allowed Harry to fire a banishing spell. In an instant, Harry had his wand at the throat of his opponent and yanked the veil obscuring their face off.

Harry backed off in shock. Underneath the veil was an extremely beautiful girl, maybe only a year or two younger than him, with flowing black hair and much to his shock, she had the same vivid green eyes that he did. Almost, Harry wondered if he was going mad, but the fact remained that he was already there. Harry found himself staring at her, she was an extremely close second to Luna, perhaps tied if he thought about. In an instant, Harry paid for taking his mind off the battle, as she jabbed her wand towards the right leg of Harry. A loud crack echoed and Harry was down on the ground, nursing a shattered knee cap, as his opponent looked down to her, she seemed angered that Harry had managed to get a shot in on him.

Lotus looked over Harry, it was almost like he did not recognize her, but surely because he was the one that wiped her mind, he would have. Or maybe he ruined so many lives, he lost track. Whatever the case may be, Lotus had an opportunity to finish him off, yet she was reluctant to do for some reason, something held her back.

A stunning spell aimed towards her back prompted Lotus to spin around and just barely put up a shield charm to block the spell. Lotus turned to face Luna, wincing, she did not want to hurt anyone innocents.

"Listen this is between me and him, please stay out of this," pleaded Lotus.

"If Harry's involved, then I am too," commented Luna firmly, as she blasted a super powered cheering charm at her opponent, to cause her to be delirious and giddy, but the mysterious witch calmly blocked it. "Listen, what's your problem with Harry, anyway?"

"He's evil, that's what they told me, I have no reason not to believe them," said Lotus as she blocked a hysteria curse from Luna, before she fired a sleeping spell, which Luna also blocked. "He wiped my memory, I was going to defeat him..."

"Harry would have killed you if he was evil," countered Luna calmly.

"I don't know, don't ask me to explain him, my bosses just told me that Harry Potter had to be destroyed" cried Lotus desperately as she stood to face Luna. "I'm the only hope, he's slaughtered countless and it's really a shame that you got dragged into this."

"No, it's a shame that whomever told you this fed you these lies, because I think it's clear that you had nothing else to believe, in fact, do you remember anything before these people told you to go after Harry?" asked Luna and Lotus's lip just quivered, she remembered nothing and it frustrated her to no end. She had no sense of anything from the moment she woke up in that glass tube.

"Sorry, I have to finish this, I'll make him help me remember," said Lotus, as she attempted to put Luna out with a slight coma curse, but she blocked it. "Please don't make me hurt you..."

"You don't hate Harry, you just hate the fact that you have no sense of your past," said Luna perceptively and Lotus's eyes widened, a nerve obviously been hit, and as Harry rose to his feet, he obviously sensed this as well, as he limped forward, standing in front of the two girls before Lotus could attack Luna.

"Luna, stand back, I'll take care of her," said Harry as he turned to face Lotus, taking a deep breath, but Lotus fired a dangerous looking spell at him. Harry vaguely recognized it enough to know that he had to get out of the way and it blasted a hole right through the pavement before him. Obviously, the girl was not going to allow Harry a chance to talk to her, she had a hot temper that reminded Harry of himself when he was under pressure. Another spell, as they backed down the

street towards a park area, where he heard the happy sounds of children at play. "Stop you have to listen..."

"Why so you can take advantage of me again?" asked Lotus coolly, as she sent a cutting curse towards Harry's right hand, which was blocked by the Boy-Who-Lived. "Tell me what you did to me, so I can get back my memories."

"I did nothing, listen to me," stated Harry firmly a second time, his temper rising, as he sent a sleeping charm at his adversary, but she blocked it handily. More spells were fired, with others blocked, as they entered the park. Several people looked up curiously, but Harry paid them no mind, as a vertigo curse was the next attempt, but that was handily blocked.

Lotus, angered by the lack of answers given by Harry, sent a slicing curse right towards Harry. The curse ripped through the air, traveling at a top speed, but Harry just managed to deflect it back. It ricocheted through the air, bouncing forward towards a large tree, where several children were playing on a swing set.

"NO!" shouted Lotus in a horrified voice, as the tree was ripped through and began to tip. The terrified screams of children were heard as they bolted out of the way, knocking down one five year old little girl. Time seemed to slow down, as the tree looked to crush the poor innocent child but much to her surprise, Harry, expending a great deal of magical power had levitated the tree away, before he set it down out of harm's way, taking extra care to make sure that no one got hurt.

Luna walked towards the park as Harry turned to Lotus, who had her mouth open, in absolutely shock at what had transpired. She opened and closed her mouth, a thought struck her, anger when she came to the realization that she had been lied to and despair because the reason that she could remember nothing from the past, because there was nothing before the second she woke up in that glass chamber.

"You've figured it out now," said Harry quietly, as he looked over his shoulder, people were giving them strange looks.

"They created me for the express purpose of killing you," said Lotus quietly, as she looked at Harry and Luna, her temper rising completely. "THOSE..."

Lotus stopped herself from cursing when she realized there were children present and just decided to breathe heavily in and out. She felt betrayed, used, she was nothing, just a tool, a weapon.

"Who created you?" asked Harry quietly.

"They didn't show their faces, they just sent me out to kill you," informed Lotus as she shook her head. "I'm stupid..."

"No, you really didn't know any better," said Harry seriously, as Luna nodded in agreement and Lotus just shrugged, grudgingly accepting this to be true, much like Harry would have had he been approached with a similar situation. "Besides the way you fought, it showed you have good instincts for dueling, with a little training, you could be almost as good as me."

Lotus responded with a smile and a nod, before she instinctively rushed forward and threw her arms around Harry's neck, before pressing her lips against his. Harry was caught completely off guard by this entrance and while it did feel nice to have her body pressing against his, the fact that he did in fact have a girlfriend did enter Harry's mind.

Quickly, when she had realized what she had done, Lotus slowly pulled herself away from Harry, before she turned to Luna, who had a strained smile on her face, but the tapping of her foot had caused Lotus to sense the other girl's discomfort. Lotus felt awfully bad for what she had done, it was obvious that Luna was annoyed for not being included. Lotus quickly threw her arms around Luna and much to the girl's shock, Lotus had also kissed her right on the lips. It took a lot to catch Luna off guard, but this in fact did the trick.

Harry's eyes widened when he saw what was going on. He stared at the two girls, transfixed, as despite everything else he was, Harry Potter was in fact a guy, before they broke apart.

“Wow,” breathed Luna. “That was different and no matter how nice that felt...”

“Harry’s better,” interjected Lotus and Luna nodded, but Harry cleared his throat, prompting Lotus to look at him. “I thought she felt left out after I thanked you.”

“If you say so er...I never did quite catch your name,” said Harry and Lotus just laughed at the irony of kissing someone that did not know her name.

“Well they told my name was Lotus,” stated Lotus as she moved over towards Harry and Luna with a confident expression on her face, mischief dancing in her emerald eyes. “But with you two, it can be whatever you two want it to be.”

“No actually that will work fine enough,” said Harry, as he looked at the crowd of people that were whispering in the distance. “We need to get back, too many people here to talk.”

Luna grabbed onto Harry’s arm, to allow him to guide her back to the headquarters. Lotus copied and in a blink of an eye, without any noise, the three moved back, so they could figure out what exactly happened and why.

Chapter Three: Questions Unanswered:

Eckstein walked into the cavernous hallway of a large building, with several armed bodyguards behind him. He consulted the directions that he had been given, before he had chosen the appropriate room. Entering the room, Eckstein looked from side to side, tapping his foot on the floor impatiently, but there was no indication that anyone had arrived. He was beginning to think that his mysterious benefactor had played him for a fool.

"Patience is a virtue, Boss Eckstein," commented the shadowed figure, almost if he had read Eckstein's thoughts. "Now, I am certain you are anxious to gain the weapons that we have promised you in our previous communication."

"Absolutely, give them to be," said Eckstein in a gleeful, greedy tone of voice and calmly, a device that looked like a pink hair dryer dropped into Eckstein's hand. "What, this is your weapon? What I am supposed to do, threaten to mess up the hair of my enemies' if they don't cooperate?"

The bodyguards laughed along with Eckstein, but the shadowed figure seemed as humorless as usual.

"Give it a try Eckstein, but be careful when you use it," warned the shadowed figure.

"Or what, I'll shoot my eye out," scoffed Eckstein with a smirk.

"No more like blow your brains out, but given the fact that you're a Muggle, that might not take that much to do the job," stated the mysterious benefactor coldly.

"He's insulting me again, isn't he?" asked Eckstein and his bodyguards just shrugged, before he held up the weapon, examining it closely, skeptical that it would work. "Very well, let's give this baby a test drive."

Eckstein pointed the weapon towards a conveniently placed vase and pushed the button to activate. A large blast of yellow light impacted the vase, shattering the vase into dust.

"Yes, this will do nicely," said Eckstein as he eyed the weapon curiously, before he turned to his benefactor with a hopeful look on his face. "Does this thing work on people as well?"

"Depends on the person," remarked the shadowed figure mysteriously. "Rest assure it will cause injury to an extent to even the most powerful individual."

Eckstein nodded, with a grin, as a box was pushed over towards them, containing several more of the weapons.

"Careful with those you boobs, those are high powered weapons," said Eckstein, as his bodyguards picked them up the weapons. "Now what else do you have for me?"

"If you do the job properly, you shall need nothing else," commented the shadowed figure. "Do remember that this power was granted for the express purpose of dealing with Barone, although do feel free to utilize it any way you see fit, as long as the end result is Barone's destruction."

"Fine, I was going to have to end up dealing with Barone anyway, but seems to me that you don't care too much for him either," said Eckstein. "With me it's just strictly business, but with you, it seems rather personal."

"Just do your task, Eckstein, it is little of your concern of why we want Barone out of the way," remarked the shadowed figure curtly and the next time Eckstein blinked, his supplier was gone, without a trace.

"Fine, be that way, we've got the stuff, we're going to rule this country, but damn, why did they have to pink?" declared Eckstein triumphantly, as Eckstein, picking up the box with the remaining weapons, it seemed to be almost magically lighter than it should have been, and his bodyguards moved out of the building, pleased with their new hardware, that would be enough for Eckstein and his followers to rule the criminal underworld in Britain.

Back at the headquarters, Harry, Lotus, and Luna arrived, where Hermione had stepped out, to greet Harry and Luna, along with giving some Harry some urgent news that she had found out when they

were gone, before stopping in her tracks when she had saw the mysterious third individual, more so when she saw that she had the same vivid green eyes that Harry had.

“Okay, could someone please explain to me what’s going on?” asked Hermione as she regarded Lotus with a curious expression. “Since when have you had a twin sister Harry?”

“Never,” said Harry calmly, as he was both amused by Hermione’s expression and the look that Lotus had on her face, it was obvious she did not want to be considered Harry’s sister, wrinkling her nose at the very thought. “No seriously Hermione this is Lotus....and to be honest with you, I’m not exactly sure where she came from.”

“She attacked Harry on the orders of someone who has it in for him,” said Luna calmly as if this was an everyday occurrence and to a certain extent it was. “She tried to kill him, they had a little duel, but eventually she came to see the error in her ways. We had a nice little chat and now all three of us are together.”

“That’s an interesting way of putting it, Luna,” said Harry but Lotus put her hand on Harry’s.

“Well, its true isn’t it?” asked Lotus. “At the risk of sounding really sappy, there is a connection between the three of us, as weird as that may be.”

“Wait a minute, let me get this straight, she attacked Harry and now you’re in a relationship...all three of you,” said Hermione slowly, as if she was comprehending a foreign language in a matter of seconds and Luna, Lotus, and Harry all nodded, with smiles on their face, all taking a perverse pleasure in making Hermione’s head explode, before she put her hand on her head, sighing. “I need an aspirin.”

“Yes I know, but what are you going to do?” asked Harry to no one in particular.

“Oh, I’m sure we can come up with some ideas,” said Lotus mischievously, as she batted her eyelashes towards both Harry and Luna, before the trio laughed and Hermione just sighed, now she had three of them to contend with, all equally insane.

“Anyway, before you induced this headache, I was coming to tell you about new legislation that the Ministry of Magic passed, it’s coming all over the Wireless and the Daily Prophet,” said Hermione calmly.

“Why do I have the feeling that I’m the one who’s going to be getting a headache in a few minutes?” asked Harry. “Better get it out of the way, Hermione.”

“Well the Wizengamot, by the slimmest margins possible, pushed through a new bill,” said Hermione. “It’s horrible, really, more or less, it says that anyone who is caught speaking out against the Ministry is subjected to be taken in for questioning and may face time in Azkaban. This policy is said to be the work of the new head of the Auror office, Garrett Winston.”

“Who?” asked Harry, in a befuddled voice, he had no idea who this Garrett Winston person was and he tried his best to be familiar with all the high ranking politicians at the Ministry, especially those who had the potential to give him trouble.

“He’s some American Auror, no one knows much about him, Scrimgeour brought him in to revamp the Auror Department,” said Hermione. “He might be a problem if he managed to get this legislation drafted on his first day.”

“I suspect this was in the works, Scrimgeour might have been in contact with Winston for a long time,” said Harry. “And trust me, if the Ministry knows what’s good for them, they won’t be a problem.”

“Remember your history too Hermione, they enacted harsh laws like this before, most notably during the first uprising of Voldemort,” said Luna.

“Yes, they did Luna, but only in time’s of war, not without a current dark lord terrorizing the population,” argued Hermione.

“I know I don’t know all that much about the Ministry, but there are some people who would consider Harry to be reason enough to enact those laws,” said Lotus logically. “I was sent after him, who knows what else they have up their sleeves?”

"So the Ministry is behind this," muttered Harry, as he looked at Lotus, who just shrugged, she was just guessing. "Since there's no real proof that the Ministry is connected to the people who tried to get you to kill me."

"Knowing you, Harry, you won't rest until you find proof," stated Luna logically.

"Of course he won't and neither will I," said Lotus firmly. "Even if this Ministry of Magic isn't connected, I want to find the people who used me."

"We will, calm down," replied Harry, as he felt the floor rattle beneath him, it was obviously that she did not take too kindly to be manipulated for someone else's means.

"Trust Harry, he's a man of his word," added Luna. "Is there anything else Hermione?"

"Harry, just so you know, the items that were destroyed by the arsonist are over halfway from being complete, everything should just barely be ready by tomorrow," remarked Hermione.

"Good, nice to see everyone's been busting their arses to make sure that shipment's in on time, make a note to have me increase their holiday bonus," said Harry.

"What do I look like, your secretary?" asked Hermione.

"Actually, thanks for volunteering Hermione, pay is ten galleons a day," said Harry and Hermione just groaned, she should have known better than to be sarcastic with Harry by now. "I'd love to sit here and chat, but we have some things to figure out, talk to you later."

Harry, Luna, and Lotus made their way down the hallway, towards Harry's office. The door swung open, and once all three was inside, Harry ensured that the door was properly secured.

"Please sit down, Lotus," prompted Harry motioning to the chair, and the girl obeyed, before Harry removed his wand from the sleeve of his robe. "Okay, I'm going to try to figure out what's going on here, so I'm

going to use a technique to read your mind called Legilimency. It will allow me to easily shift through your mind and perhaps I'll be able to find some clue left behind by whoever sent you after me. Now, if you feel uncomfortable in any way, let me know and I'll back out immediately."

Lotus nodded and Harry removed his wand, before he pointed it at her temple. It was very easy for him and virtually painless for her to get for Harry to enter her mind. After a few seconds, it was very easy to know why and after he shifted around her mind for more time still, Harry pulled out, finding nothing that hinted who did this.

"I'm sorry, Lotus, I didn't find anything about who was behind you attacking me," said Harry and Lotus nodded, she had a hunch that whomever did this had covered their tracks. "However, I did find out something rather peculiar about your....existence, well I'm not exactly sure how to delicately put this..."

"I'm sure I can take it, I'm a big girl," said Lotus in an encouraging voice.

"You're well....technically a female clone of me," stated Harry.

"What do you mean technically Harry?" asked Luna.

"Genetic material from me was used help create you," said Harry. "There are a few similarities between us, but differences as well, other than the obvious. It's very complicated and requires understanding a lot of magical theory. You were artificially matured to sixteen years old, mentally and physically, and to give you a better chance to fight me, you were gifted with the ability to think on your feet at an advanced rate. Unfortunately for them, this gift also gave you the ability to independently think beyond what they wanted you to believe."

"So I was created as a weapon," replied Lotus in a perceptive voice.

"My entire purpose at one point was to be a weapon, to defeat Voldemort by sacrificing myself," said Harry quietly. "The key is to learn to live beyond that brand, to live your own life."

"I will," said Lotus firmly, she would not let this eat her up inside. "Does this change anything between us?"

Luna and Harry exchanged a look. Harry was thinking quickly, remembering the kiss that he shared with Lotus. The feeling was just as strong as what he felt whenever he kissed Luna.

"If you have no problem with it, that I don't either," said Harry casually.

"No, obviously I don't," said Lotus as she breathed, glad to see that Harry was not exactly completely noble. "Some people might not approve of it..."

"They won't, but quite frankly I don't care," remarked Harry calmly as both of them turned to Luna.

"You know how open minded I am Harry," said Luna with a wink and Harry nodded with a smile. "Lotus seems to know exactly how to fit in with both of us, so why mess with a wonderful thing?"

Luna rose to her feet and kissed both of them good bye.

"I really need to be get going, I was due back a few hours ago, I'll see you two again, I suspect," said Luna.

"Okay, bye Luna," said Harry.

"Yeah, hope to see you really soon," said Lotus and once Luna was gone, Harry turned to his second girlfriend, with a serious expression on his face, before he pulled out a book on the shelf.

"You have some good instincts when dueling out there, but you might need a bit fine tuning on the fundamentals of magical theory," remarked Harry. "There were a few times you could have gotten me, but your spell work was weak, allowing me to easily find holes in your offense."

"That was a good thing!" protested Lotus but Harry nodded, agreeing that it was a good thing that he did not have a hole blasted in his chest right now. Still, given the types of people that attacked him on a regular basis, he wanted anyone that was close to him to be able to

defend themselves, be able to fight to kill, which unfortunately included a grasp on the fundamentals of magic.

"I know, there are others that are less benevolent than I am," said Harry firmly. "This offers more than the tripe they try to pass off as theory at Hogwarts. Once you read this book, you should be able to master some of the more advanced forms of magic."

Lotus opened the book and nodded, as she began to read. The book seemed a little dry, but everything made sense and registered in her brain before too long.

"Now I have some business to take care of, I'm sure Hermione will be happy to help you if you don't understand anything," concluded Harry, before he walked off, leaving Lotus sitting cross legged on the office floor, as she read the magical theory book, with full knowledge in her mind that once she had read everything, she could learn more interesting material.

A greasy young man with a mullet walked out of the side of a night club. He owned the establishment, a very popular hang out for teenagers. While they were not strictly allowed, the owner felt for the sake of profits, he would overlook the fact that some of his patrons were underage, providing of course they could pay the tab. He took out a cigarette and lit it, but all of the sudden, he found his feet lifting off the ground. From the shadow, the imposing figure of one Boss Barone stepped into the forefront, flanked by two bodyguards.

"Hello, Mr. Fletcher," said Barone with a calm voice. "It's been a while."

"What are you doing here, Barone?" begged Fletcher as he was levitated into the air. "I paid you for this month in full, I swear, what could you want?"

"I've been hearing some very interesting rumors about certain transactions that go on inside your club, in the heart of my turf I might add," said Barone calmly. "It seems like you've been getting some kickbacks from a rival of mine, to allow these transactions to take place."

“Now what I do inside my club is my business, Barone, you’re way out of line,” argued Fletcher.

“Considering how much money I put into your little club to keep you from losing it, I’ll be as out of line as I want to!” snapped Barone. “Now I’ve turned a blind eye to the fact you allow underage teenagers into your club, but the fact remains that by allowing this to happen, you’re endorsing it.”

“Hey, I don’t touch the stuff, I swear,” begged Fletcher, but Barone flicked his wand causing him to hang upside down, before he stared intently at the night club owner.

“If I see or hear of any causalities in my club, you’ll be the next one to die,” said Barone in his most dangerous tone of voice. “Do you understand me?”

“Y...y..yes sir,” stammered Fletcher as Barone caused him to drop to the ground.

“Good,” said Barone, as he watched Fletcher scrambled to his feet. “If he comes here again, tell Eckstein that Uncle Al said hi and to stay the hell out of his turf.”

Fletcher nodded quickly, looking rather terrified, as he backed off, but Barone and his two goons were as gone. He quickly scrambled to the parking lot, to his car, as he needed a fresh change of pants.

In a large conference room in one of his many buildings, Harry, under the guise of Barone, sat, with several crates full of the merchandise, with two bodyguards at his side. Barone sat in the chair, awaiting the arrival of his buyers. He wished to get these particular gentlemen in and out of his building as soon as possible, there were of course many other things that Harry wished to get finished today. Sure enough, the door opened, and a large imposing Japanese gentlemen dressed in a nice business suit entered the room. His right hand was noticeable because his right pinky finger had been chopped off. The man’s name was Genki Wansuke, who had been in Britain for the past several months on business and had offered, through his interpreter, to pay Harry a handsome sum of money for certain items. It was just spare change as far as Harry was concerned but it would

allow him to not have to go to Gringotts for a while to get Muggle money for his business in that world.

“Ah Mr. Barone,” said a short little man by Wansuke’s side, as another quartet of men entered, completely dressed in black, their faces completely obscured. “I trust you have the goods that Master Wansuke has requested full and complete.”

“Yes, I believe you’ll find it in order,” stated Barone wearily, and Wansuke barked orders to his men in Japanese, who moved towards the crates, rifling through them, examining them, before they responded back. Wansuke then turned to his interpreter, talking to him, before the interpreter turned to Barone.

“Everything is in order, your works is as satisfactory as always Mr. Barone,” said the interpreter with a calm nod, before Wansuke pushed a briefcase into the hands of Barone. Barone opened the briefcase, carefully counting the funds inside, which Wansuke did not seem too pleased about. “I believe we can trust Master Wansuke, Mr. Barone.”

“You went over my goods, it’s only right that I count to make sure my entire payment’s here,” replied Barone swiftly, as two of Wansuke’s aides pulled out swords, pointing them towards Barone, feeling that he had disrespected their Master. “And you can tell your little minions to put away their butter knives as well.”

Wansuke grunted towards his men, which was obvious that he indicated for them to back off. He still regarded Barone with a cold, dangerous look. Given the fact that he had been face to face with one of the most dangerous dark wizards that ever lived on a number of occasions, Barone highly doubted that Wansuke could do much except scowl and grunt menacingly.

“All in order, Wansuke-San,” said Barone, adding the “San” part with a bit of a sarcastic air in his force, but once the Interpreter relayed Barone’s statement back in Japanese, Wansuke just grunted before he gave a short bow which Barone returned. His minions hauled the crates, Barone standing back, offering no assistance to them. After all, they did not pay him extra for hauling charges. Once the Japanese mobsters left, Barone breathed a sigh of relief, and dismissed his

bodyguards, before he moved down the hallway. Peering out the window, he saw Wansuke's minions load the equipment into the van and then seconds later, they entered the van, before driving off. Barone stepped into the next room, before he walked out as Harry Potter.

"Problems Harry," said Hermione as she walked into the hallway.

"Just getting back from my meeting with Genki Wansuke," replied Harry. "Japanese mobsters, different then what I've dealt with in the past, the Yokozuna I believe they're called."

"Yakuza," corrected Hermione. "They're really dangerous, or so I've read, not someone you'd want to mess with, Harry."

"I might have insulted one. Wansuke, big hulking brute with his pinky finger chopped off, looks like he could punch through cinderblocks without cracking a knuckle," stated Harry. "You know how I am."

"All too well Harry," said Hermione. "Seriously, be careful next time, they practically run the country, it's not like over here where there's only one or two main players that only have minimal pull over the government. If the rumors are true, the Yakuza practically runs Japan and this Wansuke guy might be nosing around over here, trying to expand their operations into Britain."

"So basically if he's nosing around here on behalf of the Yakuza, I might be going from a large fish in a moderately sized pond to a small fish in an entire sea of hungry sharks," stated Harry and Hermione nodded in agreement. "We'll see about that."

"Please tell me you're not going to do something to rub salt in the wound that you already have opened, Harry?" begged Hermione

"Okay, you're not going to do something to rub salt into the wound that you've already opened, Harry," replied Harry. "Happy, Hermione?"

"Not particularly," dead panned Hermione.

"It will have to do," concluded Harry in a final voice. "Look, I'm gong to check on Lotus, she's still studying in my east office, right?"

"As far as I know," said Hermione. "I've peaked in a couple of times, but she's just been intently reading those books in her office."

Harry nodded, before he walked down the corridor and approached the door to the east office. He raised his hand and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" called Lotus from the other end of the office and Harry pushed open his office door, before he stopped cold in his tracks, feeling his jaw drop as he took a look at Lotus. She had changed out of her robes, wearing a tight black t-shirt with her midriff exposed and a short skirt that really showed off her tanned athletic legs. In Harry's somewhat biased opinion, she looked absolutely stunning and not that he gave this matter much thought, but he was actually glad that he was not born a girl. If he looked like this, he would never get a moment's peace. People would be offering to carry books, hold open doors, stammer over their words trying to get a date to Hogsmeade, until Harry would lose his or rather her, mind and hex them into a million pieces.

"Wow," breathed Harry.

"I take it you like what you see," said Lotus as she got to her feet, before she walked over, leaning towards Harry, pressing up against him, with a flirtatious smile and wink. "The robes were way too confining you see and besides, I have to look good, shame Luna isn't here to enjoy this is it not?"

"Mmm hmm," said Harry, as Lotus wrapped her arms around his waist. "You looked positively breathtaking."

"I aim to please, although if any other guy looked at me this way, I'd castrate them with a potato peeler," said Lotus, before she laughed at the very thought. "Of course, I know this outfit would look much better lying on the bedroom floor, you seem to fit me much better, babe."

"Anyway down to business," said Harry shaking his head which caused Lotus to give him a mock pout, sticking her lip out towards Harry.

"You're no fun," said Lotus but she was grinning.

"I'll show you how fun I am later," remarked Harry. "Plus, its best we wait until Luna can join us anyway."

"You've got a point Harry, more possibilities," said Lotus mischievously, licking her lips. "Still can't you give a girl a little something to hold her over until then."

Harry looked over her, before he reached forward, pulling Lotus into an embrace. Both pressed their lips together, as Harry guided her down towards the desk. Lotus sighed, as Harry seemed a bit tentative to explore because they had just gotten together. She grabbed Harry's hand and slowly pulled over, underneath her shirt, so it was touching the underside of her right breast. Lotus felt pleasure at this small gesture, as she trailed down the side of Harry's neck with kisses, as she felt Harry's hands roam underneath her shirt.

Harry felt that Lotus was very open to what she was willing to allow him to do to her, but then again so was Luna. Not that Harry was complaining, as he heard the moans of the obviously pleased girl, as he began to pull the shirt over her head, as she was working her hands down his pants, kissing him passionately, but unfortunately at this moment, the office door pushed open.

Instinctively, both Harry and Lotus sprung up, before they began shooting every spell they could think of at the figure that had entered the office.

"Wait stop, don't shoot, it's me!" yelled Sirius, as he put up a shield charm, which Harry's cutting charm had pierced through it backing off Sirius, before he grabbed Lotus's arm, getting her to stop. "Jeez Harry, you'd think you didn't want to see your old godfather or something."

"Sirius your timing is impeccable," said Harry dryly. "Have you purebloods ever heard of the concept of knocking before you enter a room?"

"Of course we have, we've never had any reason to use it," responded Sirius, as he waved off Harry's irritation. "And who is this lovely young lady here?"

"Lotus, she's my new girlfriend," said Harry.

"Wait, I thought you were dating Luna," said Sirius in a confused voice.

"We are," responded Lotus. "Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Actually no, in fact, many purebloods have three or four wives, along with a couple of mistresses stashed away for variety," remarked Sirius, before he turned to Harry with a grin, which never was a good sign on the face of the former Marauder. "So thinking of building a harem, Harry?"

"Sirius, I'm only human," said Harry seriously. "A couple of girls I can handle fine, but any more is really pushing it."

"And here I thought it was every young man's dream to build a harem," stated Sirius with mock disappointment as he shook his head before he looked at Lotus and Harry, who were both laughing. "Or maybe that was my dream, I can never keep track."

"What's stopping you, Sirius?" asked Harry. "All the free time you have on your hands."

"I'm really bad at remembering names, I mean, you call one witch by the wrong name and they fire a castrating curse at you," responded Sirius as he shuddered. "A lesson that I learned last night and a couple of weeks after I was cleared and during my sixth year at Hogwarts too and my fifth year and a couple of other times that I'm forgetting."

"Okay, got the picture, Sirius, now I have some important lessons to teach to my new apprentice," said Harry as he shooed his godfather

out of the office. "I'd really love to chat with you sometime but I'm really busy."

"Well, I'll let you get onto your er lessons," said Sirius with a wink. "Have fun children and don't do anything I wouldn't do."

"That leaves us quite a bit to work with," replied Harry which caused Lotus to nod in agreement as Sirius exited and Lotus leaned against Harry, ready to pick up right where they left off before Sirius had interrupted. "Seriously through, I really need to see how much you learned from your studies."

"You're a bloody tease," pouted Lotus, but she was ready, because she knew the sooner she got done, the sooner she could spend some quality time with the brilliantly hot boy right by her.

In his loft, Herbie Periwinkle or as he preferred to be called, Inferno, sat, counting the money from his latest job earlier today. Some greedy rich old man wanted an orphanage torched, when he was refused when he had offered to buy the land, so he could build a shopping mall. For some reason, the owners refused to sell the orphanage, citing a flimsy excuse about putting all those poor innocent children out on the street. Inferno could care less about the fate of a bunch of parentless brats, especially with the large stack of cash he was handed. The orphanage bursting into flames was all the owners needed to sell the land. Inferno did not know or care if anyone died, all he cared about was the number of zeroes in his bank account.

The door burst open and two figures with their faces obscured entered the room, before they pulled Inferno to his feet. Wansuke stepped forward, the large man coldly glaring at Inferno, before he began yell at him in Japanese.

"Wansuke, I told you, I don't speak Chinese," begged Inferno, as Wansuke's interpreter entered the room.

"Master Wansuke is not too happy with your shoddy work, Mr. Periwinkle," said the interpreter, as Wansuke grunted, a dangerous look in his eyes. "You were supposed to kill Barone-san, make it look like an accident, so we could easily take out Harry Potter and extend

control of Wansuke Enterprises into the Evans Empire. All the months we spent spying on Barone's headquarters, to give you specifications on the building so you can slip inside, down the drain. Your work was, what do you call it, an epic fail."

"But, some punk with a scar caught me, before I could get to Barone," begged Inferno and the interpreter relayed the message to Wansuke, who walked over and hoisted the table in the loft up before he threw it against the wall. It shattered into toothpicks, as Wansuke rapidly talked to his interpreter in Japanese.

"Master Wansuke is not pleased, you passed up an ample chance to eliminate Harry Potter, yet you failed," said the interpreter. "He wishes to have the char boiled corpse of the famous Boy-Who-Lived before him soon, so you better come up with a way to eliminate him and Barone. Master Wansuke's patience is dwindling, Mr. Periwinkle."

"Okay, I'll find where the kid is and he'll go up in flames," said Inferno quickly. "But the price triples..."

When the interpreter relayed what Wansuke had told him, Inferno was grabbed by the scruff of the collar and slammed against the wall.

"Fine, double then, double," amended Inferno, as the interpreter turned, relaying his message to Wansuke, who just grunted and spoke quickly to his interpreter, before he dropped Inferno to the ground.

"Your greed disgusts Master Wansuke, but very well, you will receive the payment, finish off Harry Potter or..." said the interpreter before trailing off as Wansuke drew his thumb down his own throat, making a slitting motion, as he looked towards Inferno, causing the arsonist to step back in fear.

"Okay, okay, but why do you want this Potter burned so bad?" asked Inferno.

"It is a matter that is none of your concern, Mr. Periwinkle," said the interpreter as Wansuke and his associates left as quickly as they had entered his loft.

“Well, time to clock into work,” commented Inferno under his breath, as he reached over towards a box underneath his bed, rummaging through the necessary equipment to do the job, before he headed out, singing. “A torching we will go, a torching we will go, someone’s building is going to go up in flames, a torching we will go.”

Back at the headquarters, Lotus and Harry were in the process of wrapping up their lesson, when the fire in Harry’s office came to life. Harry turned around to see Luna’s face in the fire, as Lotus stepped back to allow Harry to speak with her.

“Luna, what a pleasant surprise,” said Harry as he knelt down to greet one of his girlfriends.

“Hi, Luna!” called Lotus blowing her a kiss towards Luna as she bounced up and down.

“Good afternoon, I hope both of you two are enjoying the time you have alone with each other,” remarked Luna smiling as she watched Lotus for a few seconds, before she turned towards Harry. “Harry, Dad just got an interesting request from someone, who wanted to give him some information regarding exactly what the Ministry’s exactly up to.”

“Great, what is it?” asked Harry, but Luna just frowned.

“Dad’s contact won’t give it to him,” said Luna sadly. “But, he has agreed for an interview with me, providing that you come with me and only you. Harry, he really wants to talk to you, he’s hinting that it’s a big secret that would shake the entire foundations of the Ministry and the Wizarding World to its core.”

“This could be the break to find out who exactly was behind you,” said Harry to Lotus, who nodded, she had been studying the books in Harry’s office closely, dreaming of using some of the more dangerous curses on those who attempted to manipulate her into attacking Harry and the sooner Harry found out, the better. “Okay, Luna, when does this guy want to meet us?”

“He said twelve thirty, he wants time to properly sweep his place for Ministry bugs before we come,” said Luna. “So, we’ll be up at my place at about eleven and have lunch before we head out?”

“It’s a date,” confirmed Harry as Luna disappeared from the fire.

Chapter Four: Confusion and Conspiracy

Eckstein and several of his cronies walked into Fletcher's club, before they approached the back door. One of Eckstein's goons raised his beefy fist and knocked on it.

"Come in," prompted a shaky voice, as Eckstein and his men entered the office, before they sat around, as a very shaken looking Fletcher breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, Eckstein, it's you, I thought it might be someone else."

"Yeah Fletcher, can the chit-chat, and ask us why you turned my agents away earlier, saying that they were no longer welcome to conduct business in your little club," demanded Eckstein. "If you want a bigger cut of the deal, I believe I can cut you in, say forty percent instead of thirty five percent, but that's all I can manage, have to keep my men happy after all, with Caruthers waiting in the wings, trying to ruin what's rightfully mine, but now we'll run the empire."

"It's not about the money Eckstein, it's about my own health," said Fletcher. "Barone confronted last night about some of the transactions your men have been doing with the patrons of my club. To say he was unhappy, a real understatement. The fact is that I really value my health, even above my own bank account."

"Barone, I'll deal with him soon enough, I have a feeling he's going to have a little accident here before long," said Eckstein in a greedy voice. "Still, don't get what the big deal is about this punk, I mean, I bet I can take him in no time flat."

"I'd cool it Eckstein," advised Fletcher as he looked around from side to side nervously. "He has ways of knowing exactly what's going on in all of his businesses; he could be listening to us right now it's like..."

"Say magic and you'll be getting intimate with the bottom of the river," grunted Eckstein dangerously as he held up one of the converted hair dryers.

"What are you going to do to that thing, style my hair?" taunted Fletcher but Eckstein just pointed the converted hair dryer, before he pressed a switch. A blast came from the hair dryer, completing

vaporizing the file cabinet behind Fletcher. "Where did you get that thing Eckstein?"

"A benefactor, who's willing to see Barone out of the way," commented Eckstein as he examined the hair dryer. "Shame its pink, but what're going to do?"

"Still, until Barone is out of the way, I'm afraid our business is concluded, Boss Eckstein," remarked Fletcher.

"Boss Eckstein, I like the sound of that and soon the entire mob world in Britain and soon the world will be calling me that," gloated Eckstein as his men chuckled before they moved out. "I suspect I'll be seeing you soon, at Barone's funeral, Mr. Fletcher."

"Maybe, but if that day comes, I'll be sure to buy flowers," commented Fletcher smugly before Eckstein and his men left the office, leaving Fletcher alone and really hoping that Barone never caught onto one word of the conversation that they had in their office.

Winston stood in front of a group of one hundred Aurors, all that had brand new broomsticks, glad to be out in the open and in fresh air, but the new, slightly arrogant, Head of the Auror Office stood out.

"Now, my fellow Aurors, we must look for instances of rebellion against the Ministry of Magic," said Winston happily. "While I've already sent some of you to keep a vigilante ear out in many public places in our world for people who dare contradict the Ministry, that is not enough, we must also keep an eye out for communications sent from one to another. The Floo Networks are heavily monitored on the order of the Minister of Magic, but there are many other ways to communicate. Hundreds of owls are sent in this country a day, it is up to you Aurors, to monitor these owls, take the letters and the packages within them, examine the contents. At this point, our objective is not to look for cursed items but rather any communication that paints the Ministry of Magic in a bad light. After all, the only way to maintain the freedom from dark wizards is by making sure that the Ministry remains vigilante in stamping out any and all signs of rebellion. And yes, by the rolling of your eyes towards me, you're agreeing that anyone who dares spread lies about the Ministry is a fool."

“When are we getting off?” muttered one of the Aurors, barely stifling a yawn which Winston frowned at.

“We’re work on insignificant details on when your shift ends later, but treason never sleeps and neither does the Ministry of Magic Aurors. Rest assure that I will contact you the minute we can spare some of you taking a break, but only when we figure out the entire volume of post we’re dealing with,” answered Winston briskly. “Now if you excuse me, I really need to get some sleep, so don’t waste any time, scan the skies, leave no post overturned and I’ll be looking forward to your reports in the morning.”

Winston walked off, as the Aurors groaned. Many of them were not fond of taking orders from an outsider as it was, but now he got to sleep after just barely lifting a finger, while they had been working their arses off for longer they can remember, at least since the incident where Harry Potter allegedly laid waste to Hogwarts. Still with the new laws that had been passed over the past couple of days quitting their jobs might have been considered to be an act of rebellion against the Ministry of Magic, they had no choice but to mount their broomsticks, tentatively in many cases as it had been years since they had been on broomsticks. The Aurors shot up into the air, to stop owls and rifle through the mail, many of them feeling that this was stupid considering the fact that there were still Death Eaters out there.

In a bedroom at one of Harry’s many office buildings, a beeping sound echoed in the room.

“What is that infernal sound?” grumbled Lotus, her head buried in Harry’s shoulder, her body pressing against his as they laid in bed.

“It’s called an alarm clock,” said Harry calmly, smiling at Lotus, the girl looking extremely irritated that she had been woken up, after all, she was very comfortable. “Not a morning person, are you?”

“REDUCTO!” yelled Lotus, as she had aimed her wand at the alarm clock, reducing it into microscopic dust particles. “There that’s much better, isn’t it?”

Harry nodded, as Lotus snuggled up against him, not really wanting to move and Harry really was not in any hurry to move her. Still, the day had come and Harry slowly pushed the covers off of him, before the covers dropped down to the floor, right next to Lotus's clothes. The naked girl slowly lifted her head off of Harry's shoulder, her hair slightly unruly, as she looked up at Harry with an adoring glance, as she slowly removed her hand from the front of Harry's boxers, brushing her fingers up against him. Harry swung his legs slowly off the bed, as Lotus sat next to him, brushing her long hair out of her face.

"Sleep well last night?" asked Harry with a smirk.

"After you wore me out, I went to sleep straight away," replied Lotus, as she smiled at Harry, looking at him hungrily with her emerald green eyes, traveling across every inch of his body, stopping to linger for more than a few seconds at strategic places. "Fighting's not the only thing that I have a higher endurance for than most girls, you know."

"Should I take that as a compliment that I kept up?" asked Harry.

"No, but you should take this as a compliment, babe," said Lotus, wrapping her arms around Harry, before she pushed Harry down onto the bed, wrapping her arms around Harry, pressing her warm moist lips against his, as she laid on top of him. Harry took his hands, feeling in of her smooth, beautiful, skin and she responded to his touch, encouraging him to go on, as she pressed her tongue on the inside of Harry's mouth, causing him to respond in kind. "Come on Harry, give me everything, don't hold anything back."

"Sure you can handle it, little girl?" teased Harry and Lotus just lifted her head from Harry's, before she planted kisses all over Harry's face, before she worked her way down his body. Harry came to a conclusion, as he looked over Lotus. It was not wrong in any way whatsoever to have relations with a female clone of himself.

Especially if she was bloody hot.

After several minutes, both Lotus and Harry laid in each others arms, covered in sweat, their hair completely messed up, but both completely satisfied.

"I think I'm going to take a shower," announced Lotus as she rose from the bed, as she walked towards the bathroom in the next room, swaying her hips back and forth, fully aware on the affect it would have on Harry, before she looked over her shoulder towards him, with a predatory smirk. "Are you joining me or not?"

"If you insist," said Harry with a grin, as he followed Lotus into the bathroom, doing his part to help the environment.

A limo pulled up outside a rundown, rat infested flat that served as headquarters for the once great Zabini empire. Eckstein and his men exited the limbo, wrinkling their noses at the sight below them. It was reasons like this where Eckstein felt he had cause to retire Caruthers and others that were loyal to the old ways of doing things, so he can allow a younger crowd take the Zabini, soon to be Eckstein, Empire. They held their converted weaponry, before one of Eckstein's goons broke down the door. Several of the Caruthers loyalists moved forward, holding their guns, as Caruthers himself walked forward, leaning on his cane, the pain in his bad hip evident, but he stared down the younger, brash, Eckstein with an irritated glance, as he steadily held a machine gun.

"What's the meaning of this, Eckstein?" demanded Caruthers, as his men pointed their guns on Eckstein and his followers. "I just found out you were making deals without my consent and now you dare come back here. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't have you pumped full of lead and bury you in the cement of my new parking lot?"

"You old fool, always against progress, that I'm younger, smarter, and quite frankly better at running this organization than you ever be, but I never had a chance to take you out until now, with the power I have" narrated Eckstein as his men held the converted weapons that they had received from their shadowy benefactor. "With you out of the way, I'll have full control of my organization, and with it, the tools I need to finish off Barone."

"You talk a good talk Eckstein, but talking and doing are two different things," rasped Caruthers, before snapped his fingers but before his men could fire upon the rogue faction, they flicked the switch on the converted hair dryers. The blasts of light impacted the guns, completely vaporizing them in a flash, along with a few hands depending on the angle of impact. Several of the men fell to the ground, as they slowly bled to death, as others backed off.

"We'll have none of that, Caruthers, now I offered you the chance to retire with a nice sum of cash to ensure the rest of your short life was lived in luxury, but now, I doubt that I'm going to allow you have a life to live," commented Eckstein, but Caruthers had quickly removed a second gun from inside his jacket, before he began firing in every which direction. For an old man with a bad hip, he moved quickly, catching several of Eckstein's bodyguards off guard. They dropped to the ground, wounded, blood dripping everywhere, as Caruthers had forced his way. "Want to give me a fight old man, fine, hunting you down will make my accession to power that much more sweet Caruthers."

Eckstein pushed open the door, unconcerned for the men who were dying. If they got themselves shot, he suspected they were not much of a use to him anyway. Walking forward, Eckstein calmly pushed the door open, as he peered in, looking around for Caruthers. Caruthers was crouched down and Eckstein pointed his weapon towards his cover, vaporizing the stack of boxes. In an instant, Caruthers fired a desperate shot towards Eckstein, using his last bullet up. Unfortunately, his aim was off due to his glasses being knocked off in the confusion, so the bullet landed in the wall. Caruthers looked up towards Eckstein, who held the weapon up.

"Thought you didn't believe in hocus pocus, Eckstein," rasped Caruthers, but the younger mobster held the weapon on the aged one.

"I don't, but I do believe in change," countered Eckstein, a malignant look dancing in his eyes. "Considering this your termination from my organization, Caruthers."

Eckstein pulled the trigger, but to his credit, the aged mobster stood his ground, knowing full well what would happen when the fire power from the weapon hit him. Sure enough, a light blasted from the weapon and connected right into the chest of Caruthers, ripping him in half. Eckstein stepped forward, holding his hands out in triumphant, bathing in the blood of his defeated rival, basking in the glory of his annihilation and the ascension of Lou Eckstein to the top of the mob scene.

Eckstein walked forward, both sides looking, before they all clapped, even those who had been on Caruthers's side just a matter of seconds previous.

"Thank you my friends and with my tactical genius, along with these weapons, we're untouchable," boasted Eckstein. "No one can stand in our way, not even Barone, especially not Barone."

Eckstein looked over mobsters from both sides, holding the converted hair dryer on the former Caruthers supporters before he looked at them with a smug expression.

"I trust there are no objections to me running this empire," concluded Eckstein and the entire group remained silent, none of them wished to object, especially when Eckstein had such a dangerous weapon, even if it was pink. "I thought not."

Deep within the Department of Mysteries, the group of Unspeakables moved forward, faces and voices still distorted, as the leader of the group moved them forward, as the mysterious "G.W." had all wished to speak to them on a very urgent matter. In the shadows, the leader turned, towards the fuzzy spectral leader of the mastermind behind their ultimate goal.

"Our tool has not reported back yet?" asked the mastermind calmly.

"No, I don't understand, Potter should have been destroyed by now," stated the team leader.

"If the weapon has been captured, we must do everything in our power to trace it," ordered the mastermind calmly, as the members of

the group wanted. "I've waited a long time to be able to put this plan into motion, I can ill afford any setbacks."

"What if the weapon has gone rogue?" asked the team leader. "When you ordered us to place in all those complex dueling techniques into the weapon, there was always a chance that our property could go rogue, be able to think and feel beyond what we tell it. So what should we do?"

"Terminate it," said the mastermind curtly, towards his group. "If it has a defect, do anything you can to bring it down. Is that clear?"

"Yes, boss," stated the team leader with a nod. "We will locate and if necessary destroy."

"Excellent, be ready, as the next phase of our plan is coming soon and I wish to have all loose ends tied up, especially Harry Potter," concluded the mastermind as he disappeared into the distance, leaving the group of Unspeakables to continue their work, walking off into the next room, containing some of their most closely guarded secrets, secrets that not even the Minister of Magic was privy to.

Back at headquarters, Hermione sat at the lower floors, reading a book, when Lotus and Harry made their way down the stairs, deep in conversation, laughing as Hermione.

"Morning, you two," said Hermione as she regarded them. "Slept in a little late, haven't you?"

"Actually we got up exactly on time, it's just a chore to get her out of bed and ready," commented Harry lightly and Lotus just stuck out her tongue at him. "Put that thing away, unless you're intending you use it."

"I intend onto, but later, much later, and in private," replied Lotus with a playful smile and Harry looked at her, taking in every bit of her, taking further notice in the tight black dress she was wearing, that complimented all of her attributes nicely. Harry personally gave her outfit three thumbs firmly up.

“Besides Harry, it’s not like you were that much of a picnic to get up in the morning for school when we were younger,” remarked Hermione unable to suppress a smile. “I remember when you were eight, you blasted pillows in my face.”

“That was in retaliation for you throwing a bucket of ice cold water on me and you know it, Hermione,” countered Harry.

“Any more embarrassing stories from when he was younger?” asked Lotus mischievously, but Harry groaned.

“Oh please, don’t get her started, I had two versions of me in my head squabbling from control, so everything I did, I had an excuse due to slight mental instability,” stated Harry.

“Slight?” asked Hermione in a bemused voice, before shaking her head, as Harry just gave his best friend a mock glare. “I’d love to talk to you, but I really need to finish this book, it’s a sequel to one of my favorites.”

“How is it?” asked Harry.

“Pretty good, but it does seem like the author’s trying to cash in on the success of the original in some places,” commented Hermione, as she turned the page.

“Well, that’s the nature with most sequels,” said Harry briskly, prompting Lotus to just clear her throat, before she grabbed Harry by the hand and lead him off.

“I really hope you find out something today, Harry,” said Lotus seriously, as she stood, wanting revenge on the people who had set her out of Harry. Every moment she spent with Harry, intensified her hatred for the mysterious shadows who had sent her to kill him. She really hoped Harry found out who they were.

“I do too,” remarked Harry, as he saw the Daily Prophet on the table, scanning the front headlines, thumbing through it, just absent mindedly reading it slightly, as he and Lotus ate breakfast.

“Anything interesting in there?” asked Lotus curiously after several minutes.

“Oh the usual, the Ministry doing something to ensure that there might be a dark uprising by their new security measures that is intending to stop such things,” remarked Harry, shaking his head, but by now, he was desensitized by the Ministry’s stupidity. “Looks like Head Auror Winston will be making all kinds of new friends, with him having the Aurors go through owl post and tap into Floo conversations. Delightful, I feel for the Aurors, they’re going to be the ones who get all the heat for this, but the politicians at the Ministry of Magic get off clean and free. It’s a good thing that I have my own private Floo that is charmed against unwanted eavesdropping.”

“Really, what happens if someone tries to listen in?” inquired Lotus.

“They here it’s a Small World After All and it’s charmed to stay in their heads, causing it to be stuck in their heads for at least a day,” remarked Harry and Hermione broke out into laughter, she once got that song stuck in her head and it was horrible, having that vile creation of one of the few organizations that may have been more ruthless than Harry’s playing in your head constantly. It was at that point, the intercom in the kitchen area of Harry’s hotel complex/mafia headquarters came to life. “Yes?”

“Sorry to disturb you, Boss, but they is a madman with two flame throwers coming through the parking lot,” said a gruff, rather confused voice on the other end. “This is my first day, I don’t know what quite to do.”

“I’ll take care of it, don’t worry,” said Harry before he turned to the two girls. “My arsonist friend seems ready for round two. I guess I needed a second workout to supplement the cardio I did this morning.”

Lotus leaned forward and kissed Harry good bye quickly. Now that he was properly motivated, Harry moved forward, wand in one hand, also ready to signal for help just in case Inferno was too much trouble. Harry really looked forward to have another crack in taking down the crazed, yet highly successful, man, and he wanted to do it on his own.

As he exited the building, he saw Inferno walking through, several trees around the area of the parking lot set ablaze. With expert precision, Harry put out each of the fires one by one with jets of water from his wand, before he saw Inferno turn towards him, holding a flame thrower in each hand, that was strapped to a fuel container on his back.

“Time to feel the burn!” cheered Inferno in a crazed voice as he shot both flame throwers at Harry and from his perspective, both jets of fire had blasted against Harry. A large ball of fire appeared around where Harry was and when Inferno stepped back, the smoke cleared and Harry stood right before him, with not even the slightest scratch on him, thanks to the magic of magic. “Why aren’t you a pile of ash?”

“Guess I’m too cool for you,” remarked Harry with a slight smirk, he could not resist and Inferno attempted to blast Harry with one of the flame throwers, but Harry dodged, before he shot a large jet of water from his wand, putting out Inferno’s attempt of an attack. Harry moved around, but Inferno seemed to be moderately skilled, as Harry attempted to send a coma curse at his opponent, he dodged out of the way, causing the curse to strike the fence behind him, ripping a hole through it. Inferno swung his weaponry and a ring of fire circled around Harry.

“If you can’t handle the heat, stay away from the fire!” yelled Inferno, but Harry had already flicked his wrists, causing the fire around him to freeze. Harry banished the newly created ice back at his opponent. Inferno winced, as his hand was cut, before one of the flame throwers was obliterated by Harry’s attack. Harry moved over, as Inferno was only working at half power, but the arsonist was not done. He aimed the flame thrower right at Harry’s head. Harry ducked down and used a particle destabilization charm on the second flame thrower. Inferno pointed the weapon at Harry but when he pressed the trigger, it crumbled to dust. Harry took steps to neutralize Inferno but the pyromaniac nutcase was not about to go down without a fight, as he had another miniature flame throwing apparatus strapped to his wrist, which he used to blast away Harry’s attempt to tie him up with ropes. It did not seem to have as much fire power, so all Harry felt he had to do was goad him into using up all of his fuel, and then he would have it.

“Hit me with your best shot, come on, that wasn't even a spark,” taunted Harry, as Inferno had fired several more shots, fireballs that were easily dealt with a mild water charm and Inferno became more frustrated, focusing his attack towards Harry's wand, but it was unfortunate that Harry would not even allow the fireballs that reach the wand, and at that minute, Inferno ripped the fuel tank off of his back before he threw the contents towards Harry, causing them to splash all over the Boy-Who-Lived.

“CATCH!” yelled Inferno, as he dropped a lit lighter down a can of gasoline before he flung it right at Harry, but Harry banished it back towards his attacker, before he placed a shield charm in front of him.

Inferno's eyes widened, as gasoline can exploded right in his face, sending him flying several feet backwards, before his body crashed in the street with a thud. At that moment, a truck barreled down the street and smashed right into Inferno's body, sending his burned body flying into the air all the way across the street, before it flew over the edge of a nearby bridge and out of sight.

“Well, that's finished,” commented Harry with a sigh. He would have some people collect the corpse later, but right now, he had to finish breakfast and then it was off to his meeting with Luna and the mysterious contact that wished to speak to him.

Luna looked out the window, with a dreamy expression on her face, as she looked out the window, awaiting Harry to come. It was a bit before he was due, but she had little else better to do. Her mother had shut herself in the library, due to her father having one of his, episodes. He was walking around the house, wearing nothing but a kilt and sandals, with a butterfly net and a magnifying glass, searching for microscopic dust demons, a plague that would make Voldemort look like a girl scout.

Or that was at least what her father said. Luna just smiled, as she watched Harry walk up towards her house, before she swung the door open, inviting Harry inside.

“Hello Harry,” said Luna happily as she wrapped her arms around Harry, before she passionately kissed him, a gesture that Harry all too willingly returned. After it became necessary for them to breath,

they broke apart, before they walked hand and hand into Luna's house. "You look like you've had a rough morning."

"You're not kidding," remarked Harry. "The damn arsonist tried to attack me again, but a gasoline can blowing up in his face brought him to an early end."

"Sad, that does seem to happen to most of the people who try to kill you," said Luna wisely, as they sat down on the couch, with Luna draping her legs across Harry's lap, before she wrapped her arm around Harry. "So, you've been having fun with Lotus, right?"

"Mmm hmm," remarked Harry, thinking how great it was that he had two beautiful, if slightly eccentric, girls. He suspected this was fate's way of apologizing about all it put him through.

"Well, it's nice to see someone's there to keep you from taking life too seriously when I'm not with you," remarked Luna. "It's a shame that I haven't been able to join you, but Dad's healer wants him to cut back on his work, it's becoming too stressful with him."

"I could help if you wanted me too," offered Harry but Luna shook her head.

"That's nice of you to offer, Harry, but you have way too much to do as it is and besides, it's not that much, just a couple of longer nights a week, to get the Quibbler ready for press and to answer angry letters, that's not that bad," commented Luna, as she leaned against Harry. "It's a real shame that Lotus couldn't have been here as well, but I guess I'm going to have to settle for only one of you for right now."

Luna shifted her weight slightly wrapping her legs around Harry's waist, but seconds later, they heard foot steps, which caused them to break apart and look around. Luna's father walked forward, bent down, looking at the floor through a magnifying glass.

"Don't mind me, continue your hormonally influenced fun, just as long as no one gets pregnant there's no harm," said Xenophilius.

"DAD!" cried Luna, who looked slightly embarrassed. "I'm always careful..."

"I wasn't talking about you, Luna, if Harry gets knocked up, how I'm going to explain it to his entire mob organization?" asked Xenophilius. "I only like fish on a platonic level, so I don't fancy sleeping with them."

Luna cleared her throat slightly, at her father's confusion.

"Uh, Dad, boys can't get pregnant, remember," said Luna. "Only in those really strange stories that you read on the Internet..."

"Oh that's right, I forgot, blasted microscopic dust demons, affecting my thinking," remarked Xenophilius, giving his head a shake. "I'll get those devilish blighters yet."

"Dad's taking a calming draught to deal with his nerves, it's having some side effects," explained Luna calmly, once her father was out of an earshot. "Mum's shut herself up in the library, it normally passes after an hour or so but still, he's been going on about dust taking over the world, the next thing you're know he's going to be saying that the Ministry is well run and efficient."

"Now Luna, your father's not that far gone," replied Harry and Luna laughed at this, as the two spent the next few minutes just spending time with each other, until lunch was ready.

Lotus walked down the hallway but Hermione quickly blown past her in a hurry.

"Hey, where are you going?" asked Lotus.

"Just remembered, I have a family reunion that I have to attend, it's been several years since most of my family has even seen me, but Mum's guilt tripped me into going," said Hermione who was talking at the speed of light. "I know Harry left me in charge, but if anything asks for me, tell them that I'll be back tonight and if anything comes up, figure it out on your own, I really need to be get going."

Lotus watched Hermione leave and she was not gone for even gone for five minutes, when a pair of frantic looking mobsters walked up the stairs, looking around.

“Where’s Boss Barone?” demanded one of the mobsters.

“Out,” remarked Lotus and they just sighed. Given the frantic looks on their faces, Lotus took pity on them, deciding to offer help “Can I help you, I was left to handle things when he was out after all?”

“It’s just some of Eckstein’s goons are causing trouble, off by the docks, trying to peek into the shipment crates to see what the Boss is up to,” replied one of the mobsters and Lotus quickly rushed to the office, before she quickly transfigured her clothes into something that would be more easy to deal with the members of a rival organization. She picked up a pencil on Harry’s desk, before transformed it into a Portkey and rushed out. “Grab onto this, it will take us there.”

The mobsters hastened to obey, as her tone left no room for argument, before they grabbed onto the Portkey, taking them off to attempt to cut off Eckstein’s mobsters before they caused too much damage.

A group of shadowed figures had taken a charred and nearly lifeless body out of a river, before touching a Portkey to transport them back to the Ministry of Magic.

Luna and Harry walked across the path, towards the home of their mysterious contact. Harry looked up, it was surrounded by a fence with razor wire wrapped around the top and the house seemed to have no windows, with only one door that looked to be made of reinforced platinum, the only metal on Earth that magic did not effect on at all.

“Are you sure this is the place, Luna?” asked Harry, tentatively, he was getting an extremely strange and rather distrustful vibe off this place.

“Yes,” replied Luna, as she looked at the slip of parchment and Harry took a deep breath, this was what he was afraid of.

“Keep your wand out, Luna,” muttered Harry and Luna wasted no time in agreeing, as they held their wands out, ready for anything. Harry in particular was very willing to attack anyone who looked at him cross-eyed. The gates swung open, on their own accord and the

moment Harry and Luna passed them, the gates swung shut, as Harry and Luna moved, Harry looking over his shoulder every step of the way as the door to the front of the house, the only entrance or exit for that matter opened, allowing them to step inside. Harry stopped, mouth wide open, looking around in absolute horror at what he had seen inside this house as the door had swung behind him. Luna also looked mildly shocked at what she had seen before her.

Lotus stepped forward, looking into the shadows, the mobsters behind her, watching the rival mobsters nose around the crates. Quickly, she walked forward, looking at the mobsters through narrowed eyes.

“Excuse me, but what right do you have to look at those crates?” asked Lotus and the mobsters just turned to her. “Either give me authorization or clear out.”

“Tell you what, baby, we’re quit nosing around these crates, if you come with us and show us a good time,” remarked one of the mobsters, as he leered at Lotus, who was not amused and at that moment, he fell to the ground, feeling pain, as each and every one of his ribs cracked, as Lotus held her wand.

“I’m sorry, maybe you would like to rephrase that,” said Lotus in a dangerous voice, as the mobsters took a few tentative steps out of the shadows, staring down Lotus like she mortally offended them, as their downed coworker was in the shadows.

“Fine, it’s obvious you have no class, bitch, liquidate her,” said one of the mobsters as they withdrew the converted hair dryers and one fired right towards Lotus, who put a shield charm that just barely managed to block the brunt of the impact, but caused her to stagger backwards. She managed to land her feet, realizing that she needed to disarm them of those weapons. Quickly, she slashed her wand and sure enough the weapons flew out of the hands of the mobsters, landing on the ground, a couple of them shattering to bits, before Lotus conjured a noose. The noose wrapped around the throat and a second slash of the wand had caused the man’s neck to snap, dropping him to the ground. One of the mobsters was foolish enough

to grab Lotus. Needless to say, the man paid for it, with two broken arms, as he dropped down to the ground.

“RETREAT!” shouted the mobsters in unison and several of them ran for cover. Lotus watched as Harry’s associates moved in, shooting one of the mobsters in the back of the leg. She aimed her wand and dropped another one with a stunning spell. A third mobster managed to get into a car, causing a fourth yet to be left behind. Lotus, with expert precision, ran in front of him, before she secured his arms and legs in shackles, as the car sped off. It was the same mobster who tried to attack her with that weapon. The two took a step forward.

“Leave it for now, I think I can convince him to spill the beans,” said Lotus as she used her wand to pull the captured goon forward, his knees scraping against the pavement, before she looked down at the mobster, picking up one of the hair dryers, looking at it. “First question, where did you get this thing?”

“I’m not going to tell you,” said the man stubbornly and Lotus sighed, before she grabbed him roughly by the ears, her fingernails cutting into the back of the man’s ears, causing him to scream in agony. “Fine, fine, ease up!”

Lotus withdrew her hands and raised her foot above the man’s crotch. The mobster was all too quick to spill the beans when he realized that the girl was wearing heels.

“Fine, I didn’t see them, in fact Eckstein, he got them from some mysterious shadowy guy, he didn’t say his name, his face was never shown once, that’s all I know, it’s a plot to finish off Barone though, please don’t kill me, I have a wife and kids, kill them,” stammered the mobster quickly, as Lotus looked at him with notable distaste in her vivid green eyes.

“Did you say shadowed figures?” asked Lotus quietly, a fire blazing in her eyes that terrified the mobster.

“Yes, yes, yes, that’s what I said, that’s who gave us these weapons,” said the mobster, as the girl just pointed the hair dryer towards him. “Watch where you point that thing, it vaporizes anything it touches.”

“Well, you were going to hit me with it,” countered Lotus coldly as she looked at the mobster, who looked absolutely petrified, but the fact remained that he tried to use a weapon on an innocent human being, so he forfeited the right to not be killed as far as she was concerned. If he lived to be able to use that weapon or something more dangerous on anyone else, Lotus could not live with that, especially the league of people this mobster kept with “You didn’t care, so why should I?”

Lotus pressed the trigger and vaporized the man. Blood splattered everywhere, along with a few bone fragments, the skin melting. Turning to the two gangsters, they stepped back, not wanting to say a word, given the dangerous weapon in her hand, not that she was not dangerous without a weapon. Walking over to the crates, Lotus placed a series of curses on them, set to go off when anyone who wasn’t authorized to mess with them touched them, before she turned to Harry’s employees.

“Let’s go, everything is done here,” ordered Lotus and the mobsters did not hesitate to obey her.

Harry blinked, as he looked around the room. The wall was splashed with a multitude of bright colors that sent Harry’s sense of sight into overload. There were way too many contrasting colors for Harry’s brain to register, as he looked towards the floor, which was rather blank and devoid of any color.

“Ah, totally cool, you’re like...here and stuff,” said a voice from the other room. “Hang on, I need to get my notes ready and stuff, I’m not good at remembering things that well for some reason.”

Harry’s eyes flickered towards the direction, where a multi colored curtain was obscuring a doorway of some sort. From behind the curtain, smoke entered the room.

“Yes, I wonder why you’re having these memory problems,” muttered Harry under his breath, as the figure stepped outwards, arms full of parchment. Given some of the characters Luna’s father normally kept in contact with, he seemed to be fairly normal. He had the appearance of an older man, perhaps in his seventies at the least,

with most grey hair, wearing a multitude of tie-dye, and glasses, covering his slightly reddened eyes.

"Yeah, hey didn't see you two come in," muttered the mysterious contact as he looked at Luna and Harry. "So, you're the exterminators right?"

"No, we're here for the article for the Quibbler," said Luna patiently. "You contacted my father a couple of days ago, requesting an interview, saying you had information that could rock the entire Wizarding World."

"Yes, of course, that's what I did and...Harry Potter, man, that's Harry Potter," said the contact as he pointed at Harry, as Harry's fingers twitched around his wand, but Luna grabbed his hand to stop him. "Man, its like so totally radical that you've fought the power, standing up to the man."

"Yes and Luna told me you had information that I should know," remarked Harry and the contact nodded blinking.

"Yeah and just so you know my name is...." stated the contact but Luna used a silencing charm on him.

"I think it would best not to give names, for the sake of everyone, if this information is as groundbreaking as you claim it to be," warned Luna as she removed the silencing charm.

"Yes, yes, it's something that they don't want you to know," remarked the contact.

"The Ministry of Magic?" asked Harry but the contact shook his head.

"They're like puppets, they think they have power, but they have been dancing along on strings for years and years, because of the real power of the Wizarding World, they don't want anyone to know about their sinister schemes and use the Ministry as a front," remarked the informant. "They are like so sinister and into schemes, man."

"Exactly who are these people?" asked Luna calmly.

“No one really knows exactly who they are but strange things have happened to confirm their existence,” said the informant and he looked almost sane. “They have no name, but their purpose is wide spread, they wish to reshape the world into one magical government under their leader’s control. To do so, they are using a never ending battle between dark lords and those who they have sought out, knowing that they would never turn to darkness, orchestrating their marking as the saviors. The saviors and the dark lords fight in never ending battles, and the Ministry remains stagnate, allowing the current dark lord to cleanse the population unhindered. Once one is vanquished, another will be groomed subtly in their place, and another savior being hand picked to fight in the never changing, never ending battle, while the Ministry is unable to progress, unwilling to change, because of this group manipulating things behind the curtain. It’s a grand conspiracy, to hide their true objectives”

“You’re making this sound like this has been happening for a long time,” offered Luna.

“Longer than the recorded history of magic can trace, it has to do with the very origins of magic its self, the origins that don’t want to know,” said the informant and Harry’s interest piqued, he had always thought magic had always been there, since the beginnings of humanity. Granted, he always used History of Magic in both timelines to catch up on his sleep. “For all the propaganda that the purists spread about muggleborns stealing magic, it’s all a lie, given what the ancestors of some of the oldest lines did all those years ago.”

The informant seemed excited and Luna motioned for him to go on. Harry was more confused than had ever been, but intrigued nevertheless.

“So, a group of two hundred or so people in a village, go to investigate a mysterious disturbance, a traveler of some sort arrived, offering them gifts, taking pity on their primitive culture,” narrated the informative. “The visitor was not from this world or any nearby, but his race was benevolent, peaceful, and used what I guess could be considered technology now, but such a term had not existed that far back, to heal and help the village grow towards a prosperous time.”

"Something went wrong, didn't it?" asked Luna and the informant nodded his head gravely.

"The traveler had other powers, powers that were far beyond the comprehension of the villagers, but once they had a taste of the power, they wanted more," narrated the informant. "They like took the traveler, forced him to give them powers like his. The strain killed the traveler, just barely able to grant each and every villager the ability to perform what would be magic. Many of his artifacts were recovered by the villagers, feeling they now had power and no one should even give a chance to grant that. They saw themselves as god like figures, they were drunk in power and bullied those who were outside the village. Eventually, generations gone by and descendants moved out of the villages, so, the ability to perform magic spread, into what we have today."

"What does that have to do with this supposed shadow group controlling the Ministry?" asked Luna.

"The first member to force the traveler to receive the gifts, ensured that he received a bit more power than the others, he could be considered to be the first dark lord in history, he hoarded many of the artifacts that belonged to the traveler," continued the informant. "He was paranoid, he thought that outsiders, inferiors in truth, would one day stumble upon the truth and attempt to coerce the powers out of him, much like he and the other villagers had done from the mysterious traveler. A pact was made, when he joined up with a number of gifted villagers who he knew he could manipulate for his own benefits. They would keep the outside world ignorant, distracted by the battles between good and evil, until the leader could achieve his ultimate goal of domination over all of humanity. The group continued generation after generation, as magic spread, gifting more people with it, coming up with more inventive ways of shielding the truth with each passing generation, wasting no time in forcing the Ministry of Magic and several other magical governments around the world under their thumb, without the slightest hint of deception."

"Okay, and we're supposed to believe this, when you can't even give us the slightest name for this first dark lord, if he existed," challenged Harry, who felt there was a chance that parts of what the informant

was saying were valid, he just could not decide which ones they might be.

“He did exist man, you’re being blinded by the truth, they exist, and there latest plan was to replace every Muggle in the world with clones, where do you think Tom Marvolo Riddle received the knowledge to create your double?” asked the informant. “They used him as a puppet, beyond the never ending battle between good and evil, they had some flaws in the spells, which Riddle must have ironed out and they have to have your clone. You messed up their plans when you were thrown back in time.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said Harry, but he was actually rather alarmed, that a scatterbrained, common wizard would have found about his spiral back to time. Harry was ready to do some quick neural rerouting but he paused when the informant continued.

“They do, that’s the thing I’m trying to tell you,” remarked the informant. “They know everything about you, your strengths, your weaknesses, they’re just toying with you, waiting for the exact moment to finish you off. The entire Wizarding World is just a game to them and you didn’t play by the rules, so they want to penalize you, Harry Potter. You didn’t keep allow them to keep the balance of their scam, they had you marked for the next dark lord after Riddle, they had intended for you to be the worst of all the carefully orchestrated dark uprisings.”

“Do you know anything about who might be leading this shadow organization?” asked Luna quickly, as she saw Harry was getting rather annoyed.

“I heard, that their leader is currently identified by a rather prestigious and rare honor, only given to an ultra powerful wizard who has lived a long life, they’re dubbed the Grand Warlock,” said the informant. “That’s just a front too, but if it’s true, I know the last person to be named the Grand Warlock.”

“Who is it?” asked Harry in anticipation, looking almost gleeful, as he had a solid lead to follow, a name, in the midst of all this confusion and paranoia that this informant was sprouting.

“Albus Dumbledore,” concluded the informant quickly.

Chapter Five: Up in Flames:

Harry and Luna sat there, one of the last names that they had ever expected to hear ever again being fingered as the person behind this shadow organization that was using the Ministry as their personal puppets. Truth be told, Harry had nearly forgotten that Dumbledore had existed, it was not like he was in public eye in several years. If this was true, it appeared that Harry had not seen the last of Dumbledore, no matter how much he wanted to.

"Dumbledore, no one's seen him in years," commented Luna carefully after a moment's pause.

"I know, which is a reason why he could be behind this," remarked the contact as his eyes looked towards the side of the room, almost looking out the window, but there were obviously none. "You need to know, they're after you, Harry Potter. They are not going to rest, you messed with the rules of the game, you disrupted the balance of the Grand Conspiracy. I might not be able to do anything, they might be after me, but no...you can and they won't come after me."

"What makes you certain that won't if they even get one hint of what you told us?" asked Luna calmly and with that, their contact reached into his robes as he slowly put out a small vial.

"Can't get me, if I'm already dead, man," remarked the contact and quickly, he popped the top, and before Harry and Luna could do anything, the man tipped the pink liquid down his throat. Seconds later, the man dropped down, eyes rolling in the back of his head, as he slumped to the ground. Luna rushed over to help but Harry gently grabbed her wrist.

"Can't be helped, he's already gone, how he managed to make that potion is interesting as, it's very hard to make," said Harry, as he looked at the lifeless form of the man.

"What does it do, I don't recognize it?" questioned Luna and Harry looked at her, not wanting to really go into detailing.

"Do you really want to know?" asked Harry and Luna nodded, her Ravenclaw nature of gathering knowledge for things she did

understand, drying her curiosity. "It's a potion that slowly dissolves the insides of a person, starting with the vital organs. Not a pleasant way to go, I came across it in one of the nastier books in Grimmauld Place."

"Now what, Harry," said Luna, abruptly changing the subject and suppressing a shudder, before she looked at the unconscious contact.

"We need to leave as soon as possible, for a number of reasons," said Harry. "For one, we can't be seen here, especially me, with a poisoned man and second, with the information we have now, if any of it's true, it's unwise to linger."

Luna nodded as she followed Harry outside the door, both quickening their pace. The door once again swung open as its own accord. Harry held his wand over his shoulder, ready to curse anything that moved in front of him. A rustling sound had caused Harry to spin around and blast a fire spell. Fortunately, the sound was just blowing leaves and Harry relaxed, but only slightly, keeping on his guard, as he turned from the smoldering leaves.

"We should apparate when we get outside the gate," suggested Luna. "Back to your headquarters."

Harry nodded, gripping her arm, turning slightly, at the rustling sound in the bushes. Taking a half of a step forward, Harry verified it was just the wind. Not turning his back until they were safely back and even then, walking around in a cautious matter, Harry apparated with Luna.

A shadowed figure stepped from behind the bushes where he crouched.

"They know," muttered the shadowed figure to his hand, knowing that it would have been unwise to silence Potter directly, they did not want to tip their complete hand too soon. Plus, he was only an average wizard, intelligent yes, but in a duel, Harry Potter would flatten him in little time flat. Their leader wanted them to deal with Harry through indirect means and not engage him directly, at least not yet.

In the Department of Mysteries a body laid on a table, illuminated in an orange glow. Several figures, obscured in the darkness, watched the progress of the figure. The eyes of the figure flickered open, looking around in confusion.

“Welcome,” stated one of the voices from the shadows. “By all rights, you should have been killed, but just barely though circumstances that have defied all logic, you hung onto life long enough. Your skin was damaged from beyond repair, but we transferred your consciousness into a new experimental magically enhanced battle armor, that can withstand temperatures as hot as the sun itself. Along with a few other gifts we have given to you, you shall be a great asset to a great cause, Inferno.”

“I know who I am,” said Inferno, as he raised the right arm of the battle armor, causing miniature fire balls to appear on the tips of his fingers, causing Inferno to stall, before he stared at the fingers, transfixed. “Wait a minute, I did that without a match or a lighter.”

“Of course you did, we helped you do that with the gifts you were granted,” stated the shadowed figure in a bored tone of voice. “No matter how skilled you were, you were limited by the tools you had and the amount of fuel you could afford.”

“Now, that is not a problem, as you can control the element of fire, as easily as breathing,” remarked a second shadowed figure and Inferno looked absolutely ecstatic, as he realized what he could do now. “However, I believe Muggles have a saying, we scratch your back and you scratch ours.”

“I don’t anything about these Muggles, but I’ve heard this saying,” remarked Inferno. “What’s the game?”

“Nothing major, we need to retrieve another agent of ours that has gone rogue,” said the shadowed figure, as a swirling mist appeared, revealing the face of Lotus, causing Inferno to look at her. “The fact is that we have ample reason to believe that she has been swayed from our cause by the one of the most dangerous men in the world today, Harry Potter.”

“That little brat who foiled me twice,” thundered Inferno, causing fire to shoot out from his body in all directions. Fortunately, they had foreseen this and had charmed all the materials in this room to be fireproof. “You think he’s dangerous. I’ll show you dangerous! I’ll scorch him.”

“And you shall, he may be at the same place where you had left him,” said the shadowed figure, as he reached forward, handing Inferno a small black box. “This will allow you get safely get out of this building to the outside world.”

“Really, why do you want me out of here and not let me walk out of here?” asked Inferno.

“Because it’s a long and boring walk,” stated another of the mysterious figures shrewdly and Inferno grinned, before he touched the box. It was apparently that his skin was not the only thing that melted during the accident. Inferno disappeared in a blink of the eye, as the room cooled down several degrees, as their home made elemental was gone.

“It proceeds to the next stage, a true test of the abilities and limitations of Harry Potter’s magic,” remarked one of the shadows cryptically.

In his headquarters, a trio of terrified looking mobsters was reporting the latest failure to an enraged looking Eckstein.

“You goons are hopeless, you were humiliated by a skirt!” yelled Eckstein. “Some little slut, made a mockery out of my organization, you had the powerful weapons, why didn’t you vaporize her?”

“We tried Boss Eckstein, really we did, it’s just she blocked our attacks and knocked the weapons out of our hand,” argued the mobster feebly, but Eckstein’s look obviously left no room for argument. “Please, Eckstein, she was good, she fought well it was like...”

“I don’t want to hear it, I’ve never been more disgusted in my life,” remarked Eckstein, who’s frazzled nerves could not stand to here the

“m-word”. “If I find this girl, I will put her in her proper place. No dame is going to ruin my plans to shut down Barone, is that clear?”

The three mobsters nodded their heads feebly but at that moment, the doors burst open. Wansuke, followed by his bodyguards and his interpreter entered the room. The interpreter looked at Eckstein, with an amused, smug expression on his face.

“Really, it might be best for you to run your organization with more class, Mr. Eckstein,” said the interpreter, as Wansuke just stared at Eckstein, with a distasteful look on his face. “Barbarians have better poise than you do and I would suggest you not treat your employees with such disrespect, you might find it coming back to haunt you later.”

“Who are you?” demanded Eckstein, as he reached for his weapon but a dagger flew out of nowhere, landing on the top of his desk and nearly removing his fingers, as one of Wansuke’s bodyguards had removed the pink hair dryer from the desk.

“Really, no need to use your...unique little toy,” said the interpreter as he looked at the converted pink hair dryer, with amusement. “My name is of little interest, but I’d like to introduce you to the future lord of the mafia underworld in Britain, Master Genki Wansuke. He is already the premier Yakuza leader but mere enterprise in one country does not wet his ambitions any longer, he wishes to move forth.”

“What, this is my country, I won’t let some Chinese hotshot take control when I’m around,” remarked Eckstein before he snapped his fingers. His men in the room moved forward and quickly dropped to the ground, the blades of swords impaled into their back. Wansuke’s men slowly removed the swords, blood dripping from them. Wansuke turned to his interpreter, saying something in Japanese.

“Now, Mr. Eckstein, as you have seen, any attempts to fight us will be useless and quite futile. As you could have guessed, our two warriors in this room is just an extremely small sample of the vast empire at the hands of Master Wansuke,” said the interpreter, but Eckstein just sat, unmoving, careful not to do anything that would end in his own untimely demise by stabbing.

“Charming,” remarked Eckstein, choosing his words carefully, as he eyed the sharp, blood stained blades in the hands nervously. “Now, you’re not here for a cordial visit...”

“More perceptive then we had previously given you credit for,” remarked the interpreter, as Wansuke just stood in the backgrounds, arms folded, no emotion showed on his face. “Mr. Eckstein, changes will take place in this country, especially once we have properly dealt with Barone. We had previously sent another to eliminate him, but given further analysis, that no longer seems feasible. Harry Potter is also a concern, as he has been groomed to take over that organization and if all indications are correct, will be ascending to power before too long. Master Wansuke is troubled by this potential, as Harry Potter has been an unintended cog in our operations before.”

Wansuke grunted, before talking rather quickly in his language, relaying something to his interpreter.

“Just mind your place Eckstein, you may have some potential for Master Wansuke’s operations, but misstep, and it will not be a pleasant time for you in your final days,” stated the interpreter, as he bowed, along with Wansuke, who was handed the pink hair dryer. Wansuke grabbed it in his hands and with great strength, he crushed it in his hands. It dropped to the ground, as Wansuke just fixed a cold look on Eckstein, before he relayed a message to his interpreter. “I trust and do hope we do business in the future.”

Without another word, the Yakuza representatives left, as Eckstein sank back in his chair. He had no idea that running a vast mafia organization would be this stressful, all he cared about was the money and the power it gave him. He looked at his ex-employees, as they had long since expired on the floor. Eckstein sighed, he had a few more weapons, he would need to figure out a plan to eliminate Barone soon and perhaps he could deal with this new threat that Wansuke and his organization presented. He was becoming really desperate, he needed to do something.

“Eckstein, I am here to inquire why Barone has not been eliminated yet,” said a cool voice from the side of Eckstein and Eckstein spun

around, looking rather panicked, before he realized it was his mysterious benefactor.

"I wish you would knock for entering the room," muttered Eckstein.

"I did not ask for your opinion on my etiquette, I asked you for an explanation why Barone is not dealt with," remarked the mysterious benefactor.

"These things can't be rushed, I'll deal with him, just going to take a bit longer than I thought, especially when his new girlfriend or whatever that bitch was showing up," said Eckstein and at that moment, there as an eerie silence that filled the room.

"Describe her," said the mysterious shadow calmly.

"Dark hair, emerald green eyes, pretty good looking, fought like a trained assassin, or at least that's what my men told me," remarked Eckstein. "Why?"

"Just eliminate Barone, Eckstein," said the mysterious shadow and with those words, Eckstein had just known that his benefactor had checked out, as suddenly as he appeared. The mobster leaned back, sighing. Running an organization was not all it was cracked up to be but he would not let these minor setbacks ruin his plans for domination.

In the Three Broomsticks pub in Hogsmeade, a group of men were sitting around the table, after a few drinks, just talking about what came to their minds, as they sat around.

"The Ministry, they're going though our mail, I'm almost afraid to send a letter," said one of the patrons.

"Yeah, we might hurt their feelings," remarked another one of them. "The Ministry can't take any criticism, we would have been better off if You-Know-Who had taken over."

"The Ministry is ran by idiots, that bloody Yankee bastard is going to cause another dark lord and it will be all their fault," said the third man, as he took a swig from his drink. "Shouldn't really be saying this, but

the Ministry can't do anything right, hell, I wouldn't be surprised if they had set up the entire Potter mess to give them an excuse to lord over us."

"MINISTRY OF MAGIC, WANDS ON THE TABLE, HANDS IN THE AIR!" boomed a commanding voice and three men turned around, to see a group of irritated looking Aurors.

"Not, going to take us alive," slurred one of the men as he stupidly sent a stunning spell which one of the Aurors obviously blocked, before he blasted the man backwards. The other two men were sober enough to realize that it was futile to fight the Ministry, and they placed their wands down.

"You are being brought in for conspiring to destabilize the Wizarding World," said one of the Aurors roughly, as he held his wand on the back of the head.

"Just by stating my opinion?" asked one of the men with widened eyes.

"No, you have been found to have a potential to rebel against the Ministry of Magic, Minister Scrimgeour and Head Auror Winston wants anyone who speaks anti-Ministry sentiment to be taken in for question," responded the Auror, as they lead the three "rebels" out, as the others in the pub sat very still, not wanting to do anything that might have attracted the Ministry attention. In fact, there might still be Aurors hidden within the Three Broomsticks right now.

Harry and Luna returned to Headquarters. Safely inside, they felt they could breath easier.

"I just can't believe it, he poisoned himself like that," muttered Luna.

"If any part of what he told us was the truth, he did not want to live his life in fear," suggested Harry and Luna nodded in agreement. "Still, I worry about us now, consider we now know the information that he relayed on us. I'm going to have to have security increased both here and at your home, don't want your parents to get attacked after all."

"No Harry, thank you," said Luna with a smile. "Dad has a few nifty surprises built into the protections around our house, but never can be careful."

"No, you can't," remarked Harry darkly, as he reflected back to certain mistakes he had made in the past, mistakes that he had regretted. They were learning experiences, but at the same time, Harry felt it would have been better if he would have avoided them, as they reached the upstairs area, where Lotus burst out from the doors looking rather frantic as she looked towards Luna and Harry.

"Harry, something just happened that I think you might want to know, I've just ran into some rivals of yours, and they had weapons," said Lotus quickly, getting straight to what she felt Harry needed to know. "These weapons weren't like anything else, they shot powerful blasts of magic, my most powerful shield just held them back."

"Okay slow down Lotus, take a deep breath, calm down," said Harry, as he saw that she was so upset that she had accidental magic coming off of her, that could have split the entire headquarters over but Lotus just frowned.

"How do you expect me to stay relaxed when it's them who handed dangerous weapons over that were intended to hurt you?" demanded Lotus and this took Luna and Harry aback.

"You mean the people who...well set you on Harry, gave them these weapons?" asked Luna and Lotus nodded, looking a bit fearful for the first time.

"Please start at the beginning, we found out something out about this too but I need to know exactly what happened, but first, if I'm interpreting this right, they came here, didn't they?" asked Harry but Lotus shook her head. "I could have sworn I left Hermione to take care of anything that came up."

"You did, but she had a family get together or something to go to, so in her haste to leave, she told me to take care of anything," remarked Lotus. "She just barely left, when two of your employees came to me, some guy named Eckstein had his goons nosing around your stuff, so

I thought it would be a good idea to take a closer look at what he was doing.”

Harry sighed, he would have hoped that Lotus would have had the common sense to stay inside and not risk being seen, until they could find out who was behind her creation, but Harry supposed it was foolish to expect something like that from a female duplicate of himself.

“Continue, please,” encouraged Harry.

“Well I made a Portkey, we took a look, they were nosing around the crates as your men had said, so I decided to confront the on that,” narrated Lotus. “They said some things that prompted me to attack them. They pulled their little toys on me, my shield blocked it, barely. I managed to disarmed them, they seemed to have second thoughts without their weapons, I captured one, interrogated him, managed to coax some information out of him, and disposed of him.”

“Good, about how I would have done it honestly,” said Harry.

“Oh, I managed to get my hands on one their little weapons,” added Lotus as an afterthought.

“Brilliant, I can have a look at that, and then tell you what I found out,” responded Harry, as Lotus nodded, before she led both of them into the main office, where Lotus had stored the weapon. Pushing open the door, Lotus stepped back, allowing Harry to look inside, looking rather confused. “There’s nothing in here but this hair dryer...”

“Believe it or not, that’s the weapon,” said Lotus. “Odd, isn’t it?”

Harry pulled out his wand and a scanning spell indicated that this was in fact a dangerous weapon and not the common household appliance that it would seemed to the untrained eye.

“Yes it is...wait a minute,” said Harry, as he felt something powerful. Carefully, he pried open the bottom of the hair dryer and gave it a small shake. A small glass tube fell out, Harry catching it. Harry looked at it, inside, there was a swirling light, trapped within the glass and Harry studied it intently.

"I've never seen anything like that before," commented Luna with interest, as she looked over the tube, no one had been able to store magic in such a way, or in fact, not at all. Harry remained silently, but he was doing a number of charms, to properly gage what he had before him and what the capabilities of the weapon would be.

"Transfiguration, it's a stored and renewing Transfiguration spell that transfigures household appliances into deadly weapons," remarked Harry. "Of course, how deadly the weapon is really down to exactly how powerful the person wielding it. Muggles and squibs could maybe pack enough of a punch to kill other Muggles and squibs, while injuring magical people. The average wizard on the street might be able to vaporize an entire city block with this little weapon."

"And someone who has a great deal of power," said Lotus.

"Well, it depends on the deal of control they have or rather wanting to have over their ability to perform magic," said Harry. "In an untrained hand with a lot of raw potential, it could have the potential to blow the Earth to bits."

"I'm really glad you thought me all of that magical theory," muttered Lotus with relief, had Harry not thought her all of that mundane stuff, she shuddered to think what she could have done had that happened.

"Actually adds a bit of credence to the theory that Dumbledore did this, considering he was a master of Transfiguration and would be able to spin something like this," said Luna and Lotus's eyes perked up.

"So, this Dumbledore person's behind it or at least you think," remarked Lotus and Harry just nodded.

"I should have known, Dumbledore wouldn't have let it rest, it might have been twelve years, but he's finally concocted a scheme to get back to me for not falling into place as his little weapon," said Harry with a sigh, he had hoped he was rid of Dumbledore, but the best hopes were rather mistaken. "I'm going to discuss this matter further, but when Hermione gets back and I'll get in touch with Sirius and Remus as well, I'd like to hear all of their perspectives before I do anything irrational."

Rita Skeeter sat in her house, a smug expression on her face, having written another article, the third in many days, exposes in the deficiencies of the Ministry of Magic. It seemed they were getting worse and had restricted the rights of the people more each day, checking owls, listening in on Floo conversations, and just patrolling the streets, taking people in once they heard one word on the Ministry. Rita felt her sworn duty was to warn the public, even if she had to step on some rather important toes. The only thing that Barone's appointed supervisor made her take out was an accusation that Scrimgeour was using his daughter's death as an excuse to gain more power. Still, Rita had learned by now to tone down her words, while still getting the message across.

"THIS IS THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC! RITA SKEETER, YOU HAVE TEN SECONDS TO OPEN UP, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR TREASON AGAINST WIZARDING BRITIAN!" shouted a booming voice from outside and Rita had scooped up the jar from the fireplace. Truth be told, given the recent events, she had almost expected this to happen and prepared to move towards the fireplace, but much to her horror, a magical shield had appeared around it. Her escape route had been blocked. For security reasons, she had put an anti-Animagus ward around her house. Despite her form being an easy route for escape, she could not chance the fact that some closed minded person who had taken offense of her articles and happened to also be an Animagus would have snuck into her house under their form to kill her. The chances were one in a trillion, but Rita was never one to play the odds.

Needless to say, Rita regretted that, as the door burst open, revealing several Aurors, who walked inside, wands on Rita.

"Wand and hands where we can see them," said one of the Aurors firmly and Rita did so, before she turned to them.

"What could I have done to warrant this arrest?" asked Rita, even though she knew.

"Those lies you wrote in the previous day's Daily Prophet," said an Auror in an irritated voice. "Accusing the Ministry of being inefficient,

Minister Scrimgeour can't allow that kind of propaganda to be spread."

"You mean the article that was condemning the Ministry about taking in people just because they had a few words of constructive criticism towards them and not going after Death Eaters," said Rita but the Aurors were not in the mood to hear one word from her.

"Silence, Skeeter," said the Auror as he pushed Rita forward. "Your writings has caused untold damage towards Wizing Britain, people are stirring, not having faith in their Ministry because of your destructive lies. An order is already being put through to outlaw the Daily Prophet, on the suggestion of Head Auror Winston."

"Really, well that's a nice way to get the entire Wizing World exposed," muttered Rita under her breath, but the Aurors held their wands on her.

"Move along Skeeter, to Azkaban," said the Auror roughly, as Rita allowed herself to be lead off by the Aurors. Truth be told, she was not the only journalist who had taken the Ministry to task in recent days. The Ministry was rounding up people who had the slightest word to say about them, but three large scale attacks by individuals claiming to be Death Eaters had occurred in the past day, with the Ministry doing nothing. While very few were killed, it still served to illustrated the Ministry's incompetence and once more realized they could get away with these attacks, as long as they did not spread anti-Ministry propaganda.

In his office, Harry had just finished explaining to both Sirius and Remus about Lotus's unique circumstances. In his opinion, they were taking it rather well, but there really was not all that much they had to say about it. Hermione sat, calmly waiting for the news Harry told her he had.

"Okay, now we're brought up to speed, what's the news you have, Harry?" asked Hermione.

"Well Luna and I went to visit the contact who had some information that would rock the foundations of the Wizing World," remarked Harry. "To make a long story short, the true origins of magic have

been hushed up for many years. If this guy is telling the truth, the first magical people came from outside this world. Yes, I know, far fetched, but they've been planning to eliminate those who they consider inferior. They have no problem with anyone who can wield magic, yes even muggleborns and half bloods. Once again, all the words based off of someone who did not have it all there, but if he's right, there has been a group of people who have worked behind the scenes, using the Ministry of Magic as puppets, keeping them stagnate, to go for their ultimate objective, to replace all Muggles in the world with clones subservient to them."

"Clones, why not just kill all the Muggles?" asked Hermione skeptically.

"Who knows, I didn't come up with this plan," responded Harry swiftly, with a shrug. "They've used the battle between good and evil, hand picking people to be dark lords while others to be the savior. With the world distracted they could work on their plan behind the scenes, out of sight, out of mind."

"So, exactly who's behind this?" asked Sirius.

"I'm getting there," said Harry. "The person who is chosen to lead this grand conspiracy, as it was called, is chosen. A fake title, known as the Grand Warlock, is given, and the latest Grand Warlock is Albus Dumbledore."

Silence, Remus and Sirius looked at each other, Hermione just sat there. Given what had gone on between Harry and Dumbledore in the past timeline, she fully expected Harry to latch onto this explanation.

"You know, no one's seen Dumbledore for years, ever since he was stripped of everything he owned and resigned from Hogwarts in fact," said Hermione. "Not that I don't believe you Harry, it's just odd that he would be quiet for all these years."

"It does make perfect sense, in a way," remarked Remus. "Assuming everything that this person said was true, Dumbledore could have used this defeat to take himself out of the public eye and into work with this plan. At one time, I might have not thought Dumbledore was not capable of anything malicious but now..."

“Not surprising,” concluded Sirius but Harry just remained silent, before he took a deep breath.

“He knows that I managed to alter time as well,” remarked Harry and this caused several gasps to echo throughout the room. Harry waited until everyone had quieted down. “And he won’t rest until he kills me, because I disrupted his little balance. This shadow group had me pegged to be the next dark lord, after Voldemort was vanquished. I’ve refused to play their games.”

“So what are you going to do Harry?” asked Hermione.

“I’m going to get them first,” responded Harry firmly and the look on Lotus’s face indicated that she had similar ideas. “The first thing’s first is we need to track down Dumbledore. Find him and we’ll find out for sure whether or not he’s behind this entire plan.”

“That’s going to be easier said than done, Harry,” warned Remus. “When Dumbledore walked out, he didn’t look back. I don’t even know if we could find one person who has even heard anything from Dumbledore, much less one that is willing to talk.”

“But, we’ll try,” said Hermione quickly, as she saw the desperate look in Harry’s eyes. “It will take some time, but we’ll do it.”

“Yeah Harry, I know how much this means to you,” added Sirius, as Lotus, Harry, and Luna sat around, before Sirius corrected himself. “To all three of you.”

Before anyone could leave, the phone on Harry’s desk rang. Harry quickly grabbed it and answered it.

“Barone speaking,” stated Harry in a gruff voice.

“Barone, it’s me, Boss Eckstein, the man who will single handily bring down your little empire,” taunted Eckstein from the other side of the phone. “Of course, we’ve never met in person, I don’t deal with small time gangsters.”

“Eckstein, is there a point to this little call?” asked Harry in an agitated tone of voice.

“Oh, there is believe me, you see, we could go back and forth for months, maybe years, lose a few good men on either side, kill some innocent women and children in the middle of a heated mob war, all that good stuff,” remarked Eckstein. “Or we can settle this like men, a nice good old fashioned fist fight, right in the street.”

“You’re serious, aren’t you?” asked Harry in an amused voice, who knew this fight would end exactly in five seconds, with a stunning spell to the chest.

“As a heart attack, Barone, unless you’re nothing but a little chicken pussy,” taunted Eckstein. “So how about it, Barone, in the street, you leave your little girls at home and I tell me men to back off. Just bring your two fists and I bring mine.”

Harry paused, there was no way he was not going to except this one. No one calls Harry Potter or Boss Barone, a little chicken pussy and gets away with it alive.

“Eckstein, I have a few free minutes, so why not?” answered Harry. “I can use the workout.”

“Good Barone, I’d hate to see any unnecessary blood shed, I’ll meet you in downtown London in two hours,” concluded Eckstein. “It will give you enough time to update your will before you leave.”

With that Eckstein hung up the phone.

“It’s a trap, you know that right?” asked Luna calmly.

“Of course, but I’m not going to let a little worm like Eckstein trap me, he’s just set himself up for a fall,” responded Harry.

“No, especially if he’s working in the league with those people, you should go after him,” added Lotus firmly. “We’ll research the whereabouts of Dumbledore and it would be a good idea if you could try to pry some information out of Eckstein before you kill him.”

“We’re on the same wavelength, Lotus, that’s exactly what I plan on doing,” said Harry with a smile, but he looked around uneasily. “Lotus, go with Hermione when she returns home, in case this is an

elaborate ruse by those people to capture you. I know you can handle yourself, but still, I just have a feeling the little additions to the hair dryers are only a small sample of what they are capable of and besides, I doubt they would even think of looking for you in the Muggle World

Lotus just nodded, she could help the others find where Dumbledore and gain some revenge for being tricked into killing, Harry, so she could get on with the rest of her life with Harry and Luna.

Harry told them all goodbye, before he left, to get ready to meet with Eckstein. Eckstein did not tell him an exact location, just a general area, but Harry was taking everything cautiously, just in case Eckstein had a bit more up his sleeve than the weapon that Lotus had found.

In an abandoned warehouse in downtown London, Eckstein paced back and forth, as he looked towards his men high above, who had the converted hair dryers, standing high above, ready to blast Barone as he entered the warehouse.

"Now, you mugs listen up, I want Barone and I want him dead," ordered Eckstein gruffly. "I want him more than dead, I want to see him reduced to dust, I want his blood staining these walls. I want him done, obliterated, destroyed, finished, caput."

"Right, Boss Eckstein," droned the mobsters in a rather bored tone of voice, their boss seemed to be more obsessed with eliminating Barone recently than doing anything to better the empire. They briefly wondered if they hedged their bets with the wrong person, but since they were still getting paid, this obsession was alright. Eckstein stood back in the shadows, with a smirk, he was going to be the one to deal Barone the final blow, but he had no problems with his men taking a few shots at him, as long as the crushing defeat was left to him.

Harry's alter ego arrived right downtown. Barone held his wand out, he stepped forward, looking from side to side. At that moment, an imposing looking brute of a man stood forward.

"The Boss wants you inside," grunted the goon, towards Barone who looked rather amused, that this overgrown gorilla thought he could tell

him what to do. Magically, the goon was pulled up into the air and hoisted up, so he was face to face with Barone, thrashing his legs and baring his teeth. "Let me down..."

Barone did not respond, rather he peered into the mind of Eckstein's muscle bound goon. His mind was rather simple, so it did not take Barone long to find out what he had suspected, that Eckstein had been setting him up for a fall. Quickly, Barone threw the goon off to the side, causing him to smash into some nearby trash cans. That knocked him out and Barone walked forward, scanning the inside of the door. On a ledge above the front door, he saw several men above, wielding those pink hair dryers. He saw Eckstein as well, standing with a smug expression on his face. Barone entered the warehouse calmly, wand at the ready, just the spell in mind to deal with his would be attackers.

Eckstein looked smug as he saw Barone walk inside, the fool was walking right into a trap.

"Come on bitch, hit me with your best shot, right in the center of the room!" called Eckstein as he waved forward and Barone stepped forward, aiming his wand behind his back, jabbing it behind his back. The mobsters from above clutched their ears, dropping their weapons, as they lost their balance, falling down below. Eckstein's eyes widened, before he quickly pointed his weapon and shot the full impact of energy right towards Barone, who avoided the attack. The weapon struck a crate full of vases, destroying them with the impact.

Quickly Barone moved around, using the speed and agility that was acquired due to dodging Bludgers in the previous timeline. Even though he had been on a broomstick, Harry somehow made it work, before he began to open the edge of Eckstein's little weapon to remove the magical source. Quickly, he summoned it around his hand and faked getting knocked down. Eckstein prepared to aim the weapon at his adversary, but nothing happened.

"What's wrong with this stupid thing?" demanded Eckstein.

"I disabled it," remarked Barone calmly, as he held the glass tube between his fingers and quickly Eckstein whipped out a gun, it was time to get back to basics, but unfortunately, the gun became twenty

times heavier with a wave of Barone's wand. Eckstein was dropped to the ground, struggling to hoist his gun

"DAMN YOU, BARONE!" shouted Eckstein as he quickly dove behind a crate, before he reappeared with a remote control device. "Don't even move, if you take one step forward, I'll push the button, I've rigged this entire factory with explosives, just let me step away, nice and easily."

Barone just stood, with a smirk, this idiot was not serious, was he?

"That's right, bow down to the lord of the criminal world, Lou Eckstein always wins, huh Barone, what do you have say to that?" asked Eckstein as he held the remote in his hand.

"Accio remote control," said Barone calmly and the remote control flew from Eckstein's hand right into Barone's. The cocky young mob boss attempted to make a break for it but ropes shot out of mid air and tied around his arms and legs, before Barone yanked him, face to face. "Okay, Eckstein, spill it, who set you up with the hardware?"

"Like I'd tell you," said Eckstein, and Barone jerked his arm up, causing the ropes to contract around Eckstein, snapping his bones, causing Eckstein a great deal of pain. "Alright, alright, alright...the guy never showed his face, he showed great disdain for me, mocked me, but hey, he gave me power, to rule the world, which I will do..."

"You seem to be under the faulty assumption that you're going to live Eckstein," replied Barone coldly as he forced his way through Eckstein's mind, rifling through it. He found the location of several places where the drugs he had been putting on the street were manufactured, Barone made a mental note to have them destroyed. "The only thing I'm agonizing over in fact, is exactly how to kill you."

"You can't, I'm all powerful..." muttered Eckstein, who wondered if he should have went to medical school instead of going into organized crime.

"Yes, that would have been wise," said Barone, still reading Eckstein's mind, before he summoned all the explosives that Eckstein had planted in the building to him. The explosives shrunk and with in

an instant, the explosives vanished, with Eckstein collapsing, feeling something inside him, that was slowly poisoning him. "Well, Eckstein, I give you credit, at least you'll have an explosive ending to your attempts of underworld domination."

Quickly, Barone gathered up all the weapons, before he banished them back to one of his less used bases of operation, where he would be returning shortly. Eckstein attempted to crawl after Barone, but he clutched his stomach, as Barone left the factory. Looking over his shoulder, Barone ensured that he was far away before he pressed the button to the remote that activated the explosives.

In a flash, the factory blew sky high, causing flames to shoot into the air. Eckstein's short lived reign of terror as a crime boss had concluded but at least he went out with a bang.

Barone dropped down in front of his headquarters, turning back into Harry Potter when he was certain that no one was around. His grey hair turned black as his features began younger and less scarred. Looking up, he saw smoke pouring out from the bottom window. Quickly Harry burst inside, coughing, as he saw the walls of his headquarters on fire, several charred corpses on the floor, the smell of burnt flesh sickening Harry's stomach, as saw a glowing yellow outline, with orange eyes walk out. As the figure moved forward, Harry saw that his skin was dark black.

"Honey, I'm home!" shouted Inferno as he aimed his fingers before he shot blasts of red hot flames right at Harry, who just barely managed to put a shield up to block. The intense heat caused Harry's concentration to break, forcing his legs to block and fall down to the ground. "So, Potter, isn't it? How do you like the new and improved Inferno, Version Two Point Oh?"

Harry quickly raised his wand and shot a heavy stream of ice cold water right at Inferno. He could have sworn that he just killed this guy. Inferno quickly evaporated the water, before Harry's wand caught on fire in his hand. Harry threw the wand down, as he watched it burn to dust. Only really intense magical heat, the kind given off from an elemental wizard could set a wand on fire. The fact that elementals were a myth because the human body could not stand the strain of

channeling the power to control elements for much time raised more questions than answers in Harry's mind. Harry was glad he had a spare, the wand that once belonged to Dumbledore, at another location, but that did not do him much good at all right here.

"Going take a little more than water to slow me down, given the new gifts that my shadowy friends gave me," shouted Inferno. "I'm going to scorch the flesh of anyone who gets in my way!"

With that the floor right between Harry began to burst into flames, but Harry quickly put a cooling charm his feet, absorbing the brunt of the heat, before Harry spun his arm into the air, sending a triangle pattern, blasting Inferno with jets of cool water, before he moved his way up the stairs, but found his way blocked by a large wall of fire. Coughing, Harry put a bubble headed charm over his head, as Inferno quickly avoided the water attacks, his best ones. Harry saw that he was going to need something a bit stronger than the normal water charms to douse this arsonist.

"Come down Harry, unless you can't handle the heat!" called Inferno and Harry levitated the fire extinguisher off of the wall. "Of course, I'm going to smoke you out anyway, so do whatever."

"Up here, if you think you're such hot stuff!" taunted Harry and Inferno soured up on a cloud of smoke, but Harry blasted the fire extinguisher right at Inferno. Inferno dropped down to the ground, slowed down, before he angrily spread his arms outwards, setting the walls on fire around him. Harry looked around, he could have sworn this nutcase would have set off the sprinkler system by now.

"That's it, kid, now you're playing with real fire!" shrieked Inferno, as he spread his arms out and sent several balls of fire right at Harry, who removed the Anti-Apparation protections before he disappeared. The stairs were incinerated but Harry was not, as he came behind Inferno, dousing the fire on the floor. Inferno advanced on Harry, his footprints burning into the ground as he made his way, before he raised two fists, made of pure fire. Harry quickly looked up, the intense heat had sealed the sprinkler faucets shut.

"REDUCTO!" shouted Harry, as he flicked his hand upwards, as several cool jets of water flew down from above but Inferno looked

amused as the water smashed off of the body armor, that both protected him from being doused and enhanced his fire manipulating abilities.

“Not going to work!” sang Inferno, but Harry quickly used his magic to cause the water to form a consolidated shield arm. Inferno still looked bored, right before Harry froze the water right around Inferno. Inferno was trapped right in a block of ice.

Harry wiped the sweat off of his forehead, but the temperature in the room heated up to an intense level, that it was like being inside a pressure cooker. The ice melted and the water evaporated all in the blink of an eye, as Inferno stood, like a human torch, looking amused, before he blasted a steady attack of fire towards Harry. Harry struggled to maintain his shield, but the temperature kept rising, as Inferno continued his attack. His skin blistered from the heat as Harry was knocked backwards into the next room, his shirt burned nearly off, reduced to a few charred strands of thread.

“Time to turn up the heat a few notches,” shouted Inferno and Harry closed his eyes, he wished he had some liquid nitrogen right about now, as that was the only idea that Harry had to stop this menace that came to mind. Inferno walked forward, scorching the ground as he moved forward, before he looked down at Harry. Harry struggled to pull himself to his feet, he was weak and dehydrated. He started laughing madly, delirious from the heat and lack of water. He was going to die, after all this, at the hands of some two bit arsonist with super powers. Inferno waved his arms around, large hot winds flew right into Harry’s face. “Now is time, for Harry, to be roasted like a marshmallow.

“NO!” shouted a voice in the ear of Inferno.

“What do you mean, no?” asked Inferno in an indignant tone of voice. “I have him finished, completely, utterly broken, this is what you wanted, isn’t it? You’re making a big mistake...”

“Not right now, the master has changed the rules of the game, now that certain information has come to our attention, leave Harry Potter,” said the voice firmly and Harry looked up, he saw nothing

else but a shadow in the room in front of Inferno. "Did you find our rogue weapon?"

"No, I looked everywhere, she's not here," responded Inferno.

"So be it," responded the shadowy figure after a searching look to ensure that Inferno was not deceiving him. "You've done well Inferno, now leave Harry Potter here to think about what he has brought upon himself and his organization."

Inferno left, casting a longing look right towards the downed form of Harry Potter. The boy had ruined his flawless record by forcing him to flee like a common thug and then blowing him to pieces, almost killing him. He walked off as Harry looked up, a confused look in his eyes, wondering why these mysterious shadows would spare him, but then again, perhaps they were in fact. Harry struggled, he needed to get out of here, before he had second thoughts, but he was still dehydrated from the intense heat. Still, he had to try to apparate, as he realized that many of his valued employees were killed by Inferno's new powers, but still, he held out hope that some had escaped. Harry closed his eyes, trying to summon what little strength he had left.

The arsonist stepped outside of the building, burning everything that his feet touched, before his eyes turned into a gas tank outside the building.

"On second thought, I do have a job to complete for Wansuke," responded Inferno crisply, before he raised his hands and blasted the tank with a high impact burst of fire. Power was nice, but nothing beat cold hard cash.

Seconds later, the main headquarters blew sky high, leaving nothing but smoldering wreckage on the ground and charred skeletal remains on the ground, as smoke continued to fly into the air, the intense heat being felt for miles around where the hotel once stood.

Chapter Six: Ministry Meddling.

Darkness, pure and utter darkness, swirled around Harry Potter. The Boy-Who-Lived had just managed to escape from being blown up along with his mafia headquarters by Inferno. A very close, escape, as Harry did not know where he went. He was aiming for the Grangers' but Apparating while suffering from severe dehydration and heat exhaustion was not advisable. He thumped forward, the adrenaline had worn off and the pain from getting his skin burned set it. Every bit of air hitting his skin inflamed it. Inferno had really done some damage to him. Harry could have taken him easily, had he not had those blasted elemental abilities but the question is how did Inferno acquire them and more importantly, how in the hell was he still alive? He feared some convoluted comic book explanation of Inferno acquiring the powers when he was met head on with an exploding gas can. Harry opened his eyes, he managed to look through the haze caused by the pounding of his head, he managed by some stroke of luck

Inside the house at this moment, Hermione, Lotus, and Luna had several years worth of Daily Prophets in front of them. While Harry did own the paper, there could have been a vital clue that pointed to whereabouts of Dumbledore within them that Harry had long since forgotten about it. It was going to take a bit of time, at least several days in between the three of them, but there were few other options. Lotus seemed to take this task rather seriously, if it was Dumbledore, she wanted to make him pay personally. If Harry had not managed to convince her that he was not her enemy, Harry might have been killed and who knows how many other people would have suffered at her hand. Lotus kept searching, but despite the vast amount of resources that was the Daily Prophet archives, they could find nothing.

"All these blasted newspapers and nothing's here!" shouted Lotus after about an hour of searching that had gotten them nowhere.

"I know, it's frustrating," said Luna, as she placed her hand on Lotus's shoulder. "Not even a hint, but we've got to keep looking."

“Luna, are you sure that you couldn’t find anything in the Quibbler archives?” asked Hermione desperately.

“Yes, Hermione, I’m sure, believe me I am, I know them from back to front by memory and the last time Dumbledore was mentioned was before the entire incident with sending Harry with the Dursleys was brought to light,” said Luna. “Until that contact brought him up that was the first time I heard Dumbledore’s name brought up in a long time from anyone. I mean, once someone’s out of the public eye, it’s hard to keep track of them.”

“We have to try though,” responded Lotus, as she levitated another stack of papers and moved forward it. It was very easy to get angered by the Ministry’s actions in the past by reading some of these old papers. If she was Harry and in a matter of speaking, she kind of was, she would have wiped these idiots out a long time ago. However, she knew Harry had his reasons, but if this Dumbledore was behind this and the Ministry was connected in either way, Harry would have to respect hers.

“I just hope Remus and Sirius...have better luck,” said Hermione, trailing off into a near whisper as she heard a loud banging sound from outside of the house. Springing up to her feet Hermione rushed out of the room, followed by Luna and Lotus to investigate the source of the knocks. Hermione stopped outside, before she pushed the door open and screamed in horror when she saw Harry’s barely conscious form, face beet red and covered in sweat, laying there, moaning in agony, unable to move. “Harry, who did this to you?”

“Hermione, I’m no healer, but it looks like he’s suffered a severe case of dehydration and heat exhaustion,” said Luna urgently, as she looked at Harry. “We need to get him inside, out of the sun, and get him plenty of water, before we even begin to ask questions.”

Hermione nodded, before she, Luna, and Lotus had gently pulled Harry inside. Lotus knew exactly who did this. They had tried to get to her through Harry, there was no question about it. In a minute, Harry was hoisted gently on the couch. Luna placed her hand on Harry’s forehead.

“He’s burning up,” informed Luna as Hermione moved off to get Harry water and a cool wash cloth. “These burns on his arms don’t look too good either, looks like they could magical in nature, I think there is some burn paste back home, I’ll go there real quick and get it, you stay here and keep Harry comfortable until I get back.”

Lotus placed a cooling charm on Harry, as she stood over him. It would only be a temporary measure, but any relief that she could grant Harry was appealing to her. From what she had learned, his life had been one person coming after him after another. The minute Voldemort dropped dead, it was supposed to end, but it seemed like Voldemort was only the warm up to something even more dangerous. It was not fair but yet Harry had somehow managed to not let all of this get to him and there was more than enough to get to someone.

Inferno stepped forward, humming, as his head bobbed from side to side, as he entered the hotel where Wansuke and his men had been staying. Sparks flew from his ears as his head moved around side to side, causing the hotel curtains to be set ablaze. The smoke alarms went off as Inferno moved directly up the stairs, holes being burnt through the carpets as he made his way up the stairs. More smoke rose, as people fled their hotel rooms at the sound of the smoke alarms going off. Stepping forward, Inferno raised his fist, the arsonist turned elemental burning right through the wooden door as he knocked on it. After a few seconds, the door opened, to see Wansuke, his interpreter, and several of his cronies standing around, before they looked up.

“I am here Mr. Wansuke, as you will find out, I rubbed out Harry Potter and a great deal of Barone’s organization, along with Barone” said Inferno in a boisterous voice, deciding to embellish the bit about Barone, planning to flee the country to the Bahamas with the pay off he was to get for this job.

“Master Wansuke is required further proof of your success before we discuss the option of payment,” said the Interpreter after a few seconds of conversation with Wansuke. “We trust we will find proof of the demise of our enemy at the main base of operations, Mr. Periwinkle.”

“Absolutely, you won’t be disappointed,” stated Inferno, as he waved his arms around, sending small blasts of fire in every direction, setting the walls of the hotel room on fire. Quickly, one of the thugs pulled the fire extinguisher off the wall, spraying out the flames, as Wansuke talked quickly in Japanese to his interpreter, who turned to Inferno, before relaying the instructions to him. “And, any damage that you have done to this hotel will be taken out of your payment.’

Inferno nodded, despite having awesome fire manipulated elemental powers of doom and destruction, Wansuke was still an imposing presence, worthy of terrifying him. The Yakuza left the room, with Inferno following them, trying not to cause any more damage with his new powers. It took a great deal of concentration to control them but it was worth it, given the amount he would save on fuel costs with his new abilities. A few sparks flew, but the crazed pyromaniac managed to hold off his powers enough to not cause a great deal of property damage. He only wished to do that when he was getting paid a great deal of money. If the damage was done for free, it would really drive down his value.

Harry’s eyes flickered open, as Luna was on one side of Harry, holding a wet washcloth on his forehead, while Lotus gently tipped a glass of cold water up to Harry’s lips, allowing him to drink.

“Thanks, I needed that,” said Harry and the two girls looked happy when they realized that their boyfriend was awakened. They both threw their arms around Harry, hugging him madly, while kissing him on the cheeks. Both of their bodies pressed against his were somewhat relaxing and Harry felt a rush of disappointment as they pulled away from him, as Lotus handed Harry the glass of water.

“Drink as much as you want to Harry, it’s charmed to refill automatically,” said Luna as she looked at Harry with a concerned look in her eyes, as she looked at him with concern. “Are you okay?”

“I could be worse,” said Harry weakly. “Dehydration and heat exhaustion is not a pleasant combination, I’ll tell you that much, with the temperatures that guy was giving off, it was a wonder I lasted that long. Maybe I’m going insane, but it seemed like the temperatures

rose higher as he got closer to me, almost as if he was fueled by my magic. The guy was an elemental, he could control fire.”

“Interesting, elementals have said to be a myth, because the human body isn’t geared properly to be able to properly channel any elements and manipulate them,” commented Luna casually, as she draped her legs over Harry’s lap, while Lotus leaned her head on Harry’s shoulder, grabbing his free hand in hers, as he took another gulp of the ice cold water. “Still, I believe you Harry, I just wonder if he knows how perilous his existence is.”

“Given its Inferno, he’s a nutcase who just wants a bit of power, he doesn’t plan for the long term, he just plans for the moment, the next pay off for the latest job,” replied Harry calmly before sighing. “The more I learn about this, I tell you, the less I really understand.”

“I know Harry, believe me, I know,” said Lotus. “Don’t worry, they have to answer for something, this is the second time they tried to have you killed.”

“What do you think they’ll do to you when they find out you deviated from their path?” asked Harry as he looked at Lotus, he did not want her to get hurt, but Lotus refused to be persuaded against the idea of revenge.

“Nothing pleasant I’m sure but I don’t care, they used me as their pawn and tried to kill one of the people I care about again, I’m not going to sit back and let that go,” said Lotus firmly, which Harry felt was about the same thing he would say had he been in that situation.

“No and neither will anyone else,” remarked Luna. “If it really is Dumbledore, Hermione will find out where he is. She’s looking for anything right now, Hermione’s never failed to find anything.”

“It has to be Dumbledore, if not, what else do we got?” asked Harry and they did not really have an answer to that question.

A group of shadowed figures crowded around the Department of Mysteries corridors, where one walked forward in a tentative matter. Inferno had defied their orders, had blown up Potter and their leader

would not be pleased at all. The crazed arsonist had left and no doubt gone to use his powers.

“G.W. won’t like the plans being ruined like that,” stated the superior in a cold voice. “You were supposed to ensure Inferno only used his powers to subdue Potter, while we looked for our property.”

“I won’t be pleased with what, prey tell?” asked a calm voice, as the distorted image of their master appeared, causing the rogue Unspeakables to crowd around, in an attempt to look innocent or as innocent as figures cloaked in shadows could.

“Well, Herbie Periwinkle, that being Inferno, he looked for the tool like you said, but she wasn’t there, Potter had her moved, but we followed the instructions, the ones that Potter shouldn’t be harmed, and he took out one of those Muggle propane tanks and might have blew Potter away,” remarked one of the shadow figures quickly before adding one final comment. “He did knock out a lot of the mob group though, his forces were weakened...”

“Potter still lives,” remarked their superior crisply. “You underestimate him too much, I refuse to, that was the short coming of Tom Marvolo Riddle that cost him in the end. He saved himself, but I showed him the consequences of tampering with the balance. Several of his valued employees were destroyed in the crossfire and if I had any confident that Inferno would have finished him off, I wouldn’t have put him in a position where he could have done so. Everything is going to plan, the attention has been misdirected and soon the next phase will take fold. Patience my children, patience, soon our goals will be fulfilled.”

“What of Periwinkle, his powers could be problematic?” questioned one of the Unspeakables, but their superior just appeared to be amused at the thought that Inferno would be a concern.

“Give a Muggle a taste of power, and they think they can rule the world,” stated their superior. “Don’t worry, his powers will keep evolving to the rate of instability, and once they reach their end, he will spontaneously combust. The combustion will release a fire in all directions for fifty kilometers, destroying everything it touches, leaving nothing left.”

The shadowed Unspeakables remained silent.

“Focus your intentions on recovering our property and once you find her, destroy her,” said their superior in a cold voice, as the Unspeakables nodded in agreement. “We will be speaking again shortly.”

With that, their leader disappeared, leaving his followers to return to their own devices.

Tonks arrived at the Ministry, barely suppressing a yawn, as a group of Aurors followed her. Their shift had finally ended after way too long and now they were all just going through the motions.

“Good day to you all!” cheered Winston in a boisterous voice and he had a good reason to be pleased, he had gotten more than a few minutes of sleep recently. Tonks clutched her hand around her wand, gritting her teeth, and her fellow Aurors looked to be suppressing the urge to hex Winston as well. “So far you’ve done well for the most part but we have a few performances reviews in, especially from you Auror Tonks. Now I’ve found out that you diverted from your post in the sky, to go engage a group of wizards in attack.”

“Head Auror Winston, they were Death Eaters, they attacked a group of Muggle children in a park” informed Tonks quickly. “Do you want me to just let them run free?”

“They were doing nothing to directly harm the Ministry,” said Winston calmly and Tonks could not agree with what she was hearing. Her right hand was shaking, she resisted the urge to hex this twit into a million pieces “You could have damaged the credibility of the Ministry of Magic by attacking these wizards. I understand it might be tough. After all, your father was muggleborn if I’m not mistaken. However, we can’t watch over Muggles every time, they need to learn to be left to their own devices, it’s disrupting the balance. Our societies have been too intertwined; in fact a bill is being passed as we speak to prohibit any contact between the magical and Muggle worlds. Any children who show signs of magic will be taken and placed with a proper home, the minds of their parents and family modified to erase any memories. We can’t afford another situation like Harry Potter,

where he was left with improper relatives that bent him to go against the Ministry that he was obligated to protect and serve.”

The Aurors looked towards Winston, none of them wanting to say anything to get themselves thrown into Azkaban. Still, it was rather interesting that as much as the high ranking officials of the Ministry condemned Harry Potter, they were willing to use his placement with the Dursleys as an excuse to promote any anti-Muggle agendas on the table.

“And Tonks, why you meant well, I think I’m going to have to send you home for the next week without pay, to think about the shame you brought onto the Ministry of Magic,” stated Winston but as far as Tonks concerned, this was a blessing in disguise. First she had to inform Harry of the last bits of information she managed to pick up, that they were going after reporters that worked at the Daily Prophet. They had already took in Rita Skeeter and there could have been others taken into the Ministry by now.

Wansuke and his employees looked outside, scanning the cindered wreckage of once was a glorious hotel. Inferno stood awaiting his latest clients to survey the damage. Either he would be awarded or heavily punished. Several tense moments later, Wansuke’s men relayed their findings to him and Wansuke responded by talking to his interpreter.

“Well, Mr. Periwinkle, there is no indication that Potter or Barone have survived your attack, but be warned, if he remains alive, you will pay the price,” said the interpreter and Inferno nodded in agreement.

“If you don’t mind me for asking, what do you have against this Potter brat anyway?” asked Inferno and the interpreter relayed this question back to Wansuke in Japanese and Wansuke responded quickly as he could in Japanese, before the interpreter turned to Inferno.

“Thanks to your adequate work, Master Wansuke will entertain your question with a response,” said interpreter. “Some years back, Master Wansuke was in negotiations with this country’s dark lord, Voldemort. He was going to sell him a set of mystic artifacts that would have boosted Lord Voldemort’s power, although not as much as he was lead to believe. The artifacts only guaranteed a moderate power

boost, but through exploiting his ignorance, we made Voldemort believe that he would gain much more. Master Wansuke would have been made for life with the gold he was to receive, but before the transaction could be completed, Voldemort met his demise. Since then, we began to put together a plan to conspire to gain control of the underworld scene in Britain, absorbing it into the Yakuza and with Barone out of the way, Master Wansuke's plans are coming close to fulfillment."

"Ah, that explains everything," stated Inferno, in a mock insightful voice, before he leaned forward, as the interpreter handed him the briefcase after a nod from Wansuke. The briefcase was taken into his hands, and Inferno opened the briefcase, before he reached forward to count his ill-gotten gains. As he put his fingers to the money, it burst into flames, causing them to reduce to ashes. Inferno shrieked like a little girl when he saw that all of his money had gone up in flames.

"That's bad luck, Mr. Periwinkle, but unless we have need for you to do another job, that's all the money you'll be receiving," stated the interpreter in a calm before Wansuke told him something. "Master Wansuke also says it's not a good idea to burn through your capital so fast."

The interpreter laughed by Wansuke and his bodyguards looked humorless, as Inferno stood, watching them get into their limo and drive off. Angrily, flames burst from the top of Inferno's head, as he stomped smoldering holes into the ground. Any time he lost money for whatever reason, for something that was out of control, it really set him off. The thing was that this time, it was not really Inferno's fault.

Inferno let out a breath, causing a huge cloud of smoke to fly across the street. Thinking about the situation, there was only one possible solution that made perfect sense. He would go on a psychotic rampage and kill as many people as possible by using his powers.

Harry had almost regained a great deal of his strength. His body was still a bit sore, as he took another drink of water.

"Feeling better?" asked Luna calmly.

“Loads,” replied Harry. “Now Inferno’s out there still, we have to find a way to stop him for good. Temporary measures to stall him won’t work, we need to take away his powers.”

Harry paused, putting a hand to his chin, looking thoughtful, as he looked down. Quickly, he levitated a small piece of ash that was on the leg of his pants, so he could get a better look at it.

“It’s just a piece of ash,” said Lotus in confusion and Luna seemed a bit confused as well, but intrigued. “Exactly how is that going to help us defeat Inferno and remove his powers?”

“Actually if I’m correct, it’s his skin,” replied Harry, as he placed it look at it closely and sure enough, it had a small yellow glow around it. It was faint, having detached from Inferno’s main body and thus not feeding off of his power, but it still retained just enough to confirm Harry’s suspicions. Quickly, Harry did a few tests on the effected skin sample to gain an idea. After a second, the suspicions were confirmed. “Well, this does complicate things a lot.”

The two girls looked at Harry, he had never appeared so grave, so horror struck. They encouraged Harry to tell them and Harry sighed.

“Whomever is behind this, whether it’s Dumbledore or anyone else, is dabbling in magic that could threaten countless lives,” said Harry, as both Lotus and Luna took a hand. “They’ve saturated every centimeter of Inferno with a rare magical compound called Incendia Elementum. The last batch of it was said to be destroyed in the 1940s, it’s supposed to give the ability to manipulate and control fire, at least temporarily.”

“Wait, wait, temporarily?” asked Lotus.

“It sounds like you lose the ability to do so after a while, but then what?” questioned Luna and Harry sighed, he was delving into the strange and mysterious. He only came across his element when he was studying for dark magical potions that Voldemort might have used in the first timeline and had filed it away, until it clicked in his head after he thought about his battle with Inferno.

“Well, there’s really no recorded accounts of it being used on this level, because no one is insane enough to saturate their entire body with such an unstable substance, it’s normally ingested small doses and they eventually wear off, with only minor uncontrolled outbursts of fire,” replied Harry, before he sighed and continued. “If I’m correct and this is one time where I hope I’ll not, once Inferno loses control over fire, he’ll draw heat from the air around him, until he spontaneously combusts, destroying everything in all directions.”

“There is a way to stop him then,” stated Luna in a confident voice.

“Most magic, let’s say about eighty five to ninety percent roughly, can be reversed and this falls under something that can be, with a little creativity,” remarked Harry with a sigh. “It’s all down to finding the proper counter agent to Inferno’s fire manipulating powers. It’s not as simple as throwing a flame freezing spell at him to stop him. Liquid nitrogen can hold him, but now after a few more hours, I fear that it might only be a temporary measure. This is really a tough one to crack.”

“Maybe we can stop his powers from getting out of hand, by freezing their acceleration?” asked Luna.

“That’s brilliant Luna, there should be spells to put someone in a state of stasis, but I don’t know how long it could last,” remarked Lotus, as she looked over Harry, who looked rather thoughtful at this suggestion.

“There is a potion, that was invented for the express purpose of putting people with magical diseases in suspended animation to look for cures, given the highly original and inventive name of the Suspended Animation Potion but it was outlawed due to the side effects,” replied Harry. “Permanent brain damage and all kinds of nasty stuff, but considering this is the guy who attempted kill me and wipe out a decent chunk of my employees, side effects don’t matter.”

“Feeling better Harry?” asked Hermione as she entered the room, before she sat down right on the chair across for them. Harry responded with a nod, but Hermione looked really frustrated. “No go on the Prophet Archives for Dumbledore, the last reference I could find was a few months after the trial, but it was just said that

Hogwarts was looking for a new Headmaster. I hope Sirius and Remus can find something concrete that we can go on, otherwise we're pretty much sunk."

"You did the best you could Hermione, we'll find something, hopefully soon," stated Harry and Hermione nodded, but she seemed to be very annoyed that she could not find one simple piece of information that could help Harry. "Anyway, never mind that, I need your help with something else."

"What is it Harry?" asked Hermione who was curious.

"I'm sure you've heard of the Suspended Animation potion, you know the one that was banned due to its harmful side effects," replied Harry and Hermione nodded. "I need your help to whip up a batch."

"Exactly why do you want a batch of that nasty stuff, anyway, Harry?" asked Hermione.

"Our resident arsonist Inferno survived, he has new powers, powers that are coming dangerously close to overloading and causing a chain reaction when he spontaneously combusts, wiping out hundreds," explained Harry. "I'm hoping we could stop his powers from getting out of control, stopping him long enough to find a way to dispose of him."

"Makes sense I suppose, but I don't like where this is going," said Hermione with a frown, as she put two and two together, knowing it was Inferno's new powers that was responsible for the state Harry was in when he had showed up. "You're going to go out and face him again, after what happened aren't you? You're going to do something really dangerous?"

"Anything I do is potentially dangerous," argued Harry. "This is a time not to worry about the risks. After all as a great philosopher once said, let's get dangerous."

Harry then grew serious, as he looked at Hermione. She had seen him in dangerous situations so many times, having known him the longest, but it did not lessen her worries.

“Not without a plan I’m not, but I have to think quickly, we might only have hours before his powers get out of control and he spontaneously combusts, of course, this is dependent on the rate that he uses his powers and...” said Harry before trailing off, knowing that Inferno would abuse his powers and thus accelerate the evolution until he reaches critical mass. “Two or three hours, maximum, if we’re lucky, here’s a copy of the recipe of the potion, get to work, you should be done right away.”

Hermione nodded, taking the book that Harry had magically transported from one of his Gringotts vaults. Harry leaned back, feeling a bit dazed.

“Luna do me a favor and turn on the television,” said Harry and Luna looked a bit puzzled, but did as Harry had indicated. The news was up and Harry saw a befuddled looking newscaster.

“Confusion reigns as the temperatures in London and several areas within walking distance from the outer limits continues to raise about twenty degrees above the average, several have collapsed from severe heat exhaustion and raced to hospitals, others have perished in small fires, people are leaving the city in droves to escape the massive heatwave,” stated the newscaster. “Reports are coming in that a demonic looking figure who can control fire has been the cause of the damage, it’s basically hell on earth in London. We’ll keep you posted more as this situation develops, so stay tuned.”

“Yep, just about what I expected,” remarked Harry. “Inferno is really having a blast with his powers, we need to work quickly.”

Harry lifted his hand, muttering into it.

“Get me a truckload of liquid nitrogen tanks and meet me outside of London in an hour, as close as you can get without dropping dead of heat exhaustion, I’ll explain when I get there.” said Harry and a silvery shape shot out of Harry’s hand, to inform his men at the second largest building that he had of the plan. “DOBBY!”

Harry’s house elf appeared with a pop, looking at Harry with an excited expression on his face, dressed in a pinstripe suit and a derby hat, with a miniature pimp cane.

“Master Harry Potter be calling Dobby?” asked the excited house elf.

“Yes, Dobby, could you please fetch me my combat robes please?” requested Harry and Dobby bowed low right in front of Harry.

“It will be Dobby’s pleasure, sir,” replied Dobby and a second later, the house elf appeared, before reappearing with a bulky set of robes. The house elf struggled to hold them up, but Harry, Lotus, and Luna relieved him of his burden.

“These were recalled a while ago, Aurors wanted to use them, but they were proven to be too uncomfortable and restricted movement in battle,” said Luna.

“Well comfort, I don’t think Harry’s too concerned about, they look to give a lot of cover, but the movement thing does worry me, if he is able to throw fire at you, you’ll need to have fast reflexes, after all,” commented Lotus with a frown.

“I’ve moved in worse conditions, but a few flame repelling charms, and it should hold, it will take a while to get this done, but I’ll need the help of both of you to do it, to reinforce the protections and a cooling spell or too would not go amiss,” said Harry and Lotus and Luna both agreed, before the trio started to go to work to ready the combat robes for battle. It would take a bit of time to properly put the magic on, but they all agreed that Harry needed all the reinforcement, so he could properly fight Inferno without getting seriously injured. Next time he might not be as lucky as he was earlier today.

Back at the Ministry of Magic, Garrett Winston was walking down the corridor, after signing off on several orders to imprison people who had been caught spreading anti-Ministry sentiment in public when a group of Aurors rushed down the hallway, looking rather frantic.

“My friends, what seems to be the problem, slow down, where’s the fire?” asked Winston in a boisterous voice, in contrast to the grim expressions etched on the faces of his Aurors.

“All over London,” responded one of the Aurors quickly. “Some nutcase, we think he might be experimenting on himself and something went wrong, has been causing several fires in London.

The temperature is thirty degrees about the average and rising. Permission to do something about it.”

“Only monitor the situation, do not directly interfere unless it threatens to the magical people of London, most of them have been given orders to clear out already but still some might not have received the magic or have been trapped, give me hourly reports of what you see,” stated Winston firmly. “Anyone caught assisting people outside of our jurisdiction will be suspended like Auror Tonks was earlier today.”

The Aurors quickly sit out to do what Winston had ordered. Winston watched them go and when he was sure they had left, he had slipped into a room off to the side, unseen by anyone else in the Ministry.

Back at the Granger Residence, Harry, Lotus, and Luna were putting the finishing touches on the combat robes, when a loud knock was heard on the door.

“Harry, are you in here. It’s me, Tonks!” called Tonks from outside the door.

“Lotus hide, I don’t want to have to explain you to anyone else, I know we can trust Tonks, but there’s no time right now,” said Harry to Lotus and Lotus nodded, before she moved to the other room, as Luna made her way to the door to open it and allow Tonks inside. Tonks moved inside, staggering inside, before she collapsed in a chair, in irritation.

“First time I’ve gotten to properly sit down in days,” muttered Tonks and Harry turned to her. “Winston’s been running us all ragged, but there are things that you should know. The Aurors have been forbidden from interfering in Muggle matters, including if they are attacked by other wizards.”

“That’s horrible,” said Luna in shock. “Even if they are being tortured, you can’t step in and help?”

“I did and I got sent him for a week, not a bad thing considering how long we’ve all been working, but also Harry, they’ve been rounding up writers at the Daily Prophet, to put them trial,” informed Tonks and Harry just sighed.

“Those idiots like to test me, don’t they, I suppose its because the Daily Prophet writers are telling the truth about how inept the Ministry is,” remarked Harry, as he shook his head. “It’s damn lucky for them that my attention has to be diverted elsewhere for a while, otherwise, I’d do something about them.”

“Exactly what Harry?” asked Tonks. “What do you have to worry about now?”

“It’s a long story, something that I’ll explain to you one day if I ever have the time,” said Harry and Tonks nodded.

“Well if you’re busy, I guess that I’ll be leaving, getting home, enjoying my forced vacation,” yawned Tonks as she rose to her feet and left, not really paying attention to what Luna and Harry were doing, as they made a few last second adjustments to the Combat Robes. When they were sure Tonks was gone, Harry motioned for Lotus to reenter the room.

“The more I learn about this Ministry of Magic, the less I like them and honestly, I really didn’t like them all that much to begin with,” said Lotus in a disgusted tone of voice, shaking her head from side to side, after Luna and Harry filled her in on what happened.

“I know, but we can’t worry about them right now, yes, I believe the robes are ready for battle, let me get them on and we’ll be good to go, I just hope we can stop Inferno in time,” said Harry, as Lotus and Luna nodded in agreement, as they went over the plan quickly as possible and then Harry prepared himself to get ready for what would hopefully be a successful confrontation against Inferno.

Inferno stood in the middle of a street, throwing fire into the air. Most of everyone knew enough to clear out of his way, but several people were trapped inside a blazing building. The screams were music to Inferno’s ears, especially women and children. Some people would say he was sick, some people would say he was an absolutely insane, heartless bastard, and Inferno would be inclined to agree with each and every one of them.

“FREEZE!” shouted police, who had bravely fought through the heat, but Inferno just turned to hi, his skin going more coal black, as small

veins with lava bubbled out of his skin, his glowing orange eyes staring at the cops with an amused expression etched in them, a spark in his eye.

“Sorry, can’t,” said Inferno as the police fired their guns at Inferno, the bullets melting before they even touched his coal skin, before Inferno took a deep breath and spat lava at each of the guns of the cops, melting them. Fireballs from his fingertips rose up before they shot off, incinerating them, who stood their ground to the very end. “I have power beyond all knowledge, nobody can stop me.”

“Guess again, Inferno!” cried Harry as he swooped down on a broomstick. Inferno looked up in surprise and Harry flung an entire large bag of ice right down at Inferno to get his attention. The bag broke, sending ice in every direction. The intense heat melted the ice, which caused it to in turn put out the fires. Inferno looked up, enraged.

“I went to a lot of trouble setting that on fire!” shouted Inferno in an angry tone of voice, sparks were flying from his narrowed eyes, before he realized who he was fighting. “Potter, I thought I killed you.”

“You wouldn’t be the first one,” commented Harry dryly and Inferno wildly began to shoot fireballs at Harry. Thanks to the robes, they were diverted right away from Harry, but despite the extra precautions, it still wasn’t pleasant to me around them. Inferno continued to shoot at Harry, he hoped Hermione would be done completing the Suspended Animation potion soon, as Inferno’s powers seemed to be greater. Harry continued to duck and dodge the fire placed assaults of Inferno, as his feet burned into the ground as he walked forward. “LOTUS, LUNA NOW!”

The two girls swooped down on broomsticks, sending freezing spells right at Inferno. This backed him off slightly, which allowed Harry to flick his wrist. The fire hydrants nearby burst open and released cool jets of water at Inferno. With the three of them aiming freezing spells at the water, Inferno appeared to be temporarily frozen in his tracks.

“So, did we hurt him?” asked Lotus as Inferno was cursing under his breath, as the ice holding him into place began to melt. “Guess not.”

“Not enough to do any good,” remarked Luna sadly, as smoke began to rise up from underneath the ice.

“FALL BACK!” yelled Harry, as the ice cracked and Inferno rose up, the street below them. “Up now, as high as you can go, I’ll deflect his power.”

Lotus and Luna flew off, to give Harry plenty of room, as the street below Inferno burst open, revealing several miniature volcanoes to erupt. Lava splashed up into the air, as Harry quickly avoided the attack.

“Come down Potter, unless you can’t handle the heat!” taunted Inferno, as he wiped his forehead, sending sparks flying. Harry leaned over, he flew up, the need to get him into position for the next phase of the plan growing.

“Come and get me, Brimstone Breath!” shouted Harry, as he heard the whirling of a helicopter his men “borrowed” for to help deal with Inferno. Inferno rose to the challenge, chasing Harry as he shot off like a cork on his broomstick, flying forward, as the arsonist threw several fireballs. Taunting him like a three year old was working perfectly, Inferno’s attention was being diverted, but unfortunately, another problem was presenting itself. Inferno’s body heat was rising. If it reached above boiling, he would spontaneously combust and release a great deal of elemental magic, that would wipe out everyone that was within the blast.

Harry saw the helicopter right above where Inferno was standing. He gave the signal, as his men dumped several tanks of the liquid nitrogen. A spell aimed at them caused them to burst open, the liquid nitrogen directed right towards Inferno. Inferno shrieked as his flaming form was frozen solid.

“That cooled him down nicely,” remarked one of the mobsters, as they watched the frozen form of Inferno, but Harry just shook his head. The air had cooled slightly when Inferno had been frozen, but not enough where he could breathe easily.

“For now, tell the others to bring the truck around, we’ll need a bit more to stop him until our secret weapon can be completed,” said

Harry anxiously, as smoke began to rise above from underneath the frozen form of Inferno. The truck barreled down the street, he would need all the help he got. He drummed his fingers on the edge of his broom, wishing Hermione was there.

“YOU AREN’T GOING TO GET RID OF ME THAT EASY!” shrieked Inferno as he burst out from underneath the ground where he was frozen, flames swirling around every inch of his body, before he raised his arms. Fire shot on the ground, really tall walls of fire shooting up, blocking the edge of the street, as Inferno shrieked, as he began crazily throwing at Harry. On his signal, the helicopter flew as far away as possible, as Inferno continued to intensify his attacks against Harry. “I’m the greatest arsonist that ever lived but now I have real power and this entire country will burn to the ground before I fall to you.”

“Listen to me you insane idiot, use your powers too much longer and you can’t control him, you’ll wipe out a whole bunch of people, including yourself!” shouted Harry in an agitated voice, after dodging several more fireballs, in a desperate attempt to appeal to some small sane part in Inferno.

“Nice try, Potter, but what kind of idiot do you take me for?” demanded Inferno, until he continued to attempt to scorch Harry. He staggered slightly, which caused Harry to wince, but Inferno just managed to stand up straight, with a ball of fire erupting from his hands up into the air. Several more burst in every direction. Harry took deep breaths, fire was shooting everywhere. “I can control it...no...I mean to do that...”

A pop was heard and Dobby appeared on the rooftop right across from Harry. Harry quickly swooped down right across from Dobby.

“Harry Potter, sir, Dobby has the potion,” said the house elf and Harry quickly snatched it.

“Thanks Dobby, tell Hermione I appreciate it, can’t talk now, got to stop him before it’s too late,” said Harry quickly, as the glow around Inferno intensified. Harry braced himself, as Inferno dropped to his knees, opening the potion. Harry dived right towards Inferno, at the speed of light. It felt for a few seconds that he was going to burn up

before he even reached Inferno, but he pushed himself. The elemental magic was eating through the charms on the combat robes but Harry was so close that he could not stop out. As Inferno opened his mouth to scream in pain, Harry tipped the vial right over his mouth. The Suspended Animation Potion dripped down Inferno's throat. Inferno gave a shudder, as the glow quickly disappeared around his body, as he dropped to the ground, before he crumbled to dust. Harry dropped down, wincing, as he looked at his slightly burnt hands, wondering what had happened. He suspected he froze Inferno's powers the exact second he would have spontaneously combusted and thus stopped him for good. It was a one in a million chance of it happening and even with the exact same situation, Harry would not have duplicated it.

"Harry!" shouted Luna and Lotus in unison, as the two girls swooped down, the fires and other damage that Inferno had done had began to extinguish. Harry bandaged his hands, as the two girls helped him up, before wrapping their arms around Harry. Lotus quickly kissed Harry. Luna did so the second that Lotus broke off with Harry, before the two girls exchanged a quick kiss, as they looked around.

"Are you okay Harry?" asked Luna. "Are you hurt badly?"

"Because we'll kiss it and make it feel better," added Lotus with a mischievous smirk. "Even if you're not hurt, we'll still do it."

"I'm good all things considered, burnt hands yes, not as bad as I could have been, after what happened last time I fought him," replied Harry with a shudder. "Still, I'm here, with you two, now I need to lie down."

"We'll join you Harry, although I don't know how much sleeping will be done," replied Luna and Lotus seemed to be rather agreeable with those plans. Harry nodded as well, he was not about to argue. As the three moved off, a series of loud pops echoed from around there. Cloaked figures lead by one Garrett Winston, along with a triumphant looking Rufus Scrimgeour walked forward.

"Thought you'd slip up sooner or later, murderer," said Scrimgeour as he looked at Harry with disdain, ignoring the other two. "Surrender now."

“Or we’ll be forced to use force,” replied Winston happily, as the Aurors began to surround Harry, Lotus, and Luna, putting Anti-Apparation spells around the area for a distance. The wands pointed at them, there appeared to be no way out. “The wands drop them.”

Quickly, Lotus, Luna, and Harry ran in opposite directions, sending spells right direction at the group of Aurors. There was no rhyme or reason for the spells, it just served to throw whatever strategy that the Aurors had in mind. Several Aurors fell to the ground, their wand arms shattered, but others Aurors rushed in. Harry dodged the attacks before a full body bind took out his Auror opponent. Another dark wizard catcher dropped to the ground, throwing his head back and laughing madly. Several more Aurors kept firing spells at Lotus, Harry, and Luna, who stayed several steps ahead from their opponents, while attempting to figure out away out.

“Keep at them, take the other two, Potter is mine!” yelled Scrimgeour as he moved forward, but a tripping jinx knocked him off balance. In his thirst for revenge, the Minister of Magic had been caught off guard with a rudimentary spell. The Ministry quickly sprung up, as some of the debris left behind by Inferno was levitated, given Lotus, Luna, and Harry some temporary cover so they could plan their escape.

“Okay, they’ve blocked off everything, I think it might be a good idea to signal your employees Harry,” suggested Luna and Harry nodded, before he sent a flare up into the air, to contact them, to tell them to help disable the Aurors. He did not know exactly how much time that would buy him or even if anyone was nearby after the battle with Inferno.

“It’s no use Potter, we managed to railroad those mobsters that were watching the sky, no where to run!” yelled Winston as the Aurors blasted the wall, but Harry quickly removed a very familiar looking remote control device, causing several of the Aurors to recoil in horror.

“You forget, I still hold one notable piece of leverage in this game, Winston,” said Harry. “Surely, Rufus here has informed you of what this one remote control device that I have. After what you’ve been pulling recently, give me one reason why I shouldn’t push the button and expose the magical world to the rest of the world.”

“If you push that button, you’ll lose your hold over the Ministry, there will be nothing holding us back from hunting you down” remarked Winston with a smirk. “You see, you’ll never push it, you’re just bluffing, because you’d lose your power over us.”

“Good point, bad way of expressing it, Winston,” stated Harry, handing Lotus and Luna a pair of earmuffs behind his back, as they put them off, as Harry slipped on a pair himself. Quickly, Harry sent magically amplified sonic vibrations right at the Aurors, causing them to drop to the ground. Harry could quite frankly care less if they went deaf from the attacks, they had attacked Luna and Lotus, and to a lesser extent him.

Scrimgeour shielded his ears, before he rushed Harry. Harry was knocked down, the remote slipping from his fingers in the attack, and Lotus and Luna sent spells at the Minister of Magic, but he quickly deflected them. The Minister sent a burst of powerful magic at the two girls, knocking them down. They only suffered slight injuries but this launched Harry into an attack, sending spell after spell at Scrimgeour, as the sonic vibrations faded. Scrimgeour was no match for Harry, as he quickly collapsed to the ground.

“AVADA KEDAVRA!” yelled Scrimgeour in desperation and Harry never thought Scrimgeour would have stooped to using an unforgivable. Harry dodged it, causing the spell to harmlessly strike a tree behind him. Lotus quickly disarmed Scrimgeour, before Luna blasted him away from Harry. The Aurors stood up and advanced on the three.

“We need to get out now,” mouthed Harry, causing them to nod in understanding.

Little did they know, one of the shadowed figures had been watching the battle. He saw their property but there was no way it could be retrieved without all of these Aurors around, not to mention Potter and Lovegood. At his feet, the shadow figure picked up the remote control, connected to the transmitter that broadcasted concrete proof of the existence of magic. Quickly, he sent a jet of white light towards Lotus. The spell had done its work, as she continued to fight, oblivious to the effects.

Several Aurors dropped around them. Harry moved in, defending Luna from a group of Aurors after she lost her wand. Luna picked up her wand and rejoined the battle, but this allowed Scrimgeour to attempt one desperation attack on Harry. Harry gave a scream as he dropped to the ground, blood dripping from his arm.

“Stay away from him, you mother fucker!” yelled Lotus, who had seen Harry injured one time too many today and she magically gripped Scrimgeour by the arm, before he was spun around. The arm cracked, with the power snapping Scrimgeour’s wand at least.

“Stupid girl, I was close to...” stated Scrimgeour but whatever Scrimgeour was close to was not voiced as a slicing charm connected with his throat, Lotus’s emerald eyes blazing with anger as she fired it off. The Minister of Magic dropped to the ground, blood splattering from his throat, like a sickly geyser. Lotus just looked at him, it was regrettable that she had to kill someone, but he would have done the same thing to Harry.

The Aurors looked, with wide eyes, as their Minister had been struck down in battle. Quickly, with the Anti-Apparation wards finally knocked down, Harry grabbed Lotus and Luna each by a hand, before they disappeared, several spells shot toward them, many lethal in nature. They managed to get away.

The shadowed figure looked on amusement, it was too good to be true and fit right into their leader’s plans. The Minister of Magic had been killed in the heat of battle, which would be cause enough for chaos. Quickly, he muttered into his hand.

“I have the transmitter control,” muttered the shadowed Unspeakable, into his hand.

“Activate it,” replied the leader coolly from within his head and a finger touched the red button.

Chapter Seven: Collision Course:

People were rushing around the Ministry of Magic in a panic. It was very difficult to navigate around the corridors in the Ministry, without running into some frantic looking Ministry official. Still the news had shaken the entire Ministry from top to bottom to the core. The Minister of Magic had been viciously murdered by a mysterious female companion of Harry Potter and the official Ministry word stated that it was a premeditated murder carried out by a rising dark threat. As they continued to hunt down agents of Harry Potter, another problem had presented itself. It appeared that Potter had finally done what they had feared, he had exposed them to the Muggle World, at a time where the Ministry was at their most violate. If what Potter had threatened was true, the information would replay itself over and over again for a period of twenty four hours, reinforcing it in the minds of the Muggles. It would be essentially impossible to modify the memories of all those Muggles with that kind of information reinforcement. As the Head of the Auror office, Garrett Winston was one of the most powerful individuals in the Ministry of Magic, until at least an interim Minister had been chosen. That could be anywhere from days to weeks, even months depending on how much the Wizengamot bickered. Based on his current power as one of the de-facto figure heads, Winston positioned himself to deal with the threat by calling an emergency meeting of the Wizengamot.

Winston walked down the hallway, when a tired looking Ministry official stepped up in front him.

“Head Auror Winston, the Muggle Prime Minister is demanding someone talk to him right now,” said the Ministry official.

“The Ministry of Magic does not have any dealings with the Muggle World any longer,” stated Winston firmly. “Scrimgeour, before his untimely demise, and I have agreed that the Muggles should be isolated and police themselves.”

“The Muggle Prime Minister is threatening military action against the Ministry if you don’t meet with him, don’t blame me, I’m just delivering the message,” stated the Ministry official and Winston just frowned,

before he averted his face slightly, to hide a smile. An opportunity has presented itself.

“Very well, retrieve him, tell him that I’ll meet him in my office in ten minutes,” commented Winston as he stood off, leaving the Ministry official to take the message back to the Prime Minister. If all went according to plan, the Muggles would not be a threat, not that they were much of one anyway with their lack of magic. In the States, the magical people knew exactly how to keep Muggles in line and prevent them from gaining much of standing in that country. All the richest people in the States were witches or wizards, with puppets in the Muggle government from both divisions of the magical government, and they made Muggles pay high taxes to keep the balance, to make sure they did not become too successful and think they could be something despite the noticeable handicap of not being able to perform magic.

The Prime Minister sat in the office of the Minister of Magic, tapping his fingers impatiently on the side of the chair. He, along with pretty much everyone else in Britain, had seen concrete proof about the Ministry of Magic. Of course, he had known about them, had been in regular meetings with the Minister of Magic ever since he took office as had his predecessors. In fact, he made it his record to talk to the past few Prime Ministers to learn more about how this Ministry of Magic operated. He had managed to pry that they were evasive and at many times, several meetings had contradicted encounters that have had in the past. The Ministry also only parted with enough information to give a general overview of the situation and left the Minister to have to the events spun in a way that would not expose the other government operating from behind the scenes in Britain. In particular, he had been uncomfortable about a second government operating beyond the one already established. There were times where the Prime Minister felt that the Ministry of Magic officials should be work closer to the legitimate government, there would be less of a chance of communication breakdowns.

Winston entered the office, with a calm expression on his face, two Aurors walking behind him.

“Prime Minister, I don’t wish to spend too much time talking to you, we do have our own problems, with the Minister of Magic being murdered,” said Winston casually.

“Your Minister was murdered?” asked the Prime Minister in a scandalized voice. “Surely such a thing could have been avoided...”

“Yes but it did happen, the person behind it was crafty and rather diabolical, but every magical person in Britain and the world will be safe, once we hunt down this traitor and have him executed for his crimes,” stated Winston.

“And what about the non-magical people?” asked the Prime Minister suspiciously.

“That is not our concern. In fact, your people are the reason why our people think they can disrespect the Ministry of Magic. In the past, we’ve ran around attempting to babysit the Muggles so a few isolated incidents don’t happen and thus it allows madmen like He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named and Harry Potter to run around, to do what they please,” stated Winston and the Prime Minister looked appalled at what he was hearing. “If anything, Muggles should remember their place, like they do in the United States of America, the greatest country on Earth. They are inferior. Animals don’t rule the world and neither should non-magic users.”

“I’ve heard about the States, or at least the magical side, they’ve had a splintered magical government, they are considered a laughing stock in fact,” said the Prime Minister and Winston seemed appalled, as if the Muggle Prime Minister had just run an entire bus of orphans off of a cliff. “And the information, I’ve seen, the Ministry allowing dangerous fugitives to run free, just because they are connected to the right people, while placing innocent men in prison without trials. And that just scrapes the surface, whoever has exposed this information has dug up some incriminating facts on you, if my government did this, everyone connected to it would be out of a job and imprisoned. And it’s authentic enough for me to believe that this sham of a government doesn’t have the best interests for the people you’re supposed to govern in mind and if it puts my people in danger, you force me no choice but...”

“You are under the impression of course that you’ll be allowed to leave this building to do something,” stated Winston, his cheerful demeanor disappearing for a more sinister one, as he motioned for two of the Aurors to point their wands at the Prime Minister. “You are under arrest for conspiring to start a rebellion in the government of Great Britain. Your sentence would be the Dementor’s Kiss.”

“You can’t do this, people will notice that I’m gone and then...” started the Prime Minister but a third Auror had removed a vial of a blue potion from a pocket of his robe, as the other two Aurors silenced the Prime Minister. Placing the vial to his mouth, the Auror drank the substance. Screwing his eyes shut, the Prime Minister gave a gasp that no one could heard, as he looked at an exact duplicate of himself. It was like looking into a mirror.

“This potion will allow a person to alter their appearance for up to twenty four hours, much more potent than the Polyjuice Potion and it doesn’t need a bit of the person you’re turning into anyway,” stated the Auror in the Prime Minister’s voice, as the other two Aurors laughed. “It’s a rather interesting irony that the person who created it is the one that could be a danger to our plans the most. And I have a supply of the potion made up that I can impersonate any face I want for the next six months.”

“Take the Prime Minister and relieve him of his soul,” said Winston in a cheerful voice and the other two Aurors nodded, before they grabbed the Prime Minister by the arms and disappeared with him, as Winston turned to the faux Minister and nodded. A second later, the two Aurors reappeared to exit the Prime Minister. “Good day, Prime Minister, I hope you know what to do.”

“As always, have a good day, Mr. Winston,” stated the imposter Prime Minister as the two Aurors lead him out of the office, leaving Winston alone in the office, with a cheerful smile on his face. Quickly, he turned his chair, before he faced a blank wall.

“The diversion is going as planned, soon we will be able to proceed to the next step and the return will happen within days,” remarked Winston in an emotionless tone of voice before he turned back around and moved towards the exit of the office, as if nothing out of

the ordinary had happened. He opened the door and walked out, whistling in his normal absent minded manner, as he made his way down for the Wizengamot meeting that he called.

After the Aurors had escorted the “Prime Minister” to the exit of the Ministry, they raised their wands, before tapping them to their robes. A small triangle with a question mark shape on it appeared. The Aurors, once they were sure that no one was coming looked, pressed their fingers to it.

“Maintain the balance,” said the Aurors in unison and shadows slowly escaped from the triangles on their robes, before a small swirling vortex appeared in the wall, with a set of stairs on the other sides. The shadowed figures moved down the steps back to their normal department, to wait for the next stage of the Grand Conspiracy.

Returning back to the Granger Residence, Harry, Lotus, and Luna all looked rather worn down as they touched down outside. Looking over their shoulders to make sure no Aurors followed them, wands still drawn as they slowly made their way inside. Without another word, Harry pushed the front door open, with his two girlfriends following him and he was greeted by Hermione, who had an exasperated look on her face.

“What’s up, Hermione?” asked Harry, who was baffled at the cause of the expression on his friend’s face.

“So Harry, what did the Ministry do that set you off?” asked Hermione curiously, she did not seem mad. “Because I could have sworn that you didn’t really want to expose the Wizarding World unless they did something that warranted it.”

“Yeah I’m going to do it but I haven’t yet, because the Ministry tried to attack me, Lotus, and Luna, after we had put out a fire that they obviously had no interest in even trying to fight,” said Harry and Hermione opened her mouth, but she snapped it shut, when she realized something was very wrong.

“Harry, you better come inside and take a look at this,” stated Hermione quietly, as she lead them inside. Harry stopped in his tracks, when he saw his concrete evidence that the Wizarding World

or to be more particular, the Ministry of Magic exists and some of the things they did that by extension put the Muggle World in danger. At that moment, Harry slowly felt around in his pocket for the remote control.

"I dropped it, I think, I was too busy trying to get us safely out of there," responded Harry and Hermione nodded in an understanding manner. "I don't understand this, who else has something to gain by exposing the Ministry but me?"

All three of them remained silent, they were thinking the same thing. Mostly everyone in the Wizarding World had little to nothing to gain by exposing the Wizarding World to the Muggles. Now granted, Harry supposed that there were some people who would want to take advantage of chaos, but still, the risks were great.

"I don't know Harry, really, maybe if we view your memories of the fight, maybe we'll get an idea of who took the remote control," said Luna and the others nodded in agreement. That did seem to be the best way to shed some light on this mystery.

"Right, let me go to Gringotts real quick, and get the Pensieve in my vault," said Harry, as he screwed his eyes shut, before assuming the guise of Barone and then he disappeared

Several respected members of the Wizengamot crowded around, as Head Auror Garrett Winston walked inside, with a dozen Aurors, who had their wands trained on the Wizengamot representatives. The Wizengamot members looked uncomfortable; a few of their number had already been brought into Azkaban for making a few choice comments about the current state of the Ministry. Winston turned to the Wizengamot, a sugary smile etched on his face. Several of the Wizengamot representatives wanted to hex him off, but did not. It was almost they had a sudden compulsion not to execute these thoughts.

"I hope you are all coping on this day, as our Minister of Magic, Rufus Scrimgeour has been murdered by a female companion of Harry Potter, named Lotus," stated Winston loudly. "This isn't the first time our world has been rocked by Harry Potter, he brutally slaughtered countless at Hogwarts, when he was briefly under the employ of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. However, he felt You-Know-Who was

a threat to his power and killed him as well. Plus, I need not mention the legendary reputation his mentor, Allan Michael Barone has accumulated. There is a belief that he murdered several well respected pillars of the British magical community years ago using highly disturbing, yet inventive, methods.”

Winston looked at the Wizengamot, he had their full, undivided attention.

“Now this once promising wizard, one who was destined to serve this Ministry, no doubt prodded by the upbringing that he was given from an unhinged madman that was only scantily more fit to raise magical children than the Muggle relatives Dumbledore had put him with previously, had no doubt believed that he doomed us all by revealing our very existence to the Muggles, heartlessly exposing our world and breaking down the barrier that allowed our lives to be private,” said Winston. “Need I remind you that Muggles will attempt to capture us and use us as their own personal tools to accomplish their goals. This can’t even come closer to occurring, even an attempt by the Muggles to overthrow us could cause a moderate amount of damage, enough that we can’t even afford.”

Winston looked at his Aurors, who were required to stun any members of the Wizengamot after any outburst whatsoever. The next bombshell he was going to drop was fixing to be something that would cause outbursts of horror.

“We have distanced ourselves from the Muggles, but now since they know about us, that is far from enough,” concluded Winston, with a sigh, as if he was remorseful of what he was going to say. “Therefore, I am asking the Wizengamot to vote on a bill that will allow us power to arrest Muggles and bring them to Azkaban if they commit crimes that threaten the Wizarding World. Naturally, I will have to clear any and all punishments with the Muggle Prime Minister. You must keep in mind that I don’t do this out of malice, but out of protection to those in the Wizarding World. We must make the Muggles realize that they are not out of reach. Otherwise, if they go after us, they could also leave us open for the less desirable elements in our own world and another dark uprising could occur sooner than we can expect. So do vote to give my Auror Department this power, otherwise the dark

wizards might win and become a dangerous threat to your loved ones.”

“We’ll put this to a vote then, all in favor of accepting Head Auror Winston’s suggestion to draft a policy that will allow us to incarcerate anyone from the Muggle World if their crimes threaten those in the magical community,” stated the head of the Wizengamot and several hands raised in the air, some looking rather reluctant, but in the end, all the hands were in the air. “Very well, the motion is unanimous, the legislation will be drafted.”

“Thank you noble members of the Wizengamot, the Wizarding World will be better off for your actions,” stated Winston with a smirk on his face, as his Aurors stepped back, to allowed the members of the Wizengamot move out. They moved as if not to betray their anxiousness. Winston turned slowly to his Aurors after watching them leave for a few seconds. “Back to work for you all, I should contact you if you are needed.”

Harry set the pensieve on the table of the kitchen, as Lotus, Hermione, and Luna gathered around him. Tapping Luna’s wand to his temple, Harry focused on each and every one of his memories from the battle, before placing them inside. A second tap to the pensieve projected the memories on the wall. In detail, they watched the memory, from the moment Harry defeated Inferno and beyond. Every Ministry attack, and every counterattack, Harry mentally analyzed what he could do better. The moment he saw the remote control slip out of his grasp, Harry stared, trying not to blink.

“There, see, it just vanished!” yelled Lotus and this caused Harry to freeze the memory, before he mentally traced it backwards, before playing it in slow motion.

“There one minute, gone the next, but there was no hand, no indication that it was picked up,” commented Luna, as Harry backtracked to the exact moment where he dropped the remote before magically slowly down the memory. In slow motion, Harry was able to catch a brief faint, outline of something brush against the remote control, the second before it vanished. Quickly, Harry stopped the memory and pointed the wand at the projection. Another wave of

the wand brought that piece of the replayed memory into focus and Harry leaned forward, the glow as beginning to circle around the remote as well.

"There, the second the person grabbed the remote control, it disappeared from my conscious view," stated Harry and Lotus's eyes widened.

"It was them," said Lotus quietly. "One of them, they were so close."

"It doesn't make sense though, if they were there, they could have taken us out, we were distracted by the Aurors," stated Luna thoughtfully. "It would have just taken a few curses from behind."

"I don't know if they wanted to risk anything yet," argued Harry handing Luna her wand back. "A direct attack might have tipped their hand and..."

At that moment, the door opened. Lotus, Luna, and Hermione all pointed their wands towards the doorway, where Sirius and Remus stepped inside.

"We didn't find Dumbledore," said Remus and Harry began to look very grim. "But we did find the address of his brother Aberforth."

"Yeah, we didn't want to pay him a visit without you knowing, I think you or rather, Barone might be able to persuade him to give up any information he knows about his brother," stated Sirius and Harry nodded, before he turned to the others.

"Hermione, go and get your parents and Uncle Antonio, take them to Grimmauld Place, I wouldn't put it past these people to use them to get to you and in turn get to me, Luna do the same with your parents. In fact, all of you lie low there for a few hours. I'll meet you there once I've found out exactly what's going on," responded Harry and they all nodded, knowing that Harry would have to play this game rather carefully, to find out what connection Dumbledore had to these mysterious shadowed figures who created Lotus and had caused him so many headaches in recent time.

Genki Wansuke sat with a smirk on his face, in the back of his limousine. His interpreter had told him that the Wizarding World had been exposed by a mysterious individual. This served his plans well, with the two governments of Britain and the people they governed in an uproar, his Yakuza would be able to maneuver themselves in to take control, and it would be even easier because both Harry Potter and the legendary Boss Barone had been terminated by that arsonist who called himself Inferno. Wansuke turned, consulting the scroll of writing, before he turned and talked to his second in command, who was also his Interpreter.

“Master Wansuke says this is the first place, stop here and get ready, if any of the competition comes, we will make them pay for their inferiority,” stated the Interpreter, to a trio of masked figures, who held the swords in their hand menacingly before grunting, as they exited the limo. They bowed to their master, before they entered inside, followed by the Interpreter, as they walked inside the building. One of the Yakuza assassins pressed a small explosive device onto the front door. Standing back, the door blew off of its hinges, as they entered inside. They moved through, casually kicking down an office door. A vault was in the corner. The Interpreter nodded, before motioning to it. One of the assassins, revealing himself to be a wizard, removed a wand from his sleeve, before he levitated the safe into the air. He held it into the air for several seconds, as high as he could make it, before he let it drop. The safe busted, allowing the Yakuza assassins to rifle through it, taking the money from within.

The Interpreter moved over to a computer, typing in some information, until he found the information he wanted, the bank codes for the account of this business. Quickly, he accessed the account and proceeded to transfer the entire account over to Master Wansuke’s personal account. The plan was simple, they would ruin the businesses and then when things look weak, Wansuke would offer to bail them out, using the funds that they stole from the businesses in the first place, while creating a rather profitable extension to their empire in Britain. Quickly, the assassins destroyed the computer, to eliminate any trace of their schemes. Then the Interpreter lead them off, to move onto the next business.

Aberforth Dumbledore sank into the chair in the sitting room of his cottage, pouring himself a glass of firewhiskey, ready to drink himself to sleep. As he placed the glass to his lips, a loud crash echoed from outside. Quickly, the younger Dumbledore brother rose up to his feet, holding his wand as he stepped forward. With any luck, it would be a crazed lunatic that would kill him and finally put him out of his misery.

"Who's there?" demanded Aberforth roughly, as he heard the footsteps.

"Your fairy godmother," stated a dry voice, before a figure appeared from the shadows. Aberforth stepped back, sinking into the chair, when he was staring right in the face of one Allan Michael Barone.

"Barone, you of all people, what could you want from me, it's done, I have nothing," stated Aberforth defensively. "Years ago, it should be left buried, I wasn't responsible for anything my brother did to the boy, why do you torment me?"

"All I wish for is some information, Aberforth, it seems as if you're brother's been up to something lately, certain events have his fingerprints over it, manipulation and deceit, seems to be a trademark of Albus Dumbledore," said Barone swiftly, as he leaned on the pimp cane.

"No, Albus can't be involved in anything, it's impossible," remarked Aberforth stubbornly, which caused Barone to raise his eyebrow.

"Why is it impossible?" asked Barone calmly and Aberforth suddenly appeared very somber, before he took a deep breath and answered Barone's question.

"Albus died two years ago, it wasn't publicized, I was informed as his last living family member, but he wished to die without any press, not wanting people to profit off of his death, the gravesite's on the hill if you don't believe me," stated Aberforth and Barone scanned Aberforth's mind using Legilimency, verifying his claims of Dumbledore's demise.

"I believe you, just a few more questions and I'll allow you to live the rest of your miserable life in peace," stated Barone roughly and

Aberforth nodded, when he saw the dangerous look in Barone's eyes. "Tell me if you know anything about this Grand Warlock position that your brother held or rather, anything about a Grand Conspiracy."

Aberforth suddenly became pale and was sweating heavily.

"No...it was years ago, used the family fortune to help fund a project, along with helping invent several useful magical items for them, but stopped when he realized what they were willing to do to accomplish their goals to put the Muggle World in their place and maintain the balance, as they said," stated Aberforth. "He was very cunning, he presented himself as the reincarnation of the Grand Warlock, the first officially recorded Dark Lord in Magical History."

"Who was behind this project?" questioned Barone, feeling relieved, knowing he would have gotten the information he needed.

"It was ..." started Aberforth, but he never finished his sentence, when he suddenly clutched his throat, his face turning blue, before he collapsed to the ground. Barone rushed over, but he already knew it was too late, Aberforth Dumbledore's windpipe had been magically fused shut and he had suffocated to death before he could voice the identity of the man behind the Grand Conspiracy.

Barone turned around, a creak in the floor had betrayed that someone was nearby. Quickly, he moved around, seeing a moving shadow. Quickly a stunning spell was sent at the mysterious figure but it was deflected back at Barone, who had to put a shield charm up. Another couple of spells were deflected, as Barone attempted to stay focused on the shadowed figure. It was naturally very difficult to get a shot in on an incorporeal target, but he had to try. The door opened and shut quickly, so Barone rushed after him in pursuit. No doubt, if he followed the figure, he would find his Grand Warlock.

The door burst open, with Barone moving over. His eyes widened, as he saw a swirling vortex of magical energy on the stone wall. Quickly, he rushed forward, but the wormhole closed itself when it sensed that someone who should not have access to it was close to it. Barone threw his hands up into the air angrily, but since Albus Dumbledore was dead and the shadowed figure that killed Aberforth had gotten cleanly away, his clues on this conspiracy had dried up completely.

At Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, Harry arrived looking tired and irritable. Hermione was standing in the hallway, waiting for him.

“Nothing, Dumbledore’s dead, Aberforth was about to spill the beans on someone, and given the fact that he got killed by one of these mysterious shadows,” explained Harry in an agitated voice, but Hermione nodded, but she had something that she needed to tell Harry as well. “Anyway, what’s on your mind, Hermione?”

“It’s on the Wizarding Wireless, the Ministry of Magic has been granted the authority by Wizengamot to arrest Muggles if they commit crimes that threaten the security of the British magical community,” replied Hermione and Harry just slapped his palm into his face. “I know, because someone decided to take control of your satellite and perhaps because Lotus had to kill Scrimgeour in self defense, but the strange thing is that the Muggle Prime Minister has agreed to cooperate with the Ministry of Magic.”

“Something’s wrong there, the current Prime Minister has always been a bit skeptical of the mere existence of the Ministry, I should know, I’ve been in meetings with him, of course, he thinks it’s the past Muggle Prime Ministers who are given him this information to reinforce this skepticism,” remarked Harry to Hermione. “Bits and pieces of information that would have caused him to get a not so pleasant picture, that painted how corrupt the Ministry was, in the event my hand was forced. You know, to brace the fall for this information.”

Harry placed his hands on his head, thinking calmly. It was extremely peculiar but he had bigger fish to fry than an odd change of policy from a Muggle Prime Minister. If push came to shove, a bit of blackmail information that Boss Barone had collected should be able to put the Prime Minister back in line.

“The problem is Winston’s becoming a problem and I know so little about him that...he’s got to be a player about him, his actions would only further the divide between the Muggle and Magical World and since they want all Muggles out of the picture, a distraction of a civil war in Britain between both sides would play into their hands nicely,” stated Harry.

“Winston doesn’t seem like the type, I mean from what we know about he, he seems like a typical bumbler,” replied Hermione in a skeptical voice.

“Exactly, we don’t know much about him, so that means there’s a lot about him we don’t really know,” answered Harry. “We need to learn about him, even if he isn’t a part of this, he could still be a problem.”

“Right, I’ll see what I can do, if I can find anything that might link him to someone that might have something to gain by inspiring such upheaval in the Wizarding World,” replied Hermione before she turned to Harry. “Don’t worry about it, you’ve done enough today, and besides Lotus and Luna are waiting on the third room to the right upstairs.”

Harry bid Hermione farewell, as he went upstairs to spend some quality time with Lotus and Luna. Hopefully, he would have a few hours or more before something else mandated his attention. Despite his wishes to just be left alone and have a peaceful life, there was something that always affected him that mandated he get involved.

Lotus and Luna sat on the bed together, with Lotus staring out the window, mentally reflecting on what had happened recently. Scrimgeour’s death weighed heavily on her mind, but in truth, she was protecting Harry, just like he or Luna would have done for her had the situations been the same. His daughter’s death had fueled the ex-Minister’s hatred towards Harry and it was ironic. Had Scrimgeour succeeded, he would have in turn become just as much of a monster that he believed Harry to believe. Any explanations about clones had fallen on deaf ears and the Ministry just seemed more determined to believe the worst of Harry. Lotus loathed those people about as much as she loved Harry and Luna. They were not fit to run a daycare center, much less a government. Then her growing dread that those people who created her would harm both Harry and Luna, just to get back at her for straying from their cause, really worried Lotus. One day, she would get her revenge on them, make them know what it feels like to have their lives ruined.

“You look troubled,” stated Luna, which interrupted the muddled thoughts that was going through the girl’s mind.

“Just thinking about what’s happened recently, how does Harry deal with this stuff anyway?” asked Lotus in confusion but Luna just laughed.

“You’re so much like him, yet so unlike him,” stated Luna calmly, as she moved closer to Lotus. “He should be back soon you know. But, still, sitting here, thinking about all this stuff, it can’t be healthy. Something to pass the time, to relieve the tension we’ve been under I think. Plus it will get us ready for Harry when he returns”

Lotus nodded, before she wrapped her arms around Luna and leaned forward. Luna copied her movement, as the lips of both girls met. They sat up, snogging each other madly. Lotus felt a warmth through her body as Luna began to slowly work her hands underneath her shirt, before pushing Lotus back onto the bed. The two girls continued their fun for a couple more minutes, as they had almost removed each other’s shirts, when the door opened. It took them a few seconds to realize that Harry had entered the room. They slowly broke apart to look at Harry, who looked a bit amused.

“Don’t mind me, I was just starting to enjoy the show,” stated Harry before both girls laughed, before they motioned for Harry to join them. Harry sat down on the edge of the bed.. “I didn’t find anything pressing today, long story short, Albus Dumbledore died quietly a couple of years ago, so he’s not behind this.”

“Shame, something will come up, but don’t worry about that now,” said Lotus as gently wrapped her arms around the back of Harry’s neck. “So, how are you feeling today?”

“Bit sore from the battle with Inferno still, the fight with the Ministry Aurors wasn’t all that much of a picnic,” stated Harry, but Lotus and Luna both grabbed Harry’s arms, before pushing him down onto the bed. Lotus put a locking spell on the door of the room and Luna put a silencing spell on it, before they laid down on either side of Harry.

“I know Harry, but we’ll kiss it and make it feel better,” whispered Luna in Harry’s right ear.

“And do a few other things that will help you keep your mind off of what happened today,” breathed Lotus in Harry’s left ear, before she

began kissing the left side of Harry's neck, while she draped her legs over Harry, allowing Harry to run his hands over them, slowly moving them up underneath her skirt. Luna was kissing the right side of Harry's neck, as Harry felt content, as the two girls removed his shirt, exposing his bare chest.

"That has to go," stated Luna casually, as she banished the shirt to the other side of the room, as she slowly brushed her body over Harry's on one side, with Lotus doing so on the other, the two girls meeting in the middle, before they began to kiss each other, their tongues meeting in mid stream. Harry breathed heavily, as he placed an arm on either side of them, before he moved his hands down, brushing against the back of their skirts, and Harry could tell that they were feeling just as much pleasure as he was. They slowly broke apart. "Harry, great, come on, blow our minds."

"And we might blow something else in return," whispered Lotus, as she rubbed her hands on Harry's chest, before she averted her eyes down towards Harry's pants. "Luna look at that."

"Hmm these pants do seem a bit tighter than normal, the poor dear," stated Luna in a mock sorrowful voice. "Think we should do something about that."

"Yes, I believe we can help him out," commented Lotus, with a smile as both girls slowly pushed their hands down Harry's pants, before they pulled them down over his ankles. The pants had been thrown across the room to join the shirt, before they did the same to his boxer shorts, making sure to slowly move their hands down to get a grip, before they removed them. The two girls looked at him with hungry looks in her eyes, verifying that he had a body to go along with that charming personality.

"Hmm, nice, long, supple," remarked Lotus, as she ran her fingers along Harry's penis. "Good for corrupting innocent girls."

"Yes, but Harry's only been with us though," remarked Luna dreamily, as she followed Lotus's lead.

“Good point, Luna,” remarked Lotus before she tightened her legs around Harry, brushing up against him, as she sucked on the side of the neck.

“I don’t think it’s really fair though, I mean, I think we should allow Harry to see us in all of our glory, but there’s a problem,” remarked Luna calmly. “It seems my mind’s gone suddenly numb at the sight I’ve seen and I can’t remember exactly how to remove these clothes.”

“I’d love to help you, but my mind’s elsewhere and I might not do it right,” remarked Lotus, who was catching on to Luna’s game. “Maybe Harry can be nice enough to give us a hand or two.”

“I think I know how to do that, but the lack of blood coming to my brain might be a problem, I feel a bit dizzy,” replied Harry.

“It’s obvious that we’re not doing our job well enough, Harry’s still coherent,” responded Luna.

“I’ll make you incoherent too if you let me up,” muttered Harry but Lotus and Luna grabbed Harry by the hands and pulled him up to a sitting position. Lotus quickly moved against Harry, sitting behind him.

“Very well Harry, take your best shot, it’ll be fun,” whispered Lotus, her lips right on Harry’s ear, as Harry reached forward, gripping Luna, before pulling her forward. The shirt that was nearly off before Harry had entered the room had found its way all the way on. Harry, naturally, felt that it was his civic duty to correct that matter in a hurry. Tugging on the shirt, Harry pulled it over Luna’s head, to reveal her shapely upper body, with nothing but a white bra that left little to Harry’s filthy imagination. Lotus leaned against Harry, he could feel her breasts pressing against his back from underneath her tight shirt, her warm moist lips on the back of his neck. Quickly, Harry discarded the shirt, as far as he was concerned, no matter how good it looked on Luna, it even looked better on the bedroom floor.

Harry quickly reached his hands behind Luna’s back, undoing her bra with expert precision. Returning the favor from earlier, Harry milked this relatively simple action for all it was worth, pretending to fumble with it, before he did it. Harry ran his hands around Luna, briefly brushing them against her round breasts, over her erect nipples,

causing her to moan, as her tongue also danced around in his mouth, as Lotus trailed kisses down the back of his neck from behind, stopping occasionally to suck on his neck, before slowly run her tongue down his neck. She knew all the right buttons to push and it was a wonder that he had not passed out from the lack of blood flowing to his brain after what these two devious, yet beautiful, women were doing to him. He had work to do, as he removed Luna's skirt, leaving her wearing nothing but a pair of knickers. Quickly, Harry worked his hands down, removing them, once again causing Luna to moan into his throat, as Lotus watched over Harry's shoulder, transfixed, as Luna slowly relieved of all of her clothes, which on a beautiful girl with an amazing body, Harry felt were slightly overrated.

"My turn, my evil twin," said Lotus playfully, as she brushed her still clothed body over Harry's back, allowing Luna to switch positioning.

"I'm the evil one, I highly doubt that one," countered Harry, as Luna was now behind Harry, her nude body against his, devoid of the barrier of clothing as Lotus straddled Harry's pelvis as Luna kissed the back of Harry's neck. It seemed to be some kind of game between the girls, but obviously the real winner here was Harry.

"Well, your friend agrees with you," remarked Lotus playfully, as she pressed forward against Harry. "Now Harry, take all the time you want, but do try and get me out of these clothes, they are highly restrictive."

Harry opened his mouth, but Lotus silenced him, her lips feeling perfectly wonderful on his. She seemed to enjoy slightly moving up and down, as Harry pushed the shirt up over her head. Deepening the kiss as a means of encouragement, as Luna was on Harry's other side, Harry removed the shirt from Lotus. It appeared that Lotus subscribed to the philosophy that undergarments were just a suggestion, not a requirement. Her breasts flowed freely, bouncing up and down. Harry still had work to do and he began to work underneath her skirt. Both girls tightened around Harry from either side, as the tight skirt was removed. Lotus quickly broke from Harry.

"Be back with you in a minute, Harry, need to stretch," replied Lotus, as she swung her legs off the belt, before she slowly stood up in front of Harry. Luna stopped what she was doing, as they both got a good

view of Lotus's posterior, as she bent over to stretch her leg, before she sat back down right in front of Harry and Luna.

"One would think you were doing that on purpose," remarked Luna in a dazed voice. "Not complaining through, are you Harry?"

"Nope," stated Harry, as Luna and Lotus quickly pushed him back down to the bed, as their bodies laid around Harry.

"Now, time to see who gets to ride Harry's Firebolt first," responded Luna. "There's only one way for us to decide this, of course."

"Egyptian Nude Oil Wrestling?" suggested Lotus.

"As much as I love that noble, Olympic tradition, I think we'll save that for another time," remarked Luna. "On three, Rock, Paper, Scissors."

The two girls played their little game, with Luna getting paper and Lotus getting rock.

"Alright, sorry Lotus, I get first crack, although I'm sure there'll be still plenty of time later when I get down," remarked Luna, as she began to lower herself down over Harry, but Lotus leaned back and enjoyed the show, knowing that there was plenty of time to have her turn with Harry later.

In the hallway, Sirius and Remus moved outside, as Hermione sat outside the door, leafing through one of the books, with another stack on the chair by her side.

"Hi, Hermione, is Harry busy?" asked Sirius.

"Yes, very busy, after the events of today, he's having his Firebolt serviced," remarked Hermione casually, as she thumbed through the book.

"Ah, but this won't take all that long to tell him," countered Sirius, but Remus just cleared his throat.

"I believe Hermione's saying that Harry's spending some quality time alone with Lotus and Luna, to relieve some tensions from what

happened today,” stated Remus and it took Sirius about a minute, before he put two and two together.

“Ah, he’s getting laid,” remarked Sirius wisely. “Why didn’t you say so?”

“Because I don’t like talking about my surrogate brother’s sex life in such a blunt manner,” remarked Hermione in an absent minded voice, as she leafed through the book. “Tell me what you need and I’ll tell Harry later, as in tomorrow.”

“Well, whatever members of Harry’s organization are left have went under ground to lie low until he’s able to come up with a plan to neutralize the Ministry, just like he said,” commented Sirius and Hermione nodded. “That’s a pretty good silencing charm around that door, I can’t hear a thing.”

“I’ll pass the information along to Harry,” stated Hermione. “I’m researching Winston, Harry thinks that he might have something to do with this.”

“What happened with Dumbledore?” asked Sirius.

“He died a couple of years ago, it wasn’t that public, his brother hushed it up and someone hushed his brother up when he might have revealed to Harry who was behind this,” remarked Hermione and it took Sirius and Remus a couple of minutes, before they nodded. It made sense, Dumbledore was rather old, even by the extended life spans of Wizards.

“Right, see you later Hermione,” stated Sirius.

“Yeah good luck in finding anything about Winston, anything about the American magical scene is scarcely available in Britain,” stated Remus.

“I know, but I’ve got to try,” remarked Hermione, as she continued to look through the books, looking for something, anything about Winston. The more she thought about some of the recent decisions in the Ministry, the more that she agreed that Winston had an agenda of some sort in mind. The question was rather it had anything to do

about this Grand Conspiracy or not was something that Hermione had hoped to answer through her research.

Harry exited the room the next day, after a nice night of rest after his activities with Luna and Lotus. He just knew when he stepped out from that room, after that nice night of no worries, that something big was going to happen. Fortunately, he got through breakfast without much of a hiccup, but sure enough, one of his employees had sunk down in the chair.

“Report,” remarked Harry in a calm, business like tone of voice and his employee turned to him, before screwing his eyes up shut.

“Boss, four buildings have been broken into last night, the contents of the safe stolen and when we’ve checked the business accounts, they’ve been completely wiped out,” stated the employee as he pushed a list of the information towards Harry. Harry looked over the information printout, understanding instantly the connection. Each and every one of these businesses had been among the most profitable. In fact, with a few more seconds of racking his brain, Harry remembered that they were the top four businesses that earned him the most money over the past year. There was an obviously logical motive to the culprit’s pattern, a weakness, as Harry now knew exactly where he would strike next. Harry thought it would be suspicious that this person would work in a linear manner as well, it was almost like he did not think Harry would catch on or expected him to. It was tough to determine exactly what.

“I know where he’s going to strike next, but we’ve got to be careful, because this is one time where I can’t really figure out if this person is trapping me or is being arrogant,” remarked Harry and Lotus and Luna nodded in understanding. “The three of us should be enough to get an idea what’s going on, I’ll be ready to call more if we need help.”

Wansuke’s interpreter moved inside, with a trio of assassins. The first four business transactions had went off with a hitch. They would need to complete them within the next few days, before moving on to the next phase of their plan. The shadows moved, the main office should be up soon. Quickly, the wizard of the trio opened the office door, but

a flicker of shadows from behind them, caused the assassins to spin around.

“Business hours are over you know,” commented a quiet voice and the Interpreter just turned around, sensing the source of the disturbance.

“Yes, sneaking around here, one would think you’re up to something,” stated a second voice, that of a female.

“Of course with outfits like that, it does kind of betray that purpose,” remarked a third voice, a second female.

“Find them and take care of them,” stated the Interpreter, but much to their horror, a loud bang echoed throughout the building and one of the assassins were suspended by from the ceiling, tied in thick ropes. Another one moved forward, in an attempt to shoot him down, but the minute he stepped above him, something had struck him in the back. The third one, a wizard, looked around, before he spun around, blocking an attack He was halfway across the hallway in a second, but third spells had struck him from all sides. He only managed to block the first two before his head snapped back from the third spell. Knees buckling, he dropped down to the ground.

Turning around, the Interpreter decided to cut his losses, before he bolted towards the door.

“Let’s go after him,” said one of the girls firmly.

“No, Lotus, not now,” stated one of the voices.

“Besides Harry has just put a tracking charm on him, smart move, he’ll lead us right to Wansuke,” commented the third girl, as the group waited until the limo was far enough, before they followed it.

Wansuke thundered through the hotel room. According to that arsonist, no one could have deduced his plan, as he had eliminated both Potter and Barone. Unless of course Periwinkle was deceiving him, in which case he would cut off both of the double dealing arsonist’s hands.

“Yes, I know Master Wansuke, agreed, the plan’s sunk, and yes, a good idea to recoup our losses back home, at least we siphoned some money off from this thing,” remarked Interpreter. “The private jet will be fueled and we’ll leave within the hour.”

At that point, the door swung open, revealing, Luna, Lotus, and Harry on the other side.

“Flight’s been cancelled, I’m afraid and talking in English when there’s no need for an interpretation didn’t really help your cause either,” remarked Harry, but the Interpreter pulled out a gun, pointing it at Harry, Luna, and Lotus. Thinking quickly, Lotus had blasted it from his hand, but Wansuke had hoisted up the table in the hotel room with his hands. He heaved it at the trio. Harry reduced it to saw dust, before he moved in to stun Wansuke. A stunning spell bounced off of his thick chest, but it only staggered Wansuke back. Another spell knocked Wansuke back into the wall. The Interpreter pulled out a cell phone and dialed frantically.

“To the front room, quickly, Master Wansuke has been attacked by...” stated the Interpreter.

“REDUCTO!” yelled Harry, blasting the phone to bits in the Interpreter’s hand. The Interpreter dropped down but already, several cloaked figures had crawled in through the widows, some through the opened doorway, all holding a sword of some sort. Harry looked around, before rolling his eyes. “Bloody ninjas, always mucking everything up.”

“You will pay for your insubordination towards Master Wansuke,” grunted one of the dark figures, as they surrounded Harry.

“No,” replied Harry curtly, as he focused a spell towards a ceiling. In a second, the assassins were drawn to the ceiling, their metal weapons held in place by some magnetic force.

Grabbing the hands of Lotus and Luna, Harry pulled them backwards, as Wansuke’s goons dropped down. Another flick of his wrists caused razor sharp spikes to shoot out of the ground, impaling the assassins just as they dropped down. Blood splattered everywhere, as the spikes impaled right through them.

“Now for you, Wansuke,” remarked Harry but at that moment, he saw Lotus’s legs buckle towards his side, as she became very flushed. She slumped forward, clutching her head and screaming in absolute pain, as she fell to the side, with Harry and Luna catching her. Harry became all panicked, Wansuke forgotten. “Lotus, Lotus, what’s wrong?”

Lotus tried to talk but she clutched her throat, as she began to shake madly.

“Please, Lotus, tell us,” encouraged Luna, but Lotus’s eyes flickered, barely in recognition, she seemed to be fighting something painful within her.

“Can’t...magic...feels...like...it’s...attacking me...help me...help me...save me...they did it...I know they did,” rasped Lotus painfully, as her eyes shut, she had passed out, still with a pulse, still faintly breathing, and still alive but Harry could feel strange, uneven, and potentially unstable magical fluctuations coming from her at odd times.

Chapter Eight: Mysteries Unraveling.

In the deep dark corridors in the Department of Mysteries, the rogue group of Unspeakables stood around, when one of the shadowed figures walked forward, to make his report to his fellow Unspeakables. Double checking the door to make sure the other members of the Department of Mysteries that were outside of this project could not listen or enter this corridor, the shadowed figure turned to the other members of the group.

“The weapon has began its degeneration, soon it will self destruct and hopefully wipe out Harry Potter in the process, leaving our path open,” remarked the shadowed figure in a hopeful voice but at that point, the distorted image of their leader appeared. If they could see their leader’s face, it would be contorted into a frown.

“It is unwise to presume Harry Potter’s death until he is deep under ground and we are doing a victory dance over his grave and even then, we still must not expect all to be certain,” remarked the leader blandly, as the featureless face looked at the Unspeakables. “Let us not forget how Potter had survived countless murder attempts in the past and may continue to do so in the future. While your attempts to disable the weapon were commendable to our cause as well, nothing is for certain until it is done. I leave nothing to chance. Proceed with the plan, but remember, expect anything, especially from Harry Potter. If my guess is correct, he will become desperate due to the current failing condition of the weapon and come after us.”

“What’s the chance that he’ll figure out it’s us?” asked one of the shadowed figures.

“I do not take chances, just be ready, make sure everything goes as I’ve intended,” remarked the leader curtly, as the Unspeakables crowded around. “Just proceed with the plans, is that clear?”

“Yes,” stated the Unspeakables in unison in dull, monotone tones as their leader’s distorted image flickered out, leaving them back to their work. They had a certain timetable to keep, allowing very little to no room for error.

On the outside, Number Four Privet Drive was a normal house, in a normal neighborhood full of normal people. Still, the people in the neighborhood talked about the mysterious owner, who had bought the house after the former occupants, the Dursleys had suddenly left one day under the most mysterious and sinister circumstances. The current owner did not actually live out the house, which did not make sense. It seemed rather odd that one would purchase a house but not use it. Still, while there was not much that can be done about it, even through they still casted dark looks towards the former Dursley residence.

Harry could care less about these people. He had only bought the former house that he was forced to live at as a last ditch safe haven. It was of course the last place that anyone would expect him to look. Right now, Harry cradled Lotus in his arms, with Luna standing behind them, looking extremely worried, biting down on her lip. Lotus had been shaking like mad just a few seconds ago, her forehead alternated between ice cold and burning hot, and at odd times, she screamed out in agonizing, unbearable pain. Quickly, Harry gently placed her down on the bed, and grabbed her hand, as she began shaking again. This seemed to calm the girl down, but she still seemed to be groaning in pain.

"Healer, I need one, please Luna, tell them anything, just get one here...please" said Harry urgently and Luna nodded, before she disappeared off to St. Mungos, sensing the urgency of the situation. Harry sat there, right beside Lotus, he saw a slight bluish tinge to her face, her eyes screwed shut and suddenly she screamed out in agony. Harry felt helpless, he did not know what to do, trying his best to comfort the agonized girl "Lotus, it's going to be alright, Luna's getting a healer, it will be alright."

"Harry?" asked a voice and Harry spun around slightly to see Hermione standing there. "I came as soon as I could, you said it was an emergency, what happened?"

"I don't know, Lotus just collapsed and started screaming in agony, I've never seen anything like that," responded Harry but all the sudden, Harry felt a burning sensation through his hand before he was blasted backwards. The force had knocked Harry towards the

wall, he had just managed to block the brunt of the blast with a cushioning charm. Still it hurt like hell. Hermione made her way to Harry, but Harry waved it off.

“What just happened?” asked Hermione in a frantic voice. “It’s almost like her magic’s unstable but that’s never happened....”

Hermione was cut off by another round of blood curdling shrieks from Lotus. Quickly, despite being blasted back before, Harry grabbed her hand, to give her comfort. His hand was beginning to blister, but Harry refused to let the pain get to him. Lotus needed him now, his own discomfort could not wait.

At that point, Luna arrived with a middle aged Healer, who looked rather befuddled. When she saw Harry, she screamed and began to back off in fear.

“Harry Potter!” yelled the Healer in fear, but Hermione had blocked the door, holding her wand firmly. “You’re a fugitive...to the Ministry...”

“That’s not important right now, the fact remains that your Healing skills are needed now more than ever, my friend here is in a bad state, as you can see,” responded Harry. “I need to know exactly what’s wrong with her and what can be done to cure her. Please, she needs your help, put aside what you think you know about me and help her.”

The healer signed. While being caught helping Harry Potter could land her in Azkaban, she had taken an oath to help any patient in need, no matter what. If He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had checked himself into St. Mungo’s even during the height of his terror, he would have to be helped.

“I’ll see what’s wrong. Please stand back, so I can run some tests,” stated the healer as she pulled out her wand, before doing a series of tests on Lotus. Luna, Hermione, and Harry stood back, waiting, watching, hoping for the best, but fearing the absolute worst.

In his mind, Harry was grimly coming to the conclusion that those shadowed figures did something to Lotus when they had gotten possession of the remote control. Nothing in the memory indicated so

but there were so many spells in the air during that battle, that something could slip by so easily. Still, Harry stood, waiting, watching, as the Healer conducted the tests over Lotus, who was silent, but from the distance, Harry could see a slight twitch every few seconds. At least that indicated that she was still alive, even if it was just hanging on. The Healer turned, Harry spotted the grim look etched upon her face.

“Well?” asked Harry coolly, bracing himself for the worst.

“It’s very peculiar, her cell structure has absorbed a great deal of magic, overcharging her body and slowly causing her organs to fail,” responded the Healer grimly before she decided to explain. “When casting a spell, naturally, as magic is in the air, you have to concentrate to summon the magic to you and release it back into the air in the form whatever spell you choose. It’s a controlled process once you’re trained. However, children when their emotions run high draw in magic at an accelerated rate but after a certain amount, it is released in bursts of accidental magic.”

The Healer signed, as she saw the unreadable expression on Harry’s face.

“Your friend has been drawing in magic for quite some time now, but while bits of it are being released, even more is being drawn in and this is not healthy on the human body,” stated the Healer. “It’s like a dangerous virus, that will end fatally. It is unfortunate but inevitable that she will meet her end soon.”

“Cure her, gold is no objective,” stated Harry curtly and the Healer just responded with a sad look, a frown, before she shook her head.

“It would take the best healers years to find a cure for this ailment, its unprecedented how something like this could have occurred,” stated the Healer as she saw Harry’s cold, stare. “And I’m afraid....she only has a day or two.”

The Healer found herself levitated a few inches off the ground as Harry’s hands were shaking. Luna grabbed his arm, in an attempt to hold him back but the attempt to hold him back.

"I'm telling the truth, this is not some attempt for me to leave as soon as possible!" cried the Healer in a panicked voice, as she saw the deadly glare in Harry's eyes but Harry gently lowered her to the ground after he had verified that he was hearing the truth.

"Anything else that we should know," prompted Luna.

"Yes, when she draws in enough magic, they will cause her internal organs to expand and explode, to release a chaotic burst of destructive magic that could wipe out an entire city block," stated the Healer. "My advice would be to get her to a safe place away from civilization..."

"No, I'm not losing anyone else," interrupted Harry coldly, causing the Healer to once again look on in fear. "I will find a cure and she stays here and me with her. If I die, then that's what's going to happen, but I refuse to believe that this can't be cured."

"I trust you will tell no one when I take you back, Harry won't like it," said Luna to the Healer.

"No, you have my word, not one word, to a soul," remarked the Healer fearfully, as Luna took the Healer, leaving Harry and Hermione alone. Harry sat down, Lotus had stopped shaking, but she was groaning.

"Hurts...no...Harry...Harry....Luna...leave me....them...it's...them...hurt...you" rasped Lotus, but Harry moved over to comfort her. It seemed rather difficult to touch her, there was like some kind barrier in between them. Harry was rocking back and forth, as Hermione watched him with an uneasy expression on her face.

"Harry, please don't do anything you're regret," said Hermione timidly but Harry turned slowly, staring at her through narrowed eyes, causing Hermione to shiver instinctively, before she sat back down. It was obvious that Harry was in no mood for her advice. She felt like it was an eternity that she watched Harry rock back and forth, with an insane expression on his face until he decided to speak.

"They will pay, all of them, each and every one of them, I don't care if I have to overturn all of Britain, I will find them all and teach them not to hurt those I care about," muttered Harry, as he leaned his head forward, as he continued to rock back and forth. "And Hermione, I won't regret it, the sounds of their spines snapping, I will rip open their minds and find out what exactly they did to Lotus, I will find a cure, not going to happen again, not now, not ever, I will become what the Ministry has declared me to be. They're the one's that pushed the issue, Hermione."

"Harry, you're scaring me," interrupted Hermione. "Please, I'll help you do whatever I can to help Lotus just..."

"Nothing you can do Hermione, not anymore, I'm tired of being everyone's favorite target when they have an axe to grind, I'm going to impale them on their own axe," interrupted Harry, as he saw vague images of Luna's death in the original timeline, that sent the original timeline version of Harry locked deep into his subconscious in a slightly unhinged state. "They ruined me, they have my clone thus causing me to be marked as a fugitive, they crippled my organization, they're going to kill all the people I care about one by one, but I'm going to kill them first. All of them. Starting with the Ministry. They've outlived their usefulness, I don't care if I go down, I'm dragging them straight to hell with me."

At that point, Luna apparated into the room, seeing Harry with a crazed expression on his face. If Lotus did not make it, Luna shuddered to think what Harry might do and even to some extent, what she might do.

"I sent the Healer back, no one was the wiser and as far as she knows, she just dozed off," remarked Luna. "It's all a dream to her."

"It's not a dream to me, it's a bloody nightmare," remarked Harry gravely. "They got close to her, they hurt her, now I've got hurt them."

"First, we've got to find out who did this," argued Luna logically. "Although I do agree that a more proactive approach is necessary, because it's not like the answers are going to fall into our lap."

“Yes, but what can we do?” asked Hermione in an agitated tone of voice. “We don’t even know what happened to Lotus that caused it. It could have been a spell, it could have been a defect in the cloning process that made it, it remains a mystery.”

On the word “mystery”, Harry just remembered something, that he was kicking himself for not remembering before. Luna turned towards Harry, but Harry spoke before she could inquire what he was thinking.

“The Department of Mysteries, the Unspeakables” stated Harry calmly, as it was all starting to make sense in his mind, since the beginning, Lotus, Wizarding conspiracies, Inferno’s powers, everything that had happened, events that occurred in a cloak of deceit and mostly uncertainty . “Of course, it would have to be them, who else would want to obscure who they are, I mean, I doubt they even know exactly who their fellow Unspeakables are.”

“It makes perfect sense to me, The Department of Mysteries while employed by the Ministry, there were rumors that they were a rather independent entity with their own agenda that the Minister of Magic was not completely privy too,” added Luna. “Inferno, they would have been able to give him his powers, they had the resources to replicate the supposed lost components. Lotus, they must have grabbed your clone from the forest after you defeated it.”

“And your contact, might have been a pawn of the Department of Mysteries, trying to misdirect our suspicions towards Dumbledore,” stated Harry and Luna nodded slowly, with a frown.

“I don’t think it’s the Department as a whole, but it may be a group of Unspeakables, maybe rogue to even the Department of Mysteries,” suggested Hermione and Luna and Harry exchanged a look before nodding in agreement. It was a strong possibility and did make sense.

“Yes, but I feel there has to be at least one leader, he’s yet to be unmasked, that’s enlisted the help of these Unspeakables,” responded Harry.

“Winston?” prompted Luna and Harry shook his head.

"No, he's a big player, but not the big player, we've yet to unmask the mastermind, perhaps the individual that believed himself to be the reincarnation of the Grand Warlock that Aberforth Dumbledore mentioned but I will verify my theory when I pull it from his mind," said Harry quickly, as he rose to his feet, before he moved to the door.

"Harry, I'm coming too," stated Luna firmly and Harry hesitated for a briefest second, before reluctantly giving in the pleading look etched in her eyes.

"Hermione, stay here with Lotus and if worse comes to worse...use this to get out," remarked Harry, as he handed Hermione a Portkey. "It will return you safely to Number Twelve Grimmauld Place."

"Of course Harry and while I'm here, I'll keep researching Winston, I know you intend to question him yourself, but at the same time, it doesn't hurt to be prepared," stated Hermione, before she looked at Luna and Harry with a worried look on her face. "Be careful, both of you."

"Don't worry Hermione, we will," responded Luna but Harry just stood there, a blank, focused, look on his face, a bit of malice etched in his emerald green eyes, that indicated that anyone who stood in his way would get hurt.

The front lobby of the Ministry of Magic was bustling with activity. Since the new bills that gave the Ministry of Magic stricter control over the Muggle world were pushed through, it seemed like things were more chaotic then ever, since Aurors being worked even harder if that was possible. Also, the matter of finding a new interim Minister of Magic to serve out the rest of Scrimgeour's term needed to be resolved. The Wizengamot had been debating the matter ever since it was found out that he died and it seemed like it might drag out until the regular Ministry of Magic, leaving the Ministry under the defacto control of the Auror office for the time being.

A cloud of smoke appeared in the Ministry, causing many of the Ministry employees to look around. As the magically created smoke cloud thickened, several of them felt the sensation of them being magically struck in the back of the head with a blunt object. Only a few people in the corridor remained standing, until the smoke cleared,

revealing the most notorious fugitive in Wizarding Britain, Harry Potter and his accomplice, Luna Lovegood. The people who remained on their feet screamed, as they ran, but Harry grabbed a young desk clerk by the arm. As he struggled, Harry turned to him, staring in his face. Magically, the clerk felt every bone snap in his arms, as Harry glared at him with a deadly look in his eyes.

“Get me, Winston, now,” hissed Harry in a dangerous voice and the clerk nodded fearfully, as this madman, who might be even more evil than You-Know-Who stood, as the clerk staggered, to sound the alarm, to get the Aurors but several had already entered the corridor, wands drawn, pointing them at Harry and Luna.

“Potter, hands in the air, we’re taking both of you in,” stated the Auror forcefully, but Harry pushed his arm forward. Several of the Aurors dropped down to the ground as Harry’s attack hit them. It was as if a solid wall was smacking right into them. Ribs shattered, the breath was knocked out of them, but those Aurors were not the people that Harry wanted. They were useless, mere pawns, just collecting a paycheck, blissfully ignorant to a larger agenda.

“Not here, maybe we can draw him out,” suggested Luna calmly and Harry took her hand, before he aimed towards a stairway. The stairs blew up, as several more Aurors who attempted to attack from that angle fell. The shatter of several limbs went unnoticed by Harry, as he moved forward, before he pushed open the door, to move towards the lift to take him up to the Department of Mysteries. Magically, he froze everyone out from tampering with the lift, thanks to the blueprints he obtained from Gringotts that detailed the Ministry’s wards. Much like everyone else in the Ministry, nothing else had really changed.

“Department of Mysteries,” stated Harry calmly, as they walked inside. There were dozens of doors, more than Harry ever remembered from that one time that he had went to this place during his fifth year at Hogwarts during the previous timeline. Throwing his hands up in frustration, it could take hours to try them all and Harry could hear footsteps behind him, approaching him. Quickly, Harry aimed his wand towards the ceiling and caused a large section of it behind him

and Luna to collapse. It would take some time to shift through, even when using magic. Harry screwed his eyes shut. "Which one."

"I wish I knew Harry, and every corridor, there's dozens more if the rumors are true, we could be trapped in this maze of doorways for weeks," stated Luna and Harry agreed, in the previous timeline, he had several months worth of dreams to guide him towards his destination, here he had absolutely nothing.

"Try one I guess, hope for the best," remarked Harry appearing calm on the outside, even if he was anything but mentally, as he and Luna blasted the door off of its hinges. It was a crude, but effective way to ensure that they remembered the way they came, when the Department of Mysteries pulled its door switching tricks. The duo moved forward very cautiously, ready to defend themselves at the slightest hint of trouble. All they reached a blank corridor. It was bland, nothing important of value. Sure enough, forward, there were another set of doors at the end of the corridor. "There seem to be more on the other end..."

"I just got it Harry, it's an illusion, only one door leads anywhere," said Luna suddenly and Harry looked at her before she decided to elaborate. "Just think about it, the chances that one person would pick the right down out of all those are astronomical. Most would go mad trying to figure this place, but obviously, there is way to see through the illusion. Otherwise the Unspeakables would never find their way to work."

"Good point Luna," agreed Harry, as they backtracked there way through the doorway they came. Standing at the corridor, Harry could hear voices from beyond, time was running out. Quickly, they began to do every spell they could think of to help remove the illusion spell. Behind their backs, they had to create another barrier for the Aurors to defuse.

"Right there," said Luna, pointing to the set of doors. All of them had been enveloped in a blue light, with the exception of one notable exception. Opening door, the two slid through, with the Aurors right on their tails.

“Good work Luna, just keep doing what you did,” stated Harry as they rushed forward, they could almost feel the Aurors right behind them.

“The spell should have reset itself, so the illusion is not revealed, at least I hope,” said Luna, as she found the next door. “We should be inside by now...”

Luna trailed off, when she saw the clone of one Harry Potter in a glass tube. It was in stasis but it was proof that the Department of Mysteries had the clone. Harry looked at them, it appeared very odd, really peculiar that there was no one here. Almost too peculiar.

“Be ready for anything, Luna,” muttered Harry and Luna stood up straight, to indicate that she was in fact ready for anything. Each step was taken for caution, Harry looked around for any signs of life. He needed to find someone, to find his answers. At one second, Harry heard a rustling of a cloak behind them. “LUNA GET DOWN!”

At that second, a jet of green light flew right towards Harry and Luna. Both had just threw themselves on the ground barely at the last minute. The spell connected to the wall and Harry turned around, a robed figure was in the distance. The mysterious guest threw another spell at Harry, which Harry blocked before he moved forward. The attacker, seeing that he could not properly take Harry out, bolted his way towards the door. Quickly, his legs snapped together, as he fell to the ground. Harry moved in front of him at the speed of light, before he pulled the figure up. The hood fell back, revealing a young man that appeared to be in his thirties at the most, with blue eyes, that were filled with contempt as they looked at Harry.

“G.W. won’t be pleased with your meddling Potter,” remarked the young man, but Harry did not even flinch. “It’s obvious why you’re here. Our little weapon is beginning to self destruct. You want to know how to fix it, I take it.”

“Yes, what did you do to Lotus?” demanded Harry, as his emerald green eyes blazed with fury, but the man just chuckled. It was a nervous chuckle, but he seemed to be amused at Harry’s words. “Tell me damn it, tell me how to cure her!”

"It's almost like you care for her," remarked the man calmly, in amusement. "Listen here Potter, it's not like she's a human being, she's just a weapon, a creation of the Department of Mysteries, our property in other words. We reserve the right to take steps to eliminate her just like we do when our other property falls into the hand of others that are not entitled to our secrets. All Unspeakables, especially my team, can't risk anyone finding out about us, what we're up to, but you found out..."

"She's more human than you bastards are, I'll tell you that much, she can think for herself, which is more than I can say for most of this miserable Wizarding World," stated Harry coldly, as he magically pulled the man forward, staring him down. "She's not your property, so you will tell me what the cure is."

"It was a shame that it was defect that caused her to come astray, she was extremely powerful, all that power wasted, imagine would it could have accomplished had it be properly directed," remarked the man crudely but he felt pain fill throughout his body, as Harry glared daggers through him. "Fine, kill me, if you dare, it doesn't matter to me and if you kill me, there's not even a chance she'll survive the night."

"I don't need to kill you, but I can make you wish that I did," hissed Harry, his eyes flickering madly, as the Unspeakable was flipped upside down, bobbing up and down, coming precious inches from smashing into the ceiling and the ground. "Either you cooperate or I rip your mind open to find out. I don't care either way."

"I think it would be a good idea if you cooperate," inputted Luna casually. "It will be much better for your sanity in the end."

The man just squirmed, shooting Harry a dirty look, but Harry was not intimidated. In fact, he would have been amused, had it not been for Lotus's condition. Harry stared right into the eyes of the man, as he hung upside down.

"Last chance to do this the easy way," said Harry, a violent rage flashing through his eyes, and the man squirmed, before closing his eyes.

“You want to know, very well, there is a cure, but it’s not the easiest thing to get your hands on, as it’s not exactly in this world,” remarked the Unspeakable, as he shook. Harry braced himself for this information. “I wouldn’t survive the trip without dying, it would take a very powerful witch or wizard to even get close to getting their hands on it. You couldn’t even begin to imagine what you’d have to face in there.”

Harry just looked at the Unspeakable with a blank, emotionless look on his face, before he stared him down.

“Where is it?” asked Harry, who came to the conclusion that he might have to retrieve this mysterious cure himself. The Unspeakable twitched, before he moved his arm slowly backwards. Harry followed the hand, where he saw it was pointing. He was pointing towards the mysterious veil that Sirius fell through during the original timeline.

“It’s right through there, when we created the spell, we obviously needed a counteragent in case of accidents, and our studies lead us through the veil, but unfortunately, none of us could move through the veil without dying or losing our sanity,” stated the Unspeakable. “Others were sent through the veil, Muggles mostly and all were recovered, but perished. But trust me, the component you need is through there. It will not only cure the weapon of its ailment, but it will prevent her from being susceptible from the spell that our agent cast on her. It’s called septumdecim. Trust me, you’ll know it when you find it. It is said to give off strong amounts of magical energy.”

Harry paused, as he watched the veil moving back and forth, calling to him, the mysterious voices from beyond.

“I was under the impression that veil was merely a barrier between life and death,” said Harry coolly.

“It’s an impression that we liked to encourage and in a way, it could be true, as going through it could ensure death,” replied the Unspeakable. “But more particularly, on the other side, the Department of Mystery’s studies have concluded that it’s a key to another Realm, a Realm of unknown horrors and powers that many can only dream of.”

Harry just stood, reading the mind. It appeared that the Unspeakable hovered in the air. After verifying the truth, Harry spoke once again.

"Tell me one more thing, exactly who are you working for?" demanded Harry dangerously and the Unspeakable paused, as Luna stood in the background, listening intently.

"I don't know our superior's name, he goes by the codename G.W., but he's hired us to carry out something...." stated the Unspeakable but he went mute. It appeared that his voice was lost, preventing him from voicing exactly what he was working to. Harry attempted to pull the information from the Unspeakable's mind, but he clutched his head, it was almost like he had hit the mental equivalent of a solid titanium wall.

"Nothing, I can't find out anything about who's behind this, G.W., it has to be Winston, it has to be him, he has to be involved in some way," stated Harry. "We'll get him..."

"Well Potter, I hate to bring it up, but the clock is ticking down," interrupted the Unspeakable in a snide tone of voice, with a smirk on his face. "The weapon doesn't have much time, if you want to save her, you need to do it..."

Harry blasted the Unspeakable right into the wall. Ropes snaked around the figure, before a chain wrapped around him, snapping shut around him with another layer of protection.

"Guard him, please," said Harry and Luna nodded, as he took a few steps towards the veil, bracing himself.

"Harry, wait, this could be a trick," said Luna but Harry shook his head, before grabbing both of her hands, staring into her eyes.

"No, Luna, trust me, this is the only thing that isn't a trick," remarked Harry. "There's no time to worry, not right now, not ever. Time is running out, I don't know if I'll get back."

Harry pulled Luna forward, before kissing her. Luna returned the favor, not wanting to let go, but knowing she had to.

“Just know if I don’t make it, I love you,” said Harry quickly, as he turned his back, before he stepped through the veil, into the great dark unknown, not knowing if he would get back or if he would ever get back.

“I love you too Harry,” replied Luna softly, as she saw Harry disappear through the veil, not knowing if she would ever see him again.

Chapter Nine: The Veil of Nightmares:

Harry took his first tentative steps towards this mysterious realm, having passed the veil. He heard an odd repetitive humming sound in the air around him. Looking around, the ground was barren, devoid of any life at all, that appeared to stretch for miles. Above, the sky was painted a shade of crimson, with sinister black clouds above. Harry moved forward, taking his journey one step at a time. The humming continued, at the same beat. It continued to echo over and over, it was much like Chinese Water Torture, only with a never ending hum replacing a never ending drip of water on the top of the head. Harry screwed his eyes shut, in an attempt to block the repetitive sound out of his ears. It was all he could do to keep his wits about himself. He needed to find what he needed to cure Lotus before losing his mind.

Moving forward, Harry looked around. The barren wasteland stretched further than the eye can see in all directions. Stepping back, Harry gazed over his shoulder. For a second, it seemed as if he was being followed but there was nothing there, except for him. So far no sign of that septumdecim element either. The hum continued as Harry walked around, not having a clue where to start. He thought he should have pressed the Unspeakable for more details, but the more he thought about it, the less he believed he would have gotten anything else. After all, as he said, the Unspeakables had sent people in but when they were retrieved they were either dead or rendered insane. So there information, if they survived, was not reputable at all.

A rustling behind Harry caused him to turn around, ready to hex something but nothing was there.

“This place is just playing tricks with my mind, nothing really behind me, the others went insane, I can’t let it happen to me” muttered Harry attempting to reassure himself but still he remained vigilant. Stepping forward, Harry looked around. The hum continued to echo throughout this mysterious realm. Turning around, Harry could not tell where he had come from, which meant that getting out might be problematic. Reassuring himself, he’d worry about that once he had found septumdecium.

Outside the veil, Luna looked at it, ignoring the voices on the other side, as she stood, to check on the bound Unspeakable, who just sat there, with a calculating expression on his face, as he watched Luna's anxiousness with amusement.

"So, how long do you think Potter will last in there?" asked the Unspeakable with a calculating smirk. "Five, maybe ten minutes before he starts to succumb to the madness. G.W. gives him credit, way too much, but I doubt he's gotten what we told him about this realm. It's almost sentient at times, after all and messes with the mind, destroying it."

The Unspeakable looked at Luna, who did not bother to acknowledge him.

"Oh and by the way, Potter won't be able to get back easily without a guide, as we've sent some people through the veil on their own accord at the beginning and left them to their own devices, they've never returned," stated the Unspeakable. "It's a shame I can't stand over him, when his mind snaps."

Luna stood, clenching her fists, but turning so the Unspeakable did not see her worried face. She was fully confident in Harry's abilities, but if the realm on the other side of the veil was half as horrid as this Unspeakable was making out to be, then Harry would be in for the struggle of the lifetime.

Harry continued to walk on the barren ground. It felt like he had been walking for days, but something in Harry's mind told him that it only had been minutes.

"Distorts time no doubt, can't let it get to you, have to find it, Lotus's life is hanging in the balance, don't lose focus Potter, her life is in the line," muttered Harry, as talking to himself would keep his mind occupied from any illusions that were appearing around him. The fact that the environment was devoid of anything did not really help matters any.

Harry stepped over and he saw a large gaping chasm right in front of him. Had he not been paying attention, he would have plummeted to his demise. Looking down, Harry saw that the chasm was extremely

deep and had he took the plunge, he would be falling until his mind snapped. Stepping to the side, Harry tried to find a way across. He could feel a strong concentration of something highly magical right in front of him, so he had to be getting close. Harry peered to the side, he saw the area of the chasm lessen as he further went down. There was a point where it was so narrow, that he could jump across. Stepping back, Harry gained momentum before he leapt across the narrow gap. Landing firmly on his feet, Harry continued to move forward, before he saw an incline. At the bottom of the incline, Harry saw a swirling silver substance in a pool.

"This must be it," muttered Harry, as the hum appeared to be getting louder, even though it remained as repetitive and mind numbing as ever. Harry quickly slid down the incline to the pool below. Around the pool, there was a swirling white mist high above. Stepping forward, Harry analyzed the mist as completely as possible. As far as he knew after several moments of analysis, there appeared to be nothing wrong with the mist swirling above. Stepping forward towards the pool, Harry could feel the magic in the air. It was strong, the strongest thing inside this mysterious Realm. Quickly, Harry conjured a veil, before he stepped forward, siphoning an entire vial of the substance in the air, as the mist rose in the air, humming madly.

All of the sudden, Harry's eyes snapped open. Looking around, he was lying in a bed with white covers, in a room that was adorned in Quidditch posters, of many varieties. Harry attempted to sit up, but he found that his head had been heavily bandaged for some reason. The heavy quantity of bandages wrapped around his head made it rather difficult to properly lift it. Still with a bit of effort, Harry managed to lift his head and reach over to the bedside table where he found a mirror. Peering into it, Harry's eyes widened as it appeared his age had regressed to at least fourteen or fifteen years old. Harry had an idea that something was really wrong.

"Harry?" asked a tentative voice from the doorway and Harry's head bolted up. The sight he saw in the doorway really clued him into the fact that something was the matter. On the other side of the doorway, stood his parents, standing there, looking at Harry, with relieved looks on their faces.

"Thank Merlin you're awake Harry, I really thought you'd be in that coma for quite some time," said Lily in what sounded like a worried voice, if Harry could concern himself with such things. Rather, he was trying to figure out what kind of trick this was.

"What is going on here?" asked Harry, before he fell back, clutching his head, as he looked at these figures that resembled his parents. One part of his mind had attempted to convince this is genuine but another part was highly skeptical at what he was seeing before him.

"Slow down son, you don't want to hurt yourself, you took a helluva a hit with that Bludger," remarked James. "I've always told you to use your head, but that's just taking a bit too far, Harry."

Lily glared at her husband, before turning to Harry, a look of growing concern on her face.

"Harry, what's the matter?" asked Lily. "Do you need anything to eat, drink?"

"Everything's the matter," remarked Harry in a shaky voice. "Something weird's going on here, you two are dead, you've been since I was one years old, Voldemort killed you."

"Voldemort?" asked Lily in confusion, as if she had no idea who Harry was talking about at all. "Harry, please lie down, it's obvious you've hit your head harder than we thought, you're still feeling the effects of the concussion."

"Yeah, Harry, there's no person named Voldemort in existence, so he surely didn't kill us," remarked James as if he feared for his son's sanity.

"He did, I swear, it was him, he came to Godric's Hollow on Halloween Night, he killed you, when Peter Pettigrew betrayed your location to him, I was sent to the Dursleys," stated Harry.

"Peter betray us?" asked James in confusion. "Harry, you know Peter would never betray us, he'd die before he would."

“Harry, I think you should take a potion to sooth your nerves, you’re very upset and still injured, don’t worry, we’ll make everything better,” responded Lily but Harry slammed his fist down on the table. “This Voldemort person is a figment of your imagination, maybe because of the injury.”

“Voldemort exists, his real name is Tom Marvolo Riddle, he was a half blood, he killed his parents,” said Harry in a persistent voice.

“Harry, I know you’re minds connecting odd things together now, you might have read about Riddle or learned about him in History of Magic,” said Lily with a frown. “Maybe if I explain to you who he really was, your real memories might return too.”

“Yes, that might help, Mum,” responded Harry quietly, hoping to get some clue in what was going on.

“Tom Marvolo Riddle was the last remaining heir of Salazar Slytherin,” stated Lily and Harry nodded, so far it tallied with what he knew of the Riddle he remembered. “However, he was born as a squib. A group of purebloods were furious that the heir of Slytherin lacked the ability to perform magic. So, they tracked him down and brutally slaughtered him at the orphanage where he was left after the death of his mother.”

Harry winced, feeling a slight shade of sympathy for the person that could have become Voldemort. Giving his head a shake, Harry tried to reassure himself that this could not possibly be real. Still, the more Harry thought about it, what if he had suffered a head injury and hallucinated both time lines? It was impossible, but then again, so was a lot about him or what he thought he was.

“If it’s any consolation, Riddle’s death spurred great reform, squibs and muggleborns are not treated like dirt like they were, the Ministry was completely revamped for the first time in years, there was an uproar and both the magical and Muggle worlds were better off with what happened,” added James. “So in a way, Riddle was a martyr for great change. It just goes to show to show you that one violent death is all it takes to shock the world in the change.”

Harry just sat there, stiff, trying to figure out what happened. The fact remained that it was highly unlikely that he was a wanted fugitive in the law and the Ministry of Magic appeared to be more uncorrupt than the one he remembered. It was now becoming evident that this world was loads better than the one Harry felt he might have hallucinated.

"No," thought Harry. "Don't, it was real, this isn't, don't let it fool you."

"Shut up," thought another forceful portion of Harry's mind. "Do you really want to ruin this, to return there? For every good thing that's happened, there's been about a hundred bad things. Most of the world is against you, with a few exceptions. Nothing you do or thought you've done matters to them, you are just a solution to their problems at best, a scapegoat for them at worst. Here, you can be yourself without the burden of looking over your shoulder at every step of the way."

"What if it isn't real?" argued the first portion of Harry's mind.

"What if it is, what if you've concocted it all, just go with it Harry, you have your parents back, isn't that what you hoped for your entire life?" asked the second portion of Harry's mind.

"I've learned not to dwell on dreams," countered the first portion of Harry's mind.

"Where you left was the dream, if you can call it that," stated the second, more forceful portion of Harry's mind. "The term nightmare might be more fitting. The veil you passed through was the mental trigger you needed to return from your coma."

Harry just nodded, it was beginning to make sense, he had been struck hard in the head and had passed out. It put him in a coma but he was skeptical if the mind could contort such elaborate hallucinations in his mind. He supposed there was some convoluted magical explanation behind what had happened, there always was.

"So, is anything clear now?" asked Lily, as she surveyed her son with a searching look.

"Bits and pieces of it are, but everything's confusing and fuzzy, it will take some time for everything to come back," responded Harry in a sedated tone of voice as his parents looked at him with sympathetic looks on their faces.

"That's about as good as we can expect from now, Harry," said James. "You'll remember everything in time."

"Yes and you'll grow to accept everything in your life as it was," inputted Lily with an encouraging smile, as she looked at Harry. "Now are you well enough to walk or do you need some more rest?"

"I think I can manage," remarked Harry calmly, trying to shove the delusions that his mind had caused out of the way. Hopefully he thought that in time his memories would return to him, replacing that harsh reality that his mind had concocted both of these odd timelines. Harry slowly climbed to his feet, before following his parents from the room. As he walked from the room, something was very strange and peculiar about the house. There were no widows anywhere.

"So, it doesn't seem like much of a problem, does it?" asked the forceful voice in Harry's head.

"Not particularly, but it does seem rather odd that there would no windows," thought Harry. "I want to believe this is real, but now..."

"Doubts again, it's almost like you want to return to that harsh nightmare?" asked the forceful voice.

"Obviously I don't but..." thought Harry before he mentally trailed off, briefly wondering why he was even trusting a mysterious voice in his head that had just appeared.

"Harry, is there anything the matter?" asked Lily.

"No, Mum, everything's just fine," responded Harry blandly, he tried to talk as little as possible, as he remembered nothing about this reality and what happened to him. All recalled was what he remembered, how he had went through the veil to save Lotus's life, how he wondered if he ever would see either her or Luna again, and he did not really know if he was disappointed that nothing he remembered

was real. In fact, he did not really know if he was disappointed that his parents were alive and well, he had long ago accepted them as dead or rather he thought he did. It was all confusing and made Harry's head spin trying to reconcile all that was happening.

"Give it time and it will come, you will accept everything as true," responded the forceful voice.

"Just who are you anyway?" thought Harry.

"You'll find out when the time is right," stated the voice in Harry's head, growing a bit impatient at the constant questioning the Boy-Who-Lived was giving about his predicament.

"I'm fine, really I am," said Harry suddenly, as he looked at his parents. "I just need to get some fresh air, so since we don't have any windows, I'll just step outside for a few minutes."

"Harry, wait, you can't go outside!" yelled Lily in a sudden and forceful voice, causing Harry to know that something was wrong, as he looked at his mother with a confused expression, why would she be so set against him going outside.

"And why shouldn't I be able to go outside, just for a few minutes, it's not like there's anything I have to worry about," said Harry calmly as his parents exchanged nervous looks.

"Well Harry...you just got hurt...we don't want you to get hurt again," stated James and Harry could have sworn he saw the house, along with their faces shift out of focus for a second, giving way to the barren desolate landscape that he travelled behind the veil.

"Just an after effect of the coma, there is nothing to be concerned with," stated the voice in the back of Harry's mind.

"Yes, Harry, we just don't want you to get hurt," said Lily in a worried voice. "You were out for several months, if something happens to you, I don't think I could live with myself."

"I understand, but the thing is, I'm going insane locked up in a house with no windows, I need some fresh air, I appreciate the concern, but I

need to step outside, I won't be out long," said Harry as he moved forward, but something had stopped him in his tracks.

"They're right, you can't walk outside, they don't need to walk outside, leave them, your place is here, Harry Potter," said the voice

Harry's eyes suddenly glazed over, he attempted to give his head a shake, but he was compelled to agree with this voice as what it said.

"Yes, Harry, your place is here, just sit down, and join us," remarked Lily.

"Yes, that's it, Harry, take a seat," said James and Harry suddenly snapped out of the trace that this voice echoing through his head had tried to put him in. It seemed very peculiar that his parents had heard the voices through the head or rather, these entities that took on the form of his dead parents to trick him.

"No, Potter, this is reality!" shouted the voice in his head. "Don't give in now, you are home, listen to me."

"Nice try, but they wouldn't have repeated pretty much what you said, unless you were a part of this, I'm still in here, I haven't returned from a coma, this is an illusion to drive me mad," said Harry.

"Very astute, child, I almost wish you were my son given your moderate level of intelligence, it's a shame that we have to kill you," said the entity that had taken on the form of Lily Potter as her skin melted, to form to a hideous looking beast with grey skin, claws, and fangs. James's form did the same before they sprung towards Harry. Harry attempted to avoid the attacks and one of the creature's had just barely brushed across his arm, opening a large gash on his right forearm.

"Now this is where you belong, this is where you stay!" shouted one of the creatures as Harry attempted to banish a table towards them, but black demonic tentacles shot out from the underside of the table, wrapping around Harry's arms, legs, and body, attempting to crush him in a vice grip.

“Now, that you’re trapped, we have you right where we want you,” cackled the creature that posed as Lily, as she stepped forward, as Harry attempted to free himself. “What’s the matter Harry, you don’t want to give your Mummy a kiss?”

The foul entity moved forward, a sickly green acid dripping from its lips, burning through everything it touched. It moved forward, but Harry managed to twist himself, freeing his arm enough to properly use a slicing charm on the tentacles. A loud explosion echoed throughout the house, as Harry moved forward.

“No matter what, don’t let him reach the door!” yelled a voice and Harry began to get what was happening, this was some kind of illusion still going onto his mind and the door seemed to be the mental trigger to escape this nightmare, much like how he had briefly thought the veil was. In their attempts to trick Harry, they had accidentally given him a vital clue to escape.

“STOP HIM, STOP HIM!” shouted another voice as Harry had sent any spell he could think of over his shoulder. They did not have much physical affect but given how this was mostly a mental attack, Harry only used them to serve as a method to gain control of the hallucinations. Dodging around the attacks, Harry tried not to get hit. He reached the door but a large wall of black fire shot up from the door, blocking him.

“It wasn’t going to be that easy, human,” growled one of the creatures, but Harry closed his eyes, attempting to block out how hot the fire appeared to be. He reached through it, before he quickly grabbed the door. He instinctively blocked an attempt to get pulled out, before he threw himself from the door, ignoring the growl of the demonic entities around him.

Harry’s eyes flickered open, as he batted the swirling mist out from around his head. What appeared be harmless had tricked his normal sensory spells and as Harry shook the cobwebs, he gasped, s he saw that his legs were wrapped in tentacles and he was being pulled towards a large round flesh shaped object with razor sharp teeth. Struggling, Harry attempted to pull himself loose, as he was pulled closer and closer towards the beast, who seemed to enjoy toying with

its prey before moving in for the kill. A bludgeoning spell served well to loosen the grip of the beast, before Harry, managed to reach around, finding a large jagged piece of rock.

“Sorry, but I’m afraid I’ve been taken off the menu!” yelled Harry as he jabbed the rock right into the tentacle, magically amplifying the impact. Another jab right to the tentacle had staggered the monster once again. Quickly, Harry stabbed it once more time, breaking the tentacle completely off, before a pair of well placed fire spells further injured it. Harry knocked the beast backwards with a high impact banishing charm. A second charm had knocked the beast right into a bottomless chasm. Quickly , Harry turned around, before he sprinted back, before he removed the vial of septumdecim from his robe to check to see that it was all there. Placing it back into his robe, Harry moved around, he needed to find a way to exit back through the veil.

On the outside, Luna kept her eyes focused on the veil, tapping her right foot. Every time she saw or heard anything that might constitute as movement around the veil, Luna grew hopeful but once she realized that it was not Harry moving through, it caused her great disappointed and despair. She briefly wanted to step through the veil, to go after Harry, but Harry needed her on the outside, just in case something happened to him .

“Well, he’s been in there for thirty minutes, and counting,” said the Unspeakable in a snide tone of voice. “I think it’s safe to say that he’ll never find his way out. If you untie me, I can retrieve whatever is left from Potter from behind the veil, to give you a piece of him to remember him by.”

“Harry will make it, don’t you worry,” said Luna but she had her hands clutched together, as she leaned forward, hoping that Harry would find his way back outside the veil.

“Oh, believe me, I’m not worry, but you are,” taunted the Unspeakable and Luna resisted the urge to hex him, turning slightly towards another sound from beyond, but after a couple of moments, when Harry did not pass through, her hope deflated.

Harry continued to walk around, the humming once again was obvious, as it echoed through his head. He kept walking around what looked to be an endless barren wasteland.

“Come on, remember, which way did you come from, it all looks the same, I could be miles away from where the exit of the veil was, unless it was one way of course, no it can’t be, they’ve retrieved people before,” muttered Harry under his breath, as he stepped around, he kept walking. The sky appeared blank, with no area looking like it could be a doorway back to the real world. “It’s got to be here, but I bet it’s difficult to get out on my own. I have to though, Lotus’s time is running out, come on Potter, think, find a way back out, you got it, surely you can get out. You’ve found a way out of the impossible before, you need to do so again.”

Harry sat, trying to move around, there was no visible way out. He could have been in here for either days or minutes, it was hard to say, the realm was messing with his mind’s perception of time once again. Every second appeared to a lifetime, every minute must have been an eternity. The constant and repetitive humming also did a number on Harry’s nerves.

“I have to get out of here now!” yelled Harry suddenly having had his fill of the loud humming that taunted him, as he reached into his robes and removed a pair of earmuffs that managed to block out enough of the humming to allow Harry to concentrate on figuring away out this wretched place. Going over in his mind, he reconciled the pluses and the minuses of what he was about to do, it was a great risk to attempt to Apparate through dimension barriers, at least he assumed it was, considering how inadvisable it was to travel in that matter from one continent to the next. Still, Lotus’s time was rapidly running out, so he had nothing to lose with the possible exception of his life.

Concentrating on returning just outside the veil in the Department of Mysteries, Harry willed himself there. No matter, what, it was going to hurt, but he needed to get out of here, before he lost his sanity completely.

Luna continued waiting, watching, hoping, but as each second ticked by.

“Much like those foolish Aurors are trying to find the right door inside, Potter will never make it back, at least not in one piece and not alive, but you won’t even get that, unless you don’t untie me,” taunted the Unspeakable. “If you don’t do it now, you’ll never see any part

Luna remained silent, as she looked at the veil, hoping for Harry’s safe and clear return. At that moment, a loud pop echoed, as Harry dropped right down, slamming onto the floor. Rushing forward, Luna looked at Harry with an anxious look on her face, as she looked down at Harry.

“I’m fine Luna, but just barely,” breathed Harry, as every nerve in his body felt like it was fighting. Luna helped Harry up to his feet, wrapping her arms around his neck. Harry leaned forward, whispering in Luna’s ear. “I’ve got it, but I don’t know how much time we have left.”

“Touching, almost makes me want to shed a tear,” said the voice of Garrett Winston as he stepped forward, wand drawn. Harry could see that there were no Aurors around, as he quickly passed the vial to Luna, before he turned to face off against Winston.

“Been hoping to run into you, Winston, you tried to murder Lotus!” shouted Harry.

“Astute Harry, I might have passed off the message to do so, but it was my master who is the architect behind this and now everything is ready, except for one component, then our plans can come true” said Winston before he walked over. “I suggest you don’t fight, it will be much easier for you and your girlfriend that way.”

“Suggestion overruled!” yelled Harry, as he sent an organ explosion curse right towards Winston’s heart, but Winston blocked it. Winston appeared to be a bit more skilled than he let on, as he deflected another couple of attacks, but Harry managed to get in close. Winston smirked.

“Played right into my hands Potter,” said Winston, as he used a cutting charm right on Harry’s hair, leading to several strands of hair to fall into the hand of Winston. Harry wondered why Winston had cut his hair, instead of his throat. It seemed a bit stupid to him, but

perhaps it was part of some convoluted plan that he was not meant to understand "Take him down now, we have it."

Harry turned around, as several steel cables shot from the distance. The first couple of attacks, Harry deflected, but he was still worn from travelling between the barrier, so the third attack managed to poke through his defenses. They wrapped around his arms and legs. He could see several figures obscured in the shadows, before a small burst of magically simulated electricity came through the cables. It dropped through Harry's knees, more powerful than a stinging spell, but less than a stunning charm. Luna rushed over, but a solid barrier appeared in front of her, forcing her to attempt to break through.

As Harry had been injured, Winston reached over, before he moved over to a glass case, removing the amulet inside. It radiated with power, it was one of the most priceless artifacts that the Department of Mysteries had recovered, belonging to the Grand Warlock, as he had stolen it from the traveler who had introduced magic to a select few millennia ago.

"Yes, it's ready, I have the hair and the amulet, we're ready to proceed with your grand revival," said Winston, appearing to receive instructions from a mysterious source. He turned to the shadowed figures, as Harry slowly overcome the numbness that the attack induced.

"What of these two?" asked one of the shadows.

"Our leader will deal with them if they get in their way, we have more important matters to attend to," responded Winston briskly, as he activated the triangle marking on his robes, causing a large vortex to appear in the wall. Lifting his arm numbly, Harry managed to place a tracking charm on one of the shadowed figures, before he passed through the vortex. The vortex closed just as he rose to his feet.

"We need to get back Luna, cure Lotus, we'll worry about them later," said Harry firmly, but he hoped that none of them noticed the tracking charm that he used.

"Of course Harry, I'll help you get back to Lotus, I'll Apparate us both back, you don't look in much of any condition to do so" remarked

Luna, as she grabbed onto Harry's arm gently, before they disappeared with a faint pop.

Moments later, Harry rushed inside, followed by Luna, as Hermione sat on the side of the bed.

"Harry, her condition is worsening, she is still alive, but she might only have hours before..." started Hermione, before trailing off. "I also found something interesting about Winston that I feel you need to you..."

"Hermione, it can wait about thirty seconds, I have the antidote right here," said Harry as he removed the vial of septumdecim from the pocket of his robes. He could feel the power as he gently tipped the vial right into Lotus's open mouth. Using a charm to help her swallow the substance, Harry could feel that it was beginning to do its job. "Good, her condition is stabilizing, now all we need right now is time."

"What was it you wanted to tell us about Winston, Hermione?" asked Luna, once she had also saw that the chaotic magic that had begun to build up around Lotus began to fade.

"Well, I managed to find Winston's name on a family tree in one of the heritage books from the Black library, it updates itself constantly," remarked Hermione and Harry and Luna nodded bracing themselves for the impact. "Winston is the great nephew of Gellert Grindelwald."

Chapter Ten: Grindelwald Rising:

Outside the prison known as Nuremguard, a large swirling vortex appeared with Winston, along with the Unspeakables exiting it making their way inside, marching up the stairs towards the top floor where the jail cell containing the notorious dark wizard known as Gellert Grindelwald was located.

“Through that door,” said Winston calmly, as he clutched the amulet in one hand along with the hair of Harry Potter. They moved through the door and saw a musty jail cell where an old, balding man, with very few teeth sat, staring at them.

“Garrett, you have it,” rasped Grindelwald as he hacked, wheezed and was breathing heavily as the jail cell opened up, with the Unspeakables prying him out.. “Old age, a harsh mistress, but one that I can overcome with the amulet, open it and place the hairs of Harry Potter inside. Come, I am reaching the end, I need the power, I need my youth, to finish my ancestor’s work.”

Winston nodded, as he fumbled with the amulet, snapping it open, before he placed the hairs inside. Grindelwald shakily reached forward, before he removed the amulet from his great nephew’s hands, before he stared down at the Unspeakables, giving them a weak nod, as he nearly collapsed, but two of the cloaked figures caught Grindelwald, who was breathing heavily.

“Need this done now, the amulet is powered,” said Grindelwald, as he looked at the amulet as it had a blue glow around it. “Need youth, need someone to sacrifice their youth to bring me new life. Time is running out...”

“Take it easy Uncle Gellert, we’ll leave for a couple of minutes and grab someone, they will give you that youth you need,” said Winston in a reassuring voice before he turned to the Unspeakables. “Don’t just stand there, go and get someone, he doesn’t have much time left.”

“No time left, need youth, any youth, YOURS GARRETT!” yelled Grindelwald as he sprung up, focusing the amulet towards Winston.

Before Winston could do anything, a blast erupted from the artifact, light wrapping around Winston.

"What are you doing to me, Uncle Gellert?" demanded Winston in a terrified voice, as he felt suddenly weak, sickly, and much older.

"I'm doing this out of necessity, not out of any ill will towards you, it's for the Greater Good by dear boy," said Grindelwald in a manic voice, as the Unspeakables took a step back. "Yes, more youth, I want all of your youth, I can feel the power I had in the prime of my life before Dumbledore meddled in my plans returning, give me more Garrett, oh yes, yes, give it to me, the power, give me more, I can feel it!"

"Please stop," rasped Winston as his hair turned white and began to bald, as Grindelwald grew younger. Winston kept aging at a rapid rate before Grindelwald released him from the spell. Falling on his back, the wrinkled, malnourished body of a rapidly aged Garrett Winston laid on the ground, drool coming from his mouth. Grindelwald turned, his physical age regressed to that of a twenty year old wizard, but the cunning of a much older man retained, in addition to the better reflexes and stronger endurance.

"I feel refreshed, completely recharged," responded Grindelwald in a pleased voice, as he held the amulet in his hands, before he turned to the Unspeakables who bowed before the feet Grindelwald. "To your feet, my children. We have much work to do, while the Ministry and the Muggles are distracted with each other, I can properly put the plans into motion that I waited over fifty years for and this time, there is no Albus Dumbledore to stop me from doing what is necessary."

"What of Harry Potter?" asked one of the Unspeakables and a thoughtful expression grew on Grindelwald's face, before he nodded.

"He may be a concern, but I do have a plan to deal with him should he stand in my way. Thanks to the mind of that clone, I know all of his weaknesses, his strengths, how he thinks, how he fights, most of everything about him," said Grindelwald calmly. "With that in mind, he still might be a problem, but once again, I have a plan to deal with him. For right now, let's stick to the plan and to do that, my other followers must be revived. Come forth with me my children, to the bottom floor where we can find the help we need."

The group of rogue Unspeakables left with Grindelwald, moving his way down the stairway of the prison, now to the bottom floor of the prison. Soon, the balance would be set once and for all and the dream that the Grand Warlock wished for the world all those years ago would finally be achieved.

Back at Number Four Privet Drive, Luna and Harry stood, the information that Hermione gave them seemed rather unsettling.

"No one knows what happened to Grindelwald, other than Dumbledore defeated him, but the wording is ambiguous enough to suggest that he might not have died," said Luna after a few seconds pause. "He could have been imprisoned, with his magic suppressed or his memories removed. The word defeat doesn't necessarily mean that he was killed."

"I don't know how Dumbledore could have left someone like that alive," replied Harry darkly. "Then again, considering it was Dumbledore, his ability to see good in those who are corrupted has been his downfall more than once, I can see him doing something exactly like this. Still, you know what Grindelwald was capable of..."

"Yes, he was horrible, maybe even slightly more so than Voldemort," agreed Luna. "Yet, even if he is still alive, he can't be in too good shape. I mean he is old, even for magic standards."

"Yes he is and that's what baffles me, Winston is a part of this, but he's not acting independently," replied Harry. "If half of what the history books say is true, then Grindelwald would be capable of working around such limitations. His knowledge of magic was passed by few, the Founders, Voldemort, Dumbledore..."

"You," added Hermione and Harry just shrugged, before he turned to Lotus, who looked like she was stabilized, now it would only time before she was completely on the road to recovery.

"We just got to wait and see what happens," stated Luna calmly, as she looked at Harry in a reassuring matter. "This matter might blow over without you having to needlessly risk your life and get involved. After all, if Grindelwald's still alive, he should be locked up somewhere."

"I hope you're right Luna, really I hope you do," remarked Harry calmly, before he turned, looking at the wall. Right now, he would not move from his spot, until he was completely sure that Lotus had made a full recovery. The Wizarding World could wait, it was not worth saving anymore. No matter what Grindelwald was up to, it could wait. In fact, Harry would rather just let Grindelwald and the Ministry tear each other apart and he could just pick up the pieces. It was unfortunate that innocent people would be harmed, but it was not Harry's obligation to play Saint Potter anymore. All he felt he had to do was to protect his own interests.

At the bottom floor of Nuremguard, Grindelwald stepped over to a large stone door. Quickly, the Runes on the door were arranged together, before the stone shook, before it dissolved, allowing an opening to appear, revealing a large cavernous room on the other side. As he stepped forward, Grindelwald reflected on his masterful plan. At first, he tried to get Dumbledore to join up with his cause. Truthfully, Grindelwald respected Dumbledore's abilities and thought he would be a useful component to his campaign, someone to use, that could help influence a lot of individuals to join his cause. If nothing else, Albus was persuasive, even at a young age and had caught the attention of a lot of people, even when he had attended Hogwarts as a student.

Everything changed when Albus's meddlesome younger and mentally troubled sister stood in their way. Grindelwald really did not care who exactly delivered the killing blow, for all he knew Dumbledore could have been the one who did so or it could have been Grindelwald. All Grindelwald knew it was the catalyst to what eventually caused his plans to have a temporary setback. Dumbledore vowed to go against Grindelwald and his campaign began to fail. A more foolish man would have desperately fought, even though his defeat was evidence. However, Gellert Grindelwald was not a foolish man, he knew that his time would come in the future, but right now he had to step back. In a way, he masterminded his own defeat. It was difficult to do without making it look set up and he gave Dumbledore a fight to the very end. After an intense battle, Grindelwald surrendered, allowing Dumbledore to claim victory.

Following his surrender, Grindelwald had given Dumbledore a false story about regretting everything that he did in the name of accomplishing his goals. Dumbledore had bought it, his desire to see the good in everyone being exploited at its fullest. Thinking that it would teach him the folly of his ways, Dumbledore placed his former friend in the prison that he built. This was a mistake in Dumbledore's plan, as Grindelwald built the prison and he knew it inside and out, so it was just being confined to an indefinite house arrest as far as he was concerned.

Grindelwald reached the end of his room, where several white figures stood, immobilized, by an extremely powerful stasis charm. He looked at his former followers, those who were still at large and had not been captured by the various Ministries all those years ago. Before he had his climatic battle with Dumbledore, he managed to place these in this condition as his final act, confident that his plan would work, that he would eventually make his return and this time become successful at achieving what was necessary. There was only around fifty but Grindelwald valued skill rather than sheer numbers. The more wands, the harder it was to coordinate any attacks.

"Arise my followers, arise and serve the Grand Warlock Grindelwald!" shouted Grindelwald in a triumphant voice, as he raised the amulet, its power causing the stasis charms, which had only become more powerful over time, to melt away, allowing his followers to be slowly freed from their suspended state. Many of them looked around, confused, it took several minutes for their wits to come back to themselves. "Now your disorientation is logical, you have been in a suspended state, not moving, unaware of time passing around you. Perhaps you may remember that Albus Dumbledore and his forces had managed by the slimmest of margins turn the tide upset the balance. The world was not prepared enough for my ascension, but I could not allow several generations of work perish, so I had you all put in stasis and had my final battle with Dumbledore. I tell you that I put up a good show but I lost. Dumbledore thought of me as remorseful and imprisoned me here, in my own creation. Through my cunning and through a distraction that several attacks masterminded by a moderately powered dark lord named Voldemort caused, I was able to use my cunning to accumulate followers, using my great nephew Garrett Winston as a spokesman for our cause from the

outside but frankly he was little more than a pawn, lured by promises of great power. My plans have come full circle tonight.”

“We remember,” stated a thick looking wizard, as he held his wand. For the longest time, it was just a useless stick in the hands of a statue and now, once the stasis spells had been removed, it had become useful once more. Flickers of recognition appeared in the eyes of each and every one of the followers, before they knelt down, acknowledging their master before rising up.

“Great Grindelwald, is satisfactory to see you not only in good health, but stronger than ever,” said another one of the followers.

“But, despite this, what of Albus Dumbledore?” asked a witch curiously. “He has stalled our plans once before, a second attempt might go even more awry if he catches onto it and the same trick won’t work twice.”

“Dumbledore won’t be a concern, he died a common and useless death some time ago, fading into obscurity, his reputation destroyed although it’s a shame to say that it wasn’t by my hand,” said Grindelwald in a mock remorseful tone of voice, before he brightened up suddenly. “But now is not the time to mourn, now is a time to look forward to a bright new future. The Wizarding World has suffered long enough at the existence of Muggles. Their attempts to emulate magic have not changed since you have been put to sleep. In fact, they have grown even more desperate, but no matter how complex their little trinkets get, they will never be like us. They will always be much less. ”

The followers cheered loudly at Grindelwald’s lofty plans.

“The world is confused, many focus on muggleborns being the problem, they think they damage the world because they come into this world not knowing our ways but that is a falsehood, muggleborns can be trained, taught in our ways, most importantly they can do magic,” said Grindelwald boldly. “Muggles can never be taught, they have no use, no matter how much theory, how much about pureblood etiquette is pounded in their head, they will never be able to levitate a feather. They cheapen the world and their poorly constructed substitutes for magic breed weakness. Muggleborns, half bloods,

purebloods, blood traitors should not fight each other. They should all stand together to eliminate the greatest danger to the Wizarding World, those who don't have the ability to do magic and are bringing our world down with weakness. Muggles must be and will be eliminated for the greater good. Our cause will triumph and all who oppose us will be taught the error of their ways."

More cheers, and the followers of Grindelwald looked excited of what their master had in store for the Muggles. They would be punished for their weakness, their inability to perform magic.

"With Dumbledore out of the way, there is no one that can stop the Grand Warlock!" cheered an excited wizard but Grindelwald held his hand up to stall the excitement.

"No there is another who may be problematic, by the name of Harry Potter, he fought and defeated the Voldemort I mentioned earlier," said Grindelwald but he was calm, as if he was just relaying some mundane facts to followers. "But, should our cards be played correctly, he can and will be a valuable asset to our cause."

Grindelwald paused, allowing his words to sink in, before he lifted his amulet, causing the clothing worn by his followers to be transfigured into something similar to the robes worn by the Department of Mysteries, with the exact same features.

"Now we move on towards the Ministry of Magic, to make the Wizengamot an offer they can't refuse," said Grindelwald as he raised the amulet in the air, before he pointed it to the wall. "Maintain the balance."

A swirling vortex of magical energy appeared in the walls, magically punching a hole through the fabric and time and space. Grindelwald stepped back, allowing his followers to move through. The Unspeakables also took a step forward, but the wizard shook his head.

"Stay here, if my guess is correct, we might be having company soon enough, be sure to give him a proper greeting," said Grindelwald as the Unspeakables nodded, as their master passed through the vortex.

The moment it did, it sealed shut, leaving the Unspeakables along in the empty prison.

Back home, Harry and Luna sat there right beside Lotus. Hermione had went back to Number Twelve for the evening, but told them to contact her if they needed anything. Some brief signs of life were heard, as Lotus began to stir, before her eyes flickered open weakly.

"Harry, Luna?" asked Lotus in confusion, as her vision was rather blurry. "What happened to me? The last thing I remember is I was fighting with you against Wansuke and his mobsters."

"You passed out right after we had taken care of them, those people hit you with something when they stole my remote" said Harry seriously. "You started having random fits, bursts of magic, your body was absorbing way too much magic and for a short time we thought...that you weren't going to make it."

"I did though," remarked Lotus weakly.

"Yes, you're fine now, perhaps a little sore I take it, but you'll live," said Luna and Lotus nodded in confirmation. "Harry's not exactly feeling all that great either, even though he says he's fine."

"What happened to you Harry?" asked Lotus in concern.

"It's nothing," said Harry. "I just had to travel to a dangerous realm to obtain the cure to the magic, I don't really want to talk about it but you would have done the same for me."

"Yes, I would," agreed Lotus with a nod, before she attempted to get up, but she collapsed on her bed. "I hate this, I still feel weak, I can barely move!"

"I know, you're just regaining your strength," said Harry. "Give it time and you'll be back up before you know it."

"So anything else I should know about when I was out?" asked Lotus after a moment's pause and Harry and Luna exchanged a look, before they turned to Lotus.

“Well, we have a better idea of who might be behind all of this,” said Luna with a sigh. “Apparently Garrett Winston is the great nephew of Grindelwald, who was defeated, but obviously not killed, by Dumbledore. I don’t know how though. He should be locked up tight wherever he is.”

“Well, we have to find him and make him pay for what he’s done, what he tried to do to Harry, to me, and to everyone else,” said Lotus in a firm voice but Harry shook his head. “What do you mean, we shouldn’t?”

“Not now, we have no idea where he is or even if it’s him,” answered Harry, as he held his hands together. “From what we know, both the Muggle and Magical worlds are in a state of flux, both sides are battling with the other and beyond that, this is what they want. I had a contingency plan in the event that I had to expose the Wizarding World but they did hinge on most of my organization being available. Now with the Inferno incident and the Ministry taking in several of them, these plans can’t go off as planned. So we need to wait and see.”

“At least Harry put a tracking spell on them, and if they didn’t discover it, we should be able to have an idea where they went,” said Luna.

“I understand, it’s the waiting game, but I will make them pay,” said Lotus firmly.

“I wouldn’t doubt it,” said Harry with a sigh, he really could care less about what Grindelwald did to the Wizarding World, but he could see it meant a lot to Lotus to get her revenge so it meant a lot to him, but only for her sake. “Just rest now, we’ll figure this out soon enough.”

At the Wizengamot, the members of the court were squabbling among themselves, to figure out what to do about the situation about there being no Minister and thus naming an interim Minister. They were going back and forth, over several possible choices, none of them being agreed for by a majority of the court. Some had their own agenda, so they pushed for the choice that would serve them best, especially considering this new uncertain world based on their entire existence being exposed to the Muggles.

"Now, he won't do in helping guide the Ministry, if we want to be successful, we need a real leader in..." stated one of the Wizengamot members but a loud bang echoed throughout the chambers and a swirling vortex of magical energy appeared in the chambers. A gust of wind backed off those inside, as a group held their wands firmly out. Grindelwald stepped out as well, the amulet around his neck, swinging back and forth, as he looked at the Wizengamot with contempt.

"The Ministry of Magic, it's been a long time and the Wizengamot, as inept as usual to deal with the real problems of the day," said Grindelwald calmly, as the members of the court raised their wands, which caused Grindelwald much amusement. "Please, do not flatter yourselves, you are politicians, not Aurors, my followers can eradicate you at a moment's notice."

"You're trespassing in the Ministry of Magic, in these chambers, you have no right to be here," said an aged member of the court. "We should call the Aurors and have you thrown out of here into Azkaban..."

"Call the Aurors if you must but here's just a small sample of what would happen," said Grindelwald before he raised the amulet, morphing into the form of Garrett Winston. "Aurors, these Wizengamot Court Members were conspiring with the Muggles to overthrow the Ministry, take them to Azkaban."

Grindelwald turned back into himself with a smirk.

"Simple as that my children, but I am not here to fight, but rather I am here to help you," said Grindelwald. "You need a new Minister of Magic so I suggest that it will be me."

"Now see here, you have no right to the post of Minister, you just barged in here, you are..." stated one of the Wizengamot members but Grindelwald lifted his hand.

"Simply put, I have power and I can wield that power to bend the entire Ministry to my will, so why not make it official," said Grindelwald as he raised the amulet, grey spirals of magical energy coming out of it, expanding, before they passed towards the Wizengamot members.

Seconds later, they were immobilized, turned completely into stone, their looks frozen in complete terror, as Grindelwald turned to his followers. "An issue of the Daily Prophet, five knuts. A wand, seven galleons. Turning the entire Wizengamot into stone...priceless."

The followers cheered before Grindelwald turned to the completely immobilized members of the court, with a calculating expression on his face.

"Now as I was saying before I was oh so rudely interrupted, I will be the new Minister of Magic, anyone who is opposed may speak now or forever hold your peace," said Grindelwald, as he cupped his hand to his ear mockingly, listening for any dissension but obviously none came. "Any objections? I thought not, majority passed, all hail the Grand Warlock, the Minister of Magic, Grindelwald!"

"All hail Grindelwald!" cheered his followers as Grindelwald stood around, with a triumphant expression on his face.

"Now to address the Wizarding public, to assure them that the greatest threat that the Wizarding World has ever faced will be dealt with," said Grindelwald with a smirk on his face, as his followers followed him. There was much to do before his vision of the world could be completely achieved.

A bit later, Lotus was feeling better, considering she was able to finally stomach eating and drinking. Her body ached all over and she felt rather flushed, but it was much better than the condition that she was before. Luna and Harry sat on either side of her, making sure she did not overexert herself and even if she did want to move, Lotus was not sure she wanted to.

"Time to check the Wireless," said Harry suddenly and Luna and Lotus looked at Harry confusingly. "Just a hunch that something is up."

Harry turned it on and certain enough, he heard a beeping sound over it.

"Please stand by for a public service announcement from the new Minister of Magic," said a voice over the Wireless in monotone.

“New Minister of Magic?” asked Luna in surprise. “I didn’t think there would be one this soon, especially with everything...”

“I have a very bad feeling about this,” muttered Lotus darkly.

“That makes two of us,” agreed Harry as he listened intently to the broadcast.

“Three,” corrected Luna as she also listened in.

“Good evening citizens of the Wizarding World, I am the new Minister of Magic and a man with a new lease on life, I’m sure some of you more well educated individuals have heard of me, the name is Grindelwald,” said Grindelwald. “Yes, I am certain many of you were shocked that I am still alive, I’m sure all you were under the assumption that Dumbledore had finished me for good. But, I should inform you that once again Dumbledore has failed to do the right thing, much like he did with Harry Potter’s living conditions when he was young. He simply locked me up and promptly forgot about me, one of the most dangerous dark wizards that the world had ever known prior to Lord Voldemort but that is all in the past.”

A second’s pause on the other side of the radio and Grindelwald appeared to be milking the anticipation of what he was going to say next.

“Now, I’ve had quite some time to reflect on what I’ve done and I see the error in it, I only wish to atone for the mistakes made in the past,” said Grindelwald calmly. “The Ministry has been shaken to the core due to recent events, but there is only one real threat that we all must stand up and unite against, to eliminate so we can build a safe future for many generations to come.”

Harry sat, waiting for Grindelwald to paint him as the person who was behind this danger that he was talking about.

“Muggles are the one’s who are enemy and due to the recent misunderstanding, they know of us, so we must seize the chance and stop them,” said Grindelwald. “Their lack of magic makes them a more dangerous threat than you could ever realize, they would be desperate to put us down or enslave us for their own means. It is

unfortunate that they are the majority and sheer numbers will eliminate them. I see the terror they will cause but fear not, I will be the one to save the Wizarding World from these people. I do what is necessary for the Greater Good of all magic and soon I will usher a brand new age of peace. Until that time, I encourage you to break off all contact with Muggles, so they don't use any of you to get to the rest of us. Remember, the Grand Warlock will be watching over you. The Grand Warlock is always watching."

The Wireless went dead as Lotus sat up in bed, but collapsed completely down.

"Not good enough right now, but we have to stop him!" shouted Lotus, the very existence of Grindelwald taunted her, he was the one behind everything that was happening, and it was tearing her up inside that she was bed ridden, unable to stop Grindelwald.

"There's no way he can do it...can he?" asked Luna quietly.

"I don't know, after all he's been capable of so far, but he wants to eliminate them all," said Harry darkly, before he began to check on his tracking charm. "It's time to find out some answers..."

"Harry, I'm coming," said Lotus as she weakly swung her legs over the bed and managed to gingerly take a couple of steps forward, but she began to stagger around, with Luna and Harry grabbing her and guiding her back into bed.

"No Lotus, I can't get risk you getting hurt, either of you, there's so much we don't know and...I have to do this alone," said Harry. "You both understand."

"Of course Harry," said Luna calmly.

"I guess I do but if you get to him, leave a piece for me for when I get better," said Lotus.

"Alright, I will," said Harry with a laugh as he kissed both of them goodbye, before he made his way to Apparate to the location the tracking charm pointed to.

Harry dropped down in Nuremguard. It was silent, a bit too silent for Harry's liking as he crept around inside the prison. Stepping around, Harry looked up in the corner, where a figure moved. He saw a mere shadow of a slashing motion in the distance. Quickly, Harry blocked the spell, before he knocked his opponent back into the wall. Harry turned around, as a pair of loud cracks echoed throughout the empty prison, with metal cables flying out. This time Harry saw it coming, slicing them with a well placed spell, before his opponents were hoisted up in the air and knocked back into the wall. Leaning back, Harry blocked a stunning spell and propelled one of the shadowed attackers back, before he jabbed his wand forward, causing the shadows around his adversary to disappear, exposing him to the world.

"Okay, spill, where is Grindelwald!" shouted Harry as he hoisted his adversary up into the air.

"I won't talk, I won't spill his secrets, the plan is close to being fulfilled, not now," said the wizard in a shaky voice.

"So be it, don't think about where Grindelwald is," said Harry and sure enough, Harry managed to gather that Grindelwald went straight to the Ministry. Quickly he flung the Unspeakable to the back into another figure in the distance, who had attempted to attack Harry. Quickly, Harry made his way to the Ministry of Magic, towards the office of the Minister, where he knew Grindelwald would be.

Arriving in the corridors around, Harry snuck around, expecting some form of security, but he met nothing. The fact that he met no trouble actually raised Harry's paranoia. Grindelwald was playing mind games with him. Walking down the corridors, he made it to the office of the Minister of Magic. Looking at the shut doors, he prepared to force them open but they swung open.

"Do come in, Mr. Potter," stated Grindelwald and Harry stepped inside, looking from side to side, expecting someone to attack him from behind or either side, before he focused his eyes on Grindelwald, shocked to see how young he looked. "Have a seat."

"I'll stand," said Harry coolly as he looked at Grindelwald who just seemed indifferent to his presence.

“Let’s get straight to the point, I’m sure you’re wondering why I have done all I have against you,” stated Grindelwald and Harry nodded calmly. “It’s actually very simple, quite frankly I have nothing personal against you but I wanted to see how good you really are. Everything that’s happened, I knew it would. I knew Lotus would eventually see that you weren’t the enemy, I knew you would find a way to beat Inferno, I knew you would survive your trip to the veil, to cure Lotus before it was too late, I knew you would find out my connection to Garrett and I knew you would come here tonight. And I was not disappointed, you have passed the test.”

“What test?” demanded Harry coldly.

“You and I fight in what we believe in and not what the world thinks we should believe in,” said Grindelwald. “We both saw through Dumbledore, we saw what he really was, and we are both considered to be rebels, renegades, because we just don’t sit down and accept what the Ministry thinks is true.”

“The way I see it is that you were pulling some strings to control the Ministry,” said Harry.

“Very well, I do give you that, but I was not the only one pulling the strings, it was a constant struggle to gain control of the Ministry, as Dumbledore and Voldemort both had their hand in the matters, thus it was much harder for me to get any headway sooner,” said Grindelwald. “So, thanks to you snipping their strings, I managed to gain control, to save the Wizarding World from its destruction, to finish the work of my ancestor.”

“The Grand Warlock,” said Harry with disdain and Grindelwald nodded. “It’s the same song all over again, you are just another elitist who wishes to erase anything that threatens purity.”

“No, not exactly, I have no problems with muggleborns,” said Grindelwald. “They are part of us, they have the ability to perform magic, but Muggles are the real threat Harry. Can’t you see Harry? Everything bad in the world is tied to Muggles. Voldemort, would have risen to power had his Muggle father not abandoned him? Your relatives were precise examples of what I am saying. What they cannot have and understand, they will blindly hate. Can’t you see it

Harry? If we could coexist, then I would have no problems but they would continue to loathe us, to find ways to replicate our abilities and kill us if possible. They outnumber us four and five to one and could overrun us giving the proper motivation and under certain circumstances.”

“It was your people who were the one’s who exposed the Wizarding World to the Muggles,” said Harry.

“I don’t deny this, in fact, this was to open up the eyes of the Wizarding World to the real danger that Muggles oppose,” said Grindelwald. “In fact, I wanted to give them a chance, I wanted them to prove to me that they are not a threat to us but the rumors I’ve heard about Muggles attacking anyone they suspect to be a witch or wizard, to try to force the magic out of them. It’s begun and it’s proven what my ancestor feared all along.”

Grindelwald took a deep breath, as if he regretted doing this.

“I am now asking you, Harry Potter, to do the right thing, to join up with our cause, eliminate the Muggle threat” said Grindelwald calmly. “I don’t want your answer now, I want you to think about this with a cool head, logically making the best decision for you, but I do know this. If you join with me, I can clear your name, you won’t be a fugitive any longer and your great work will finally be acknowledged.”

Harry opened his mouth but he saw Grindelwald raise an amulet and the next thing Harry knew, he had been removed from the Ministry, before being sent back into the room with Lotus and Luna.

Chapter Eleven: The Battle for Wizarding Britain Part One:

Harry dropped down right in front of Lotus and Luna, in absolute frustration at being basically thrown out of the Ministry of Magic as easily as breathing.

“He cast me out, just like that!” yelled Harry throwing his hands up into the ground. “With a mere thought, he raised that amulet and then I was gone...”

“What did you find out, Harry?” asked Luna quickly, deciding to figure out what exactly was going on.

“He wanted me to join him, join up with his cause, it looks like he wants to eliminate every Muggle, this entire game has been his sick way to test me,” stated Harry quickly. “Like I’d ever join up with him, but at the same time, I don’t even know if I can defeat him, with that amulet. If it could just remove me and put me back here, who knows what it could do.”

“Well, we need to get it away from him by any means necessary,” said Lotus firmly, as she swung her legs from the bed gingerly, but was only barely able to sit up. She felt better than she did a bit ago, but not as recovered as she would have liked “Damn it, I’m still weak, when I get my hands around his neck I will...”

“A plan that’s what we need,” said Harry suddenly. “Grindelwald had decades to formulate one, we only have hours, but we have to try. If we can catch him off guard, we can get the amulet away from him and then break his power. We need something more powerful than the amulet to combat it.”

Harry stooped down, before he removed a small box from underneath the bed. Opening the box, Harry pulled out an old, but working wand, the same wand that once belonged to Albus Dumbledore. He had bought it once the goblins had auctioned off all of Dumbledore’s belongings to pay his debts to Harry. Looking at the wand, Harry remembered how uncomfortable it made him feel to use. It seemed at times the wand was using him, rather than Harry using the wand. However, one thing that Harry could not deny was its power and it

might be enough to combat whatever Grindelwald could do with that amulet.

"I have the wand, but that's not going to be enough, let's see, my resources as far as man power is concerned are rather limited, so I got to plan this smartly," muttered Harry to himself but Luna and Lotus grabbed a hand on either side.

"Whatever we can do to help, we will be there," remarked Luna.

"Yes, we can't let him succeed," added Lotus firmly, as the Wireless once again went to life.

"Now, considering I am your leader, I'm sure many of you are skeptical of my ability to make good on my promises," stated the voice of Grindelwald over the Wireless. "However, for those of you who have the access to the Muggle apparatus known as a television, do turn it on to Channel Five, and in the next few minutes, a small demonstration of my power will be shown for the entire world to see."

Harry and Luna helped Lotus to her feet, before they moved towards the stairs. There was still a television in the house, so quickly they moved down the stairs to see what Grindelwald was up to. Perhaps he was just being paranoid, but Harry had a feeling that it was bad news. Quickly, he placed themselves down on a couch, before he flipped on the television. With a girl on either side, Harry looked forward, seeing a slum like neighborhood with a group of ratty looking and rather homeless looking Muggles. Two seconds later, a witch and wizard appeared in a blink of an eye, before they looked forward before nodding. The witch removed a vial of a crimson colored potion, before tapping her wand to it. The vial dropped to the ground, exploding, causing a red vapor to rise from the ground. Right before their eyes, the Muggles clutched their chests, screaming in pain as if their lungs were on fire, before they dropped down to the ground, convulsing. The witch and the wizard were unaffected by the potion. Harry averted his eyes away from the television, as the Muggles began to decompose, alive.

"Turn that off, please," said Luna in horror at what she saw and Harry had no complaints in doing this, before he flicked off the Wireless.

“No less than they deserve and just a small example of what is to come. Do not worry about being affected by my virus, it is engineered where it only effects people who are unable to perform magic” said Grindelwald. “Now, I know some of you are misguided, thinking that Muggles are human, that they have any rights, but do not interfere in my plans or you will be treated as a fugitive and executed through the Veil of Nightmares at the Ministry of Magic. By the next sunset, we will all live in a world without Muggles. So you shall only put up with their inferiority for another day.”

The Wireless went dead and Harry just leaned back, in frustration. Grindelwald obviously had more of that stuff on hand and he saw exactly how flawless it was against Muggles.

“We have little time to waste, so here’s what we’re going to do,” said Harry calmly as Lotus and Luna leaned in intently. “I obviously can’t enlist the help of the remaining members of the mob organization, they will fold immediately, the virus will take them out, because they’re Muggles. Get Sirius, Remus, and Hermione, oh and Tonks as well, tell her to get as many Aurors as she can feel that can be trusted and not swayed by Grindelwald, but I have a pretty good idea what Grindelwald’s next move might be.”

Lotus and Luna seemed to pick up where Harry was going from.

“The water, he’s going to slip the virus into the water, isn’t he?” asked Luna.

“Figures, he’d do something like that,” said Lotus darkly.

“Not the water specifically, but the reservoir that feeds the majority of London, that would be the best place to exert his power, thousands of Muggles dropping dead at once by drinking water, taking a shower, or simply washing their hands,” said Harry quickly as he rose to his feet. “I need to get there right away, no doubt it’s about to begin.”

Lotus, Luna, and Harry parted ways. There was much work to do to stop Grindelwald from wiping out every single Muggle in Britain and later the entire world.

A Muggle Army marched towards the area around the Minister of Magic, lead by a rough looking man, who stared towards the direction of the Ministry with contempt.

“Alright, listen up, these wizards are getting out of hand and we’re going to put them back in line,” barked the General roughly as he looked at his men. “They think because they can wave a wand and say a few cutesy little Latin words, they can run our lives, well they can think again. We’re going to take back our government by any means necessary, even if we have to blow this rat infested stronghold into the sky.”

“General, we have locked onto the Ministry of Magic building,” announced a voice in the distance and the General cracked his knuckles, looking forward with a twisted smile on his face. It was time these meddling magicians get taught a lesson in respect.

“Fire at will,” barked the General and several rounds of fire blasted right towards the Ministry of Magic. A small light appeared, absorbing all of the fire, bouncing right off the building. It absorbed each and every round of fire, every missile, the Ministry had obviously prepared magical shields that would block Muggle firepower. “Damn, their shields are up, switch up the fire power, blast the shields down, throw everything you have at them at once on the count of three. One, Two, Three, FIRE!”

Once again a high blast of firepower shot right towards the shields. The Muggle General would not be denied, he kept motioning for his men to fire over and over again, but once again, each of the blasts barely dented the power around the shield.

“Keep firing, we will not allow this country to fall into their hands!” shouted the General as he was red in the face, they had the best fire power that their budget could fire and they could not even scorch the surface of what looked like a rather rickety building. Even magic had to have an Achilles heel, something had to break.

“Really, it is amusing how much you fight, but magic cannot bend to even the best that you Muggles come up with, that’s why you can’t do it,” said Grindelwald as he walked outside, with the amulet in hand. “Cease your fire, this is just sad and a waste of money. “

“WASTE HIM!” shouted the General, angry at this egotistical warlock, but Grindelwald raised his amulet, reducing the tanks to mere toys and the guns to squirt guns with a mere bit of magic.

“Really no need to raise your blood pressure over me,” said Grindelwald calmly, as he reached into his robes. “In fact, I have a cure to your rising temper that will make sure you never have that problem again.”

Removing a vial of the crimson potion from his robes, Grindelwald held it up, as the General’s eyes widened.

“GAS MASKS ON, RIGHT NOW, ON THE DOUBLE!” shouted the General and his men obeyed, but Grindelwald dropped the vial to the ground, smashing it down to the ground. The vapors once again went through the air, moving towards the troops. Their gas masks were not enough to hold back the virus, as it began to eat through the gas masks, before they inhaled the virus. Screaming, pain shot through the lungs as they slowly combusted and they dropped to the ground. They felt their skin rotting, as the world began to spin around them. Their deaths could not come soon enough to dull the agonizing pain.

Grindelwald stood over the rotted corpses of the army, with a smug expression as he reflected on his success. He had developed most of that potion before his masterminded defeat at the hands of Dumbledore and throughout the years, with many test subjects, his outside contacts at the Department of Mysteries perfected the project to the quality that he was able to use right now. Soon once his plan was completed, every Muggle would fall, leaving a perfect, utopian world where everyone had the ability to use magic.

A pair of Grindelwald’s followers walked down a set of stairs, towards a reservoir of water, carrying several vials of their master’s weapon against the Muggles. The Grand Warlock had ordered them to dump the potion into the water and it would be carried to each and every Muggle in London. Once they even turned on one tap, they would die from the fumes. It was a cunning plan.

A loud crash had caused the two wizards to stop in their tracks and put the vials down, as they looked around.

“Better go check it out,” said one of the wizards to his partner. “I’ll dump the stuff, you check it out.”

The second wizard nodded, before he moved off. Unfortunately, the first wizard was caught off guard with a stunning spell to the side. The wizard was knocked over the ledge, where he fell right into the water with a splash. Quickly, Harry moved over, seeing the vials on the ground. Picking them up, Harry stowed them into the pocket of his robe, before he closed his eyes, using his disguise potion, shifting into the form of the wizard that he knocked into the water, just as the second wizard came around the corner.

“Well?” asked the other wizard, surveying him calmly.

“Must have been just a rat or something. I dumped the stuff but I’ll stick around for a few minutes to make sure no one is lurking around that should not, I’ll meet up with you later,” said Harry and the wizard nodded, before he disappeared. Harry did the same, now he had a sample of Grindelwald’s potion, he could go back and take a look at exactly what this was and perhaps develop a counter agent for it.

Back at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place several hours later, Sirius, Remus, Hermione, Lotus, Luna, and Harry were sitting around the table.

“So Tonks said she’ll be discreet and try to get as many people together at once, but don’t count on more than a couple dozen Aurors,” reported Luna, as Hermione looked over the potion with confusion, trying to figure out exactly what it was, trying to get it working.

“Good, so we just need to fight smart with the numbers we have, make our shots count,” said Harry, as he was going over a plan in his head that seemed a bit of a long shot, but sometimes risks were necessary for success. Leaning over, he saw Hermione with a frown on her face. “So, any headway on what exactly Grindelwald did to that potion?”

“Well this alleged virus is water and red food coloring, and yes I’ve checked all of them, it’s the same all around,” said Hermione with a

sigh and Harry sat up straight with a start. "You do know what this means, don't you?"

"Grindelwald tricked us to divert our attention from the real target and left a dummy batch of virus," said Lotus in understanding. "He knew Harry would figure out the logical move would be to poison the water, I can see what he's done now."

"Yes, he did, but what's his target now?" asked Harry, to both himself and others around him. "I mean there has to be some other way he plans on dispersing the virus other than through the water."

"Fanatics often leave a clue through their rantings, even though it may be inadvertent," said Luna wisely. "Just think of something he said and we might have a clue on how he is going to distribute his virus."

"All he was going on about was something about Muggles being exterminated by the next sunset," said Sirius in confusion. "I don't know exactly how there could be a clue in that, it just seems like a bit of incoherent babbling to me."

"Well, it has to have some sort of taunting double meaning," said Remus lightly and Harry just seemed to be processing something in his brain.

"What's the date today?" asked Harry quickly.

"The nineteenth," responded Luna promptly and Harry looked rather alarmed suddenly, before he summoned a Muggle paper from the distance and flipped through it before he placed it on the table in front of them. The group leaned forward looking at the paper.

"Mind telling me why I'm reading about a Muggle rocket being launched?" asked Sirius with a befuddled expression on his face.

"It's because it was a project by the government funded by Boss Barone," explained Harry. "It was powered by an experimental rocket fuel that could propel it around the world in a matter of second and that's only on one tank. There are two fuel tanks, for a back up line of

fuel in case the first one fails, but the first test is only on one tank just to see how it functions as such.”

“And if someone put something else in that second tank, it would leave a vapor trail around the world,” said Hermione catching on. “That’s how he’s going to distribute the virus, wiping out every Muggle in a matter of seconds, these attacks so far have just been a final test run to ensure the virus works as planned but, didn’t you say that clearance was only restricted to a few people.”

“Yes, the Muggle Prime Minister, me, and the scientists who worked on the project,” said Harry. “But don’t think a little thing like not having proper clearance will stop Grindelwald. I have plenty of security measures to take care of any intruders, but nothing is absolute.”

Harry put his hand on his chin, contemplating his next move before he prepared to make his next move.

“I or rather Boss Barone should make his next move,” remarked Harry firmly. “All of you stand by, I don’t want all us to jump onto something on the chance I was wrong and if you hear something that I should know, contact me immediately.”

Quickly, Harry rose to his feet, before he made his way to the government testing facility to make sure everything was secure.

The wizard who was posing as the Muggle Prime Minister was at the government facility, with a calm expression on his face. If his master’s theory was correct, he should be getting a visitor rather soon. Looking up, he saw an aged figure, leaning on a walking stick as he looked forward.

“Prime Minister I’m rather surprised to see you here at this time,” said Barone roughly, looking him over carefully. “What are you doing here anyway?”

“About the same thing you are I suspect, Mr. Barone, just making sure everything is ready before the big launch, it is an important project that will put our country on the map,” said the Prime Minister in a jovial tone of voice, a bit too cheery from what Harry remembered.

“With all this insanity as of late, it is nice to focus on something else, but everything is being done to resolve to situation.”

“Yes, I’m sure,” said Barone swiftly, there appeared to be something off by the Prime Minister and craftily behind the back, he sent a quick message to the others with his wand to please stand by and await further instructions.

The faux Prime Minister stepped forward and opened the door, allowing Barone to step forward. Once Barone was outside, he removed a small disc from underneath his sleeve, sending a message to Grindelwald that Barone had arrived. Discreetly, he moved forward, following Barone into the room, as a couple of Muggles looked over some equipment.

“Everything appears to alright, so I suspect you are a very busy man, so if anything comes up, I think I can take it from here,” stated the faux Prime Minister and Barone turned him slowly.

“Everything’s alright except you, Prime Minister,” said Barone, saying the last two words sarcastically before a loud bang echoed throughout the area, a net wrapping around the faux Prime Minister and causing him to drop down to the ground. Barone magically hoisted up the net and threw it into the wall. “I’m going to ask this one time, where is the real Prime Minister?”

“Kissed, transfigured into a mop and put in a broom closet in the Ministry of Magic,” said the faux Minister wincing, but his expression brightened up slightly. “However that is the least of your worries.”

“Oh is that so?” challenged Barone as he looked at the faux Minister of Magic but then several footsteps echoed right behind him. Quickly, he spun himself around, putting his back to the wall, to see a group of cloaked figures step forward, lead by Grindelwald, who had a calm, collected look on his face.

“Do remove your mask Harry, we’re all friends here,” said Grindelwald calmly and Barone stood there, before he closed his eyes, his features contorting back into Harry Potter. “That’s much better, now I offered you the opportunity to join me and once again, I extend that opportunity again. My methods might seem to be rather

unique, but in time, you will understand it is for the best if all Muggles are scrubbed out.”

“Grindelwald I have made my decision and you can’t think that destroying Muggles would be good for the future of the world, after a while, the inbreeding will cause us to all die out,” said Harry and Grindelwald stood, amused at Harry’s concerns.

“You do forget that I now have access to Lord Voldemort’s cloning work and have had my agents in the Department of Mysteries perfecting it ever since we recovered your clone, the thing that I can use to clear your name should you chose to join me,” responded Grindelwald. “Lotus was our first creation, but there will be others. The Department of Mysteries have collected Muggle genetic materials for years, it is just a matter of implementing them to integrate enough fresh blood so we do not die out and in addition, we have the ability to have them perform magic, in fact right at hand.”

Grindelwald held up the amulet, the same thing that was stolen from the mysterious traveler by the Grand Warlock, that had granted the first magical people their powers.

“Yes, Harry, believe me, I have seen every possible angle and have planned for it, I do intend for everything to go right,” said Grindelwald calmly. “So, what do you say, about joining me?”

Grindelwald awaited and Harry stood there, hand on his wand.

“I’ll have to pass on your offer Grindelwald, I’ve spent half of my life in the original timeline under the heel of one manipulator to be forced under the heel of another,” said Harry firmly and Grindelwald’s eye twitched, as if being compared to Dumbledore had mortally offended him.

“Then you leave me...” stated Grindelwald but Harry snapped his fingers, as a group of individuals stepped into the picture. Sirius, Remus, Luna, Lotus, Hermione, and a couple dozen Ministry Aurors. “I had hoped you would join me, but this was the most probable outcome. My children, show these people our power.”

Grindelwald's followers shot spells right at the group, but they swerved around, just as Harry had planned, blocking the spells. It was a few seconds, before Harry had blasted one of the attackers towards the wall. However a swirling vortex appeared behind him right before he hit the wall, causing him to go to. The attacker came out on the ceiling and Harry used his wand to block another attack. Lotus shot thick metal ropes from her wand, flying right towards the attackers but the ropes quickly were propelled back towards her, snaking around her. Quickly, Harry pushed his attacker free and freed Lotus.

Sirius fought two of the followers, who seemed to have disappeared right before his eyes. Grindelwald fired a spell that caused Sirius to collapse, struggling as his lungs appeared to have collapsed for a moment. This allowed two of Grindelwald's minions to aim towards Sirius, shooting blue spirals of magical energy to wrap around Sirius's arms and legs. Sirius attempted to pull free, but screamed in agony when the magic cut into his wrists and ankles.

"Take them all out now!" yelled Grindelwald as Luna toppled one of the followers but quickly, all of the followers had touched the badges on their robes. Shadows swirled out of the badges, wrapping around his men, causing them to blend into their surroundings. The Aurors looked confused, as spells popped right out of thin air, striking them down, as Grindelwald snuck down the hallway.

"Listen for any signs of movement, I'm going after Grindelwald," hissed Harry as he shot down the hallway, wand drawn as he moved after Grindelwald, blocking a number of attacks, including a slicing curse aimed directly at his throat. The sound of breaking bones caused by the spells he sent back indicating that something had connected but Harry still had to fight his way toward Grindelwald, who was no doubt about to sabotage the rocket as he spoke. Harry deflected a white hot fireball right back at the attacker, causing a scream of pain. By following the screams, Harry was able to take out the attacker, but even more attacks came.

"Show yourself!" yelled Lotus in a frustrated voice as she just barely blocked both a stunning spell and a bone shattering curse aimed

towards her ribs. A vertigo curse also was narrowly avoided, as it seemed like attacks could come from any direction.

“Not going to work that way, I don’t think,” said Sirius wincing, as he had finally broke free of the attacks, his wrists and ankles were throbbing in pain, but still he had to help. Tonks and a pair of Aurors had rejoined the fight, but it was difficult to get a fix on anything. It was simply them constantly throwing spells at individuals that just simply were not there.

Hermione stopped as Harry continued to struggle forward. She managed to throw a few spells towards where she had last seen attacks to give Harry some coverage. The sonic vibration spell that Harry had taught them might not work, as by eliminating their ability to hear their opponents, it would severely handicap them. Quickly, Harry gave her a sign of thanks, before he concentrated, putting a powerful shield charm on him. It was difficult to keep a shield charm in place when one was moving, but Harry had little choice. Time was running out. He saw everyone just barely keep up the fight, once he had taken care of Grindelwald, he would return to lend them a hand.

Moving down the hallway, he saw Grindelwald at the end, with a galleon jug containing the same crimson color potion that he used to wipe out the Muggle village.

“One hundred million kills to the galleon Harry, if I’m not mistaken,” commented Grindelwald as Harry stood right there, wand drawn, ready for action. He sent a sonic vibration curse but Grindelwald casually deflected it back at him, almost as simply as breathing. Moving around, Harry flicked his wrist, an organ explosion curse aimed to Grindelwald’s heart. Once again, the dark wizard blocked it. Harry sent a net at Grindelwald, Grindelwald sliced it into bits. “Impressive spell work Harry, but futile, very futile, anything you can do, I can do better. And besides, I know exactly how you fight, I’ve studied the mind of your clone extensively, knowing what spells you are would employ, that you are capable of performing. “

“We’ll see, Grindelwald,” said Harry, as he assumed a battle stance and began to attack Grindelwald, trying to fire spells faster than Grindelwald’s mind could figure out his attacks.

“Stunning spell, full body bind, bone breaking curse to the ribs, organ explosion curse to the lungs, disorientation curse, inflammatory bowels jinx,” stated Grindelwald, calling each and every one of Harry’s attacks just as he fired each and every one of them. “Razor wire net, skull crushing curse, conjured spike to the heart, shackles, fire curse, freezing curse, another fired curse, stunning spell, vomiting hex, fake out from a stunning spell into a disarming spell.”

Harry stopped, as Grindelwald stood, as calm as you pleased, zero of Harry’s spells having connected.

“Conjunctivitis curse, ear ringing curse, brain freeze hex, vertigo spell, babbling hex, organ explosion curse to the heart, another organ explosion curse to the small intestine, bone shattering curse to the spine, spikes,” stated Grindelwald before he blocked each and every curse, before he blasted Harry right off of his feet. Harry landed. “Fun time had by all, but really, I have to leave you to your doom.”

Grindelwald pointed towards a stack of boxes and rags over to the side.

“A pile of rubbish?” challenged Harry but Grindelwald raised the amulet, pointing it towards the boxes and rags. They began to glow, before they slowly turned into what could only be described as the Blast Ended Skrewt from Hell. It was almost thirty feet high and twelve feet long.

“I will allow you to get acquainted,” said Grindelwald as he moved off, as the beast rose up, sending a burst of fire towards Harry. Harry instinctively put up an ice shield, that Grindelwald’s creation burnt through in a matter of seconds. Quickly dodging around, the monster aimed its tail right at Harry, before it shot acid right towards him. Harry dodged the attack, before he quickly threw a slicing curse towards the beast. The spell just bounced off of the beast, proving to be useless.

The beast moved towards Harry, circling around, attempting to sting Harry but Harry avoided it. The stinger implanted into the ground, burning a hole right into it. Thinking hard, Harry moved around.

“Okay, if you were anything like a real Blast Ended Skrewt, I need to go for the underside,” said Harry as a large wall of fire shot towards him, just causing Harry to avoid the attack, as his time was running out. “Easier said than done, of course.”

The creature moved around, as Harry took steps to trick it into exposing its underside towards him. It lifted up its stinger once again, but Harry quickly conjured a large stone barrier in front of him. The acid in the stinger had completely burned through, but Harry sent a slicing hex right towards the exposed underside. The beast gave what Harry assumed was an inhumane shriek but it was hard to tell. It turned and shot even more fire at Harry. It was injured but not enough to stop attacking Harry. More fire and another stream of acid, which Harry just narrowly avoided it by just simply being lucky enough to dodge it in time.

Moving around, Harry tried to think of an alternative way, levitating a piece of pipe, before dropping it right in front of his beastly opponent. The monster fired it with a jet of acid in seconds and quickly, Harry spotted his exit, the electrical circuit box behind him.

“Hey, is that the best you can give me?” taunted Harry as the beast moved to the side right in front of the electrical circuit box. “Hey you sad attempt of a magical creature, but you can’t sting me from there.”

The monster gave a growl and raised its tail, before it jabbed its stinger right towards Harry. Quickly, Harry put a shield on himself and threw himself to the ground. The beast implanted its tail right into the circuit box, causing a surge of electricity to flow right towards it. It was enough to destroy the beast, returning it to its original form, a few charred rags and some burnt cardboard. Harry did not stick around long enough, time was of the essence.

Grindelwald had opened the fuel tank and was about to pour in his weapon against the Muggles but in an instant, he felt the galleon jerked out of his hand. Caught off guard for the briefest of instances, he saw Harry Potter standing there with his precious potion in one hand and a wand in the other hand. Grindelwald got a good look at Potter’s wand the first time and his eyes widened, it was the Elder Wand.

“Bravo Potter, you’ve managed to defeat my creation but you forget one thing, I have the ultimate weapon in my hand,” said Grindelwald as he aimed the amulet towards the jug and seconds later, it disappeared from Harry’s hand and reappeared right in Grindelwald’s hand, with a smirk on his face, as Harry moved forward and raised his wand to attack. “Now, Harry, don’t attack, not until you have a look at this.”

Grindelwald snapped his fingers and he saw Lotus, Hermione, Luna, Sirius, and Remus all dragged toward by shackles by some invisible force. Harry felt petrified, they had fallen to Grindelwald’s forces.

“The Aurors have been taken back to the Ministry and will be offered the opportunity to reconsider their stance against me,” informed Grindelwald in a bored voice as Harry stood there. “Attack me and they are the one’s that pay.”

“You coward!” yelled Lotus as she attempted to fight forward, but shackles had restricted both her movement and the ability to use magic. The others had made similar discoveries within a matter of seconds.

“Yes, I may be a coward my dear, but I will be a victorious coward,” responded Grindelwald blandly, as his followers held them back, as Harry stood there, trying to quickly think of a plan before Grindelwald could attack him. “Yes, Harry, rack your brain frantically for the answer to the impossible battle, but it’s not going to help, I have defeated you.”

At an instance, thick cords shot out from thin air. Harry was prepared for them this time. Quickly he sliced the cords. Another attempt of attack Harry blocked, but several had shot up from the front, the back, to the sides, and above simultaneously. Even Harry did not have the ability to block an assault from that many sides. Snaking around Harry, he was forced to his knees by the assault, dropping the wand. Quickly, Grindelwald moved over and took the wand.

“At last, the Elder Wand is mine once again!” crowed Grindelwald triumphantly, as he caressed the wand lovingly, that Dumbledore had stolen from him many years ago. “With it and the amulet, I am invincible, no one can touch me.”

Raising the amulet, Grindelwald aimed it towards Harry. The ropes constricted, forming a cocoon around him. Harry squirmed and struggled but he was unable to free himself. Quickly, Grindelwald levitated Harry up, before sticking him to the edge of the rocket.

“Just think, you’ll be able to witness history as it happens, that is of course that you don’t get vaporized in the process,” said Grindelwald calmly, as he moved over, before he proceeded to fill the fuel tank as Harry struggled but once again he was in too tight quarters. With every movement, it felt like his ribs were about to crush “Don’t even bother to say that I won’t get away with this, because I already have.”

Harry hung his head, Grindelwald had won and if by some miracle that he survived the initial launch of the rocket, he would force to watch Grindelwald killing the Muggles.

“Bon Voyage Harry,” said Grindelwald with a bow, before he turned to a pair of scientists who were held in place and were released slightly and they moved over towards the controls where Grindelwald gave them a nod, that no down signaled Harry’s death sentence. “Launch it.”

Chapter Twelve: Battle for Wizarding Britain Part Two:

Harry struggled against his bounds, trying to dislodge an item from his sleeve. Grindelwald stood triumphantly, as the others struggled against the shackles.

“Struggle all you might, you cannot escape, it is hopeless,” remarked Grindelwald as he watched Harry, before he turned to the others. “The same for you as well, you might as well just submit to the Grand Warlock.”

Lotus stomped around on the ground, attempting to hit the foot of one of captives, but it was fruitless. She glared at Grindelwald, it was quite unfortunate that looks could not kill. The others had attempted to struggle, but it was hopeless and Harry looked about ready to be killed.

A second later, Harry pushed a miniature remote control device out of the sleeve of his robes. He had to go with this blindly, he hoped that what Hermione had tried to explain to him had properly sunk in enough for him to do this. Quickly, Harry pressed what he hoped was the right button. It would either override the computers or blow up the building, either way it would sink Grindelwald's plans.

“What are you waiting for, launch it!” ordered Grindelwald roughly before he looked up towards Harry. “What did you do?”

“I believe I took control of the launch computers,” replied Harry. “Now it obeys only my remote control and...by the way, if try to summon the remote control device by magic, including your little amulet, it will blow everything sky high.”

“He's bluffing us, he can't be serious!” yelled one of Grindelwald's followers.

“You fool, Potter never has bluffed in his life, I can see it, he would do something like this,” replied Grindelwald with narrowed eyes.

“And let them go Grindelwald, or I activate the button that blows the building up, even shield charms won't block you from the blast, the

explosives are made from highly magical potions,” said Harry and Grindelwald motioned for them to follow.

“A small setback, for the ultimate victory, this is far from finished,” said Grindelwald, as a swirling vortex appeared in the wall, before Grindelwald’s followers became visible and they went through the vortex. The second it closed, the shackles vanished, allowing Sirius, Remus, Hermione, Luna, and Lotus to walk forward. Lotus and Luna quickly freed Harry, allowing him to drop down. They embraced him in relief, kissing him in turns, far too brief for Harry’s liking but he had work to do.

“First, we have to get rid of this horrid stuff,” muttered Harry as he opened the valve, before peering in the tanks. “Just as I thought, Grindelwald took it with him, well, we can at least eliminate his means of transporting the stuff.”

Harry turned to the others.

“Everyone get out now!” shouted Harry and the scientists had agreed, at the dangerous look in Harry’s eyes. The minute we clear the building, we’re going to blow this building up, nothing will be left.”

Quickly, Harry took a quick scanning charm to make sure that everyone was supposed to be there was out. If Grindelwald had left a couple of his minions behind, it would be just the better. After his scan, no one was left and the moment they had safely disappeared away, Harry pressed the button. The launch sight blew sky high, leaving nothing left but dust particles.

Back at the Ministry of Magic, Grindelwald had returned to his office. He had to give Potter credit, he had smartly had a plan to deal with this and by now, the rocket would not be a feasible option to transport his solution to eliminate the Muggles. It would have to be done manually, one city at a time, but he had all the time in the world. With the amulet and now the Elder Wand, he was immortal, unstoppable.

He looked around at the Ministry of Magic, a scowl appearing on his face. If he were to be the leader of the Wizarding World, he would need something a bit more than this common, degrading,

deteriorating building. Raising the amulet, he would fix that. Light blasted from the amulet, circling around the Ministry of Magic, turning the building into a real palace, the bricks made of solid gold, the windows made of diamonds, the doorknobs made of silver. The Ministry of Magic rose slightly above the ground, so Grindelwald could look down at them all. His followers were in the Wizengamot, with the stone statues of the former, inefficient government.

Back at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, Harry sat down, with a sigh, with Lotus and Luna sitting on either side. The Aurors had been a good idea, but Grindelwald had them captured, held against their will by the Grand Warlock.

“Okay, Harry, I have the goggles you requested, why on earth to do need them?” asked Hermione, as she dropped down six pairs of goggles right in front of Harry.

“And the Instant Darkness Powder?” prodded Harry and Hermione nodded quickly in confirmation. “Good, next time we fight them and they pull that disappearing trick, we need to even the odds, and in fact, swing it through our favor.”

Harry put the goggles on one by one, looking them over, going over the calculations in his mind once again. Quickly, Harry began to charm the goggles.

“Leave this room, and use the Invisibility Cloak to hide yourself, before coming back, please,” stated Harry. “It’s in the trunk right next to my bed.”

Hermione nodded, before she left, and Harry continued to charm the goggles, making a few adjustments to the normal charm work.

“What are you hoping to do anyway?” asked Luna.

“Well, despite everything, an invisible body is still a warm body and I hope to charm these goggles so it could lock onto the body heat of Grindelwald’s followers if they do that shadow trick again,” explained Harry as he continued to work on the goggles. “I just hope this works.”

"It's got to work," said Lotus firmly. "We need to stop him before he wipes out countless innocents."

"The amulet, I don't think we can stop him unless we can get it away from him," replied Luna.

"I'm working on it, believe me," said Harry calmly, as he continued to work on the goggles. "He also has that wand, which makes him even more dangerous. Still, I feel that in the end, artifacts aren't nothing, it's the person that wields him. It is however frustrating that the person who wields those artifacts is powerful in his own right."

"You'll think of something Harry, you've done it before," encouraged Luna with a smile and Lotus nodded as well, as Harry hoped to this plan would work.

"Right just another minor charm here, and a bit of tweaking her, a small adjustment really, and right, I think I have the right combination of charms," said Harry triumphantly as he raised the goggles before he placed them over his eyes. He looked and he saw Hermione, illuminated in a bright red light, before he pointed. "And there's Hermione right there!"

Hermione removed the cloak, letting it drop to the ground, as she looked at Harry, who decided to elaborate on his discovery.

"These goggles are now charmed to lock onto the body heat of any individual, no matter what disguise they use, it is a bit different than what I would normally do," replied Harry and the three girls looked towards Harry, waiting for explanations. "Grindelwald had studied the clone's mind extensively, he has a good idea how I fight, now I need to do things that he would not think to expect from me, that I would normally never do."

"Will it work, though?" asked Hermione skeptically.

"We'll find out soon enough," replied Harry with a small shrug of his shoulders, as he charmed the other five pairs of goggles exactly the same as the one's he charmed. It would have to work, he needed to

get into the Ministry, fight Grindelwald on his own turf, and somehow, negate the power of the amulet. Doing so would not be an easy battle, but since when had life ever been easy for Harry.

"The Instant Darkness Powder, I assume it will cause them to be unable to see us," remarked Luna.

"That makes perfect sense of course, they pulled that disappearing trick and it was hard for us to fight, now if they can't see us, we can take out Grindelwald's followers," replied Lotus. "And Harry and I will deal with Grindelwald, we are the only two who might have a chance to beat him."

Harry very nearly opened his mouth to protest but shook his head. Lotus could be a help to him, fighting Grindelwald one on one had ended very badly for Harry last time. Perhaps the two of them together could accomplish what Harry himself could fail. The minor victory that Harry had achieved by stalling Grindelwald's plans might put the Grand Warlock at a disadvantage as well. Sirius and Remus had stepped into the room, with frustrated looks on their face. Harry's eyes snapped up to address them.

"Harry, I just took a look at the Ministry in disguise, Grindelwald's changed it a lot, it's an impressive looking fortress and it's suspended in the sky," said Sirius, as if he was trying to rationalize this fact in his own mind by saying it.

"Grindelwald's been playing with his toy again," stated Harry as he looked at the Ministry. "We need to move quickly, he's got the entire Ministry in his grasp and it's sealed off for the rest of the world. We have to get in there and since it's now in the sky, there is only one way to get up there now."

"Also Harry, not to put any more pressure, but three more villages have been wiped out by Grindelwald's plague," stated Remus. "Reading between the lines, his eventual target is Muggle London. That's where I think he's going next."

"That's where you, Sirius, and Hermione will be going now, Luna, Lotus, and I will take the Ministry, if he wipes out London, it will be a

catastrophe, it could be a trick, but that might be what Grindelwald thinks I may think,” replied Harry, in an attempt to outsmart Grindelwald’s outsmarting of him, before he handed the goggles to each of them. “Take these, they will lock on any concealed individuals and blast them on sight, don’t let them stay.”

Sirius, Remus, and Hermione nodded, before they all apparated to London to deal with this threat. Harry passed off the goggles to his two girlfriends, before he grabbed the drawstring bag of Instant Darkness Powder, pocketing it.

“Right outside the Ministry, I can tell Grindelwald might have altered the properties of the wards,” replied Harry, as they all grabbed hands, so they would touch down at the exact same moment. Closing their eyes, Lotus, Harry, and Luna disappeared with a pop, ready to fight the second they touched down right outside of the Ministry of Magic.

Grindelwald sat back, in a regal looking chair, marking a series of key locations on a map of the world where he would release his plague on the map of the world. A minor setback would not deter the great wizard, his vision of all Muggles being wiped out would be realized within the next day or two. With another look, releasing the plague would spread evenly from those locations, spreading them throughout the world. It would take a bit more time to set up than the rocket, but Grindelwald had patience. He spent many years in his self imposed prison.

A blinking light had appeared, the monitoring charms had been triggered. Moving over, Grindelwald tapped the elder wand on the desk, revealing a three dimensional holographic image from in front and below the Ministry. He spotted the figures of Luna, Lotus, and Harry. A smirk appeared on the wizard’s face.

“I was wondering when the three of you would be making an appearance,” stated Grindelwald calmly, as he turned to the window. There were no guards outside, he needed to coordinate all of his resources for the plan. They were not needed, Grindelwald looked at the amulet and pointed it towards the window, pointing towards some small bushes deep below the ground, ready to form a suitable welcoming committee for the trio.

Lotus, Luna, and Harry stepped outside. They all were thinking the same thing, even though none of the three voiced it. This was a bit too easy, they expected some form of resistance and seconds later, they saw a small row of bushes illuminated in a multi colored light.

“BACK!” shouted Harry loudly, as he prepared to fight and each of the bushes morphed into an even larger beast than what he fought before. He watched, the beasts raised their razor sharp claws, swinging their tail, that had a deadly looking stinger, that dripped acid onto the grass. They also had thick armor. Harry would not be surprised if he would have hit them with a nuclear bomb and did not even scratch the surface. There were seven of them in all and Harry lucked his way into defeating one. “Try and get around them, trick them into attacking each other!”

Lotus and Luna nodded, moving around, conjuring stone shields which blocked out most of the acid. They had to keep moving, to prevent being hit from the attacks. Harry sent several gusts of hot wind, to try to direct the attacks of the beasts right towards him. Not only did they have to fight them, but there were a few populated Muggle villages within walking distances. There was no doubt in Harry’s mind that if one of them got free, it would do Grindelwald’s work for him.

“Evasive maneuvers, now!” shouted Harry as Lotus flicker her wrists, causing thick, metal cables to wrap around one of the monsters. Harry marveled at her spell, it would be strong enough to hold a full grown mountain troll, but he did not have too long to be satisfied as the monster chewed through the cables like it was taffy, before pointing its tail right towards it.

“Slicing charms, maybe if we hit it all at once, we can remove one of it’s weapons!” suggested Lotus and Harry and Luna both nodded, avoiding the fire attacks of two of the beasts, causing them to strike each other. The intensive heat caused a bit of minor discomfort. Turning their attention they quickly fired a slicing spell towards the tail. The spells connected, slicing the tail right off. The beast gave an inhumane shriek and began wildly throwing fire right at Harry, Lotus,

and Luna. Harry could feel the heat, freezing spells would only moderately stop the fire.

“How did you defeat it last time?” asked Luna desperate, as she blasted an ice cold jet of water forward, that did not even come close to dulling the beasts fire.

“Electricity, that’s how I did it, an electrical charge reverted it back to its normal form,” said Harry as he avoided the dangerous acid and in fact, repelled it back towards the beast.

“Won’t work here,” said Lotus desperately. “There’s too much magic in the air this close to the Ministry.”

“Then we need to lure it away from here,” said Luna sadly, it was not pleasant to think that so many Muggles would have to be put in grave peril but it was the only way.

“Come on you stupid creatures, hit me with your best shot!” shouted Lotus as she moved backwards. Several more jets of fire were set towards her, but they mounted their broomsticks, that they intended to use to get to the Ministry. The creatures growled, as the three taunted them from the air. They were only created to ruthlessly attack, not to think and their brains were inefficient enough for doing anything beyond that.

“Yeah, fire butt, take your best shot!” challenged Harry and Luna and Lotus just looked at him, but Harry just shrugged. “I’m looking to stop them, not come up with cool insults.”

“Look water!” shouted Luna suddenly.

“Yeah, and power lines right above that, well isn’t that lucky?” stated Lotus. “All we have to do is lure them in, slice the power lines, and seven of them are done. Then we can deal with Grindelwald.”

“Providing he doesn’t make more of these things, of course,” replied Luna darkly.

"I think after this time, he'll figure out that we know how to defeat them," said Harry in a confident voice, as he looked down the monsters were looking around, mindlessly, so Harry removed his shoe and threw it right at one of the monsters. "Hey, up here, I thought you things could have defeated us by now, I mean there are only three of us."

Several acid clouds burst up, but the three had flew slightly up to avoid the attacks.

"Can't catch us up here?" taunted Lotus, as Harry moved down.

"Get me down here if you can, in the water!" challenged Harry and the creatures took the bait, as Lotus and Luna appeared right by the power lines. "Down here, that's it, into the water."

The creatures stepped into the water and a second later, Harry burst into the air. Before their brains could process that they should maybe get out of the water, Lotus and Luna sliced an electrical power line. Two of them dropped into the waters and electricity burst through, frying the beasts. Only a few charred leaves remained, before the power had shorted itself out.

"To the Ministry before Grindelwald has a chance to send something even more dangerous our way!" shouted Harry, as he moved forward, with Lotus and Luna following. They were up in the air, the transformed fortress of Grindelwald that was once the Ministry of Magic stood in the air.

"Harry, see those windows, they're made of diamonds," replied Luna.

"Yeah, I see them and..." stated Harry, before trailing off. He had been picking up speed to crash right through to make a grand entrance, but it looked from his angle that he would break every bone in his body had he connected. Quickly, he put the breaks on, just jerking forward slightly. The two girls done the same as they stopped. "We're going to have to get in quickly."

"Just call this a shot in a dark, but..." stated Luna before raising her wand. "Alohomora."

The window swung open as Harry just shrugged, sometimes the solution to any problem was in fact the easiest. The three dropped in, wands raised ready to blast Grindelwald. The Minister's office had been transformed as well, but there was no Grand Warlock to be found.

"He's still here, he can't have moved," said Lotus with a frown and Harry nodded in agreement. The three moved forward, having their goggles and the Instant Darkness powder ready for when they encountered Grindelwald's minions. Moving down, Harry kept an ear out for anything suspicious. Looking down the hallway, he saw several figures. He prepared to fight. Luna's eyes widened, it took a lot to surprise her, but this did catch her off guard momentarily.

"Turned completely to stone," muttered Luna in shock as she looked at the stone figures.

"Bet you anything that they did not agree with his Muggle annihilating policies and so Grindelwald took care of them," said Lotus with a hate filled look in her emerald green eyes, Grindelwald was so close, she wanted to wrap her fingers around his throat. Quickly, Harry silenced them, before he saw a room off to the side. If he remembered rightly, this was a regular meeting room for the Aurors and also had resources such as portkeys that could transport them out to any location. The outside of the Ministry was changed much but the inside remained mostly the same, if Grindelwald wanted to send many people at once to administer his virus.

Pushing open the door, Harry saw Grindelwald walking forward, with several vials of the blood red potion. His followers stood, no longer obscured. Quickly, Harry leaned over, towards them.

"On my signal, blast the vials, try and hit the amulet as well, but I doubt that will work, we have only one shot to eliminate this, then we need to take him out quickly," muttered Harry quickly, and three seconds later, they burst through the door, before shouting "REDUCTO", forcing all of their magic. The vials burst open and before Grindelwald could seal them back together with the amulet, they vanished the contents from oblivion.

"Fifth years of hard work down the drain," said Grindelwald turning towards Lotus, Luna, and Harry, rage appearing in his eyes. "Carefully laid plans down the drain. You ruined everything, Potter."

"It's what I do," replied Harry with a smug expression on his face, and this provoked Grindelwald.

"Take care of him, I'll activate the contingency plans!" yelled Grindelwald as shadows wrapped around his followers.

"NOW!" shouted Harry, putting the goggles on, as he threw the Instant Darkness Powder into the air, causing it to explode, filling the room. The concealed forms of the attackers were enveloped in red, with none of them being able to see Harry, Lotus, or Luna, but the trio able to see them, along with each other, the only difference was the shade of red was lighter due to the fact that they are not magically concealed.

"Get the lights back on!" shouted one of the attackers, but he was quickly knocked over. Another opponent disabled by a concussion curse, dropping him to the ground. A third opponent had thick cables wrapped around him. Once they contracted, they crushed his ribs, causing him to drop to the ground.

"They have to be around here some..." stated another wizard, but he never finished, as he felt a numbness coming through his spine, as his legs crumpled from underneath him, dropping him to the ground. Another pair of Grindelwald's followers were blasted right in the heart by an organ explosion curse. They gave a pained grunt, before they dropped to the ground.

"Come out of the dark and fight us straight out!" taunted a witch.

"No, that would be stupid," stated a female voice from the shadows and a collar was magically snapped around the witch's neck. The collar tightened, causing her to drop to the ground, neck crushed from the attack. More of Grindelwald's followers fell, from attacks both lethal and not. The darkness created by the powder managed to give way to light after a few moments. As effective as it was in creating

instant darkness, it was not a long term method for mounting a defense.

As the light returned, there were still about a quarter of Grindelwald's followers left down. They seemed to think a strategic retreat was in order and moved forward.

"Maintain the balance," chanted the followers in unison, and a swirling vortex appeared, as they moved forward, but Lotus, Harry, and Luna aimed towards the ceiling right in front of them. Seconds later, the ceiling was blown right in front of the opening, blocking it. Before they could create another one, several thick cables shot out, wrapping around them.

"You could move, you know, but I wouldn't recommend it," stated Luna, as they summoned the wands. "Small breaths too, unless you want to get crushed."

"And any attempts for magic, will tighten the ropes," remarked Harry. "Grindelwald's flown the coup."

"Figures that coward would let his men take the fall," said Lotus. "He said something about contingency plans."

"If he made more of that stuff, it would be in the Department of Mysteries, you two go around the stairs, I'll take the lift," said Harry and Lotus and Luna nodded, before they went their separate ways. With any hope, they would be able to surround Grindelwald.

Sure enough, Grindelwald was in the veil room, fixing another one of his projects right onto the frame of the Veil of Nightmares. Another collaboration to the adjustment and he finished his work. It would be a bit cruder than his sophisticatedly created magical plague, but under the circumstances Harry Potter had forced his hand.

Quickly Grindelwald spun around, knocking Harry off of his feet with a blast right to the chest with his wand. Harry attempted to get up, but Grindelwald raised the amulet. The wall around Harry rumbled before thick black tentacles burst from the wall, wrapping around Harry's arms and legs.

"I'd advise not trying anything stupid, Mr. Potter, one word, and you get pulled apart from several different directions," stated Grindelwald, looking at what he perceived to a helpless Harry Potter, but truthfully everything was going according to plan. "I suppose you want to know exactly what my backup plan is."

"Naturally, I'm always interested in the inner workings of the mind of the delusion, power-mad lunatic," said Harry.

"Mind your manners, Harry," said Grindelwald. "The ball, as the primitive Muggle expression goes, is in my court."

Grindelwald paused, eyes focused on Harry, before taking a deep breath.

"As you have no chance to stop me, it's very simple, I will create a magical vacuum using this veil, thanks to my modifications, all organic life with the slightest bit of magic will be anchored down and everything else will go right through the veil, to experience the horrors with in," said Grindelwald. "Unlike you, they will not survive the trip."

"Pardon my French, but that is the stupidest fucking idea I've ever heard!" yelled Harry but Grindelwald remained unblinking.

"Better to have stupid, successful, ideas, than brilliant, failing, ones, Harry," said Grindelwald, as he raised the amulet. "I'll deal with you personally, I want your defeat to be mine for the entire world to see, to prove once and for all that the Grand Warlock all in the Wizarding World."

"You know, Gellert, why don't you just use the Amulet to banish all Muggles from earth?" suggested Harry, unable to keep him from mocking Grindelwald's stupidity of not thinking of such an obvious idea.

"It just doesn't work that way, the amulet can change the properties of materials, make solid illusions that can indirectly danger the lives of others, great magical powers, but it can only change and give, it cannot take away," said Grindelwald with a sigh. "Even the most

powerful magical option has its flaws. My plague was engineered through years of hard work, something that complex could not be created by the amulet.”

“And now I know exactly why Dumbledore defeated you,” taunted Harry, hoping to fully distract Grindelwald so Lotus and Luna could get the jump on him.

“Dumbledore did not defeat me, you foolish wizard, I masterminded my own defeat!” snapped Grindelwald, his cool demeanor fading slightly. Harry knew that any hint that Dumbledore was better than Grindelwald was an obvious sore spot.

“Could have fooled me, considering through all of your convoluted, grand conspiracies, you overlook one thing that you can do with that amulet,” said Harry.

“Explain, before I have you ripped to pieces,” said Grindelwald but Harry just laughed.

“If you have me ripped to pieces, then you’ll never know, because you are too slow to figure it out,” replied Harry. “Geez, Grindelwald, did you attend the remedial class when you went to school?”

“Tell me and I might grant you a quick death,” said Grindelwald.

“Well since you asked in a nice, clichéd way,” responded Harry with a roll of his eyes, as he saw Luna and Lotus from the ledge above, getting into position. “The amulet, use it to give you enough magical power to do anything you please, without worrying about the limitations of the amulet.”

Grindelwald looked at the amulet thoughtfully, his eyes shut, before they snapped them open, looking at Harry.

“Nice try, Potter, but this is obviously a ruse on your part for me to do something stupid with the amulet,” stated Grindelwald.

“Right of course, I can’t fool a magical genius like yourself...LOTUS, LUNA NOW!” shouted Harry suddenly and a pair of bangs echoed

behind Grindelwald. Grindelwald was caught momentarily off guard, as each arm was bound, razor wire digging into it. Pulling out the pimp cane, before the magically concealed blade in it to hack his way to freedom.

“Off of me you two,” gasped Grindelwald, using the amulet to send shockwaves through the wire, knocking Lotus and Luna back. Before he could turn towards them, Harry threw the pimp cane right at his right hand. The object connected with the right hand, knocking the amulet out of Grindelwald’s hand, right off to the side. Harry made a made dash to the amulet, but Grindelwald flicked his wand. Harry felt his legs tangled up and he just barely avoided smashing into the wall.

Lotus rushed forward, slamming a blunt magical attack right towards Grindelwald, but Grindelwald put a shield up to block it. Quickly, Luna went for the amulet, but Grindelwald jabbed his hand backwards, sending her right into the wall.

“I’ve been looking forward to this for ages,” said Lotus as she sent a blast of orange light towards Grindelwald but Grindelwald levitated a stone block in front of him. The block was blown to dust and Grindelwald moved forward, jabbing the wand towards the ground. The ground below Lotus vibrated, knocking her to her back.

“Remember, Lotus, I brought you into this world, I can take you out of it, you silly little girl,” taunted Grindelwald and Lotus gritted her teeth, before she sent a flesh rotting curse at Grindelwald, which the dangerous dark wizard blocked. Harry had managed to untangle his legs, but a wall of fire erupted in front of the amulet, shielding it from attack.

“Accio amulet!” shouted Harry desperately but the amulet did not budge an inch. Luna pulled herself up, it appeared she had shielded the majority of hit into the wall.

“I’m okay,” said Luna with a breath as Grindelwald had raised his wand, a magically simulated spike right towards Lotus, but Harry threw himself in the way, getting the spike right into his shoulder. He felt his wand arm shatter instantly, but since he had no wand, it did not matter. Harry dropped down to the ground, wincing.

"I'll send you through that veil in a coma, Potter," said Grindelwald as he raised the Elder Wand. "This wand is unbeatable, you foolish children and I'm its rightful master."

"No wand is unbeatable," replied Harry firmly, as his arm hung limply by the side.

He saw Luna make another dash to the amulet but Grindelwald spun his arm. A net burst out of the ground, wrapping around Luna and levitating her up into the air, spirals of magical energy appearing around it.

"Don't touch it, Luna, it will burn off your skin if you try and break out," rasped Harry through pain and Grindelwald jabbed the wand towards him. Harry was blasted backward, his hand ringing, but at least he was still conscious.

"It's time we say good bye, Harry Potter," stated Grindelwald but quickly he spun around, shooting a rope out of his wand, wrapping it around Lotus's throat. It levitated her up into the air, like a noose. Harry summoned all the magic possible, to slice the rope, before Lotus suffocated or her neck was snapped. A direct hit, and Lotus fell to the ground, just barely cushioning the fall, as she rolled around.

Harry rolled around, blurry vision, Grindelwald walked forward, before he scooped up the amulet in his hand. Flicking his wand, a throne appeared right behind Grindelwald, allowing him to sit down. The throne levitated high above the ground, as Grindelwald was at least twenty feet above them.

"Right below my feet, right where you belong, always and forever," said Grindelwald as he looked down at his defeated enemies. "Let the history books be written that in the end that I, the great Gellert Grindelwald, was the one who personally brought down Harry Potter and destroyed the Muggles along with him."

Grindelwald looked down, at the three, out of their reach, thanks to the great height and the golden dome that appeared around them.

“Any final words, before I send you three through the veil,” said Grindelwald. “What’s the matter Harry, no snappy comebacks, no quick wit? Come on Boss Barone, mock me now.”

“I have only two more words for you, Grindelwald,” said Harry, through the pain of his injured shoulder, knowing the one thing that Grindelwald would never expect him to do. “AVADA KEDAVRA!”

Grindelwald’s eyes widened, the one spell that he had known Harry would never use, had escaped from his lips. His surprise had caused the concentration to break and while the green light did not kill him, it did cause his throne to get blasted from levitation and the Elder Wand went in one direction, before the amulet went into the other direction. He quickly dove, catching the Elder Wand but much to his horror, Harry had the amulet in his hands.

“I don’t think your little toy will work without batteries included,” taunted Harry as he opened up the amulet, before he removed the hairs and threw them to the ground. Grindelwald raised his wand, but he felt himself age rapidly. His skin was becoming much more wrinkled, his hair was falling out, losing his teeth, his bones became brittle.

“I’ll get you for this Potter, if it is the last thing I do,” rasped Grindelwald, as he was too old and weak to hold up a wand, the strain of aging rapidly had made him older than he was before he got a hold of the amulet.

“At your age Grindelwald, your next breath might be the last thing you ever do,” retorted Harry, as he looked at the old man before him, a contrast to the young wizard in the prime of his life, skilled, ruthless, as Harry held the amulet in his hand. “Now come on old man, let’s get you back to the home for pudding and Matlock.”

“Dare mock me, I’m Grindelwald, the greatest wizard that ever lived, the Grand Warlock, I’ll crush you!” cried Grindelwald as he wheezed, clutching his heart, before Harry held the amulet in his hand, before throwing it through the veil so no crazed lunatic would ever use such a powerful magical object ever again.

The minute the object passed through the veil, it began to glow and hum loudly, at random intervals, with random colored lights clashing behind it.

“Okay, what’s happening?” asked Lotus, as she looked at Harry and Grindelwald laughed madly, before he began hacking madly.

“You know, don’t you?” demanded Luna who had just dropped down, when Grindelwald’s hold over her prison having broken.

“Magical imbalance, when he threw it through the veil, he created a magical imbalance, the entire Ministry will be destroyed in a matter of minutes, starting with this chamber,” said Grindelwald as he laughed, before he dropped down, clutching his heart. The strain of his triumph had been too much on his old heart.

“His final fuck you, the old psychotic bastard won in the end, not the way he wanted, but still a moral twisted victory that will send him laughing into his afterlife,” muttered Harry as several lights burst from the chamber, causing the ceiling to shake. “Lotus, Luna, out of here, now, I should be able to use the Elder Wand to hold it up.”

Lotus and Luna exchanged looks towards Harry but his urgent look caused them to move. An alarm echoed throughout the Ministry of Magic, since he removed the hairs from the amulet, all of the Ministry members that had been turned to stone were reducing back. Whether those incompetent buffoons could escape, Harry did not know nor care. He watched Lotus and Luna go off, wondering if he would ever see them again. He saw Grindelwald’s lifeless body and his eyes looked up to the glass case containing the lifeless form of his clone, in the glass case, as the even Harry’s magic could not hold up the magical imbalance created by throwing the amulet through the veil.

About an hour later, a group of ragged witches and wizards, who had managed to escape the Ministry of Magic before it toppled down onto them had returned to the wreckage. They were at a loss to any of this could have happened, in fact their memories of the last couple of days were rather vague. They walked forward, no doubt several of their fellow witches and wizards had been buried deep in the rubble. It would take some time to clear up, even with magic.

“Hey, look at this, I’ve never been to this area of the Ministry!” stated an eager young witch, as she looked forward.

“That’s because it’s in the Department of Mysteries, hardly anyone goes down there, no one knows what they are up to, my, it does look a bit more caved in than the other places,” said an aged wizard, worried because his son had worked in the Ministry as well and he had been unaccounted for. There was hope that he had gotten out and just missed the evacuation location by a bit.

“Glass and looks be some tattered and black, I’ve never seen anything that powerful, I can feel the magic just standing back here” remarked an Auror with a frown. “Could that have been the reason for what happened?”

“Let’s dig through this area a bit and taken a look,” said a Wizengamot representative as they began to dig through the large hole, finding more pieces of glass and a few fragments of the mysterious black cloth, that appeared to be blasted apart by some cosmic force. Quickly, they saw a hand poking from the rubble. “Everyone, let’s hurry, someone might be down there.”

“They can’t still be alive, whoever it is,” muttered a voice, but it appeared they had to look for survivors in this mysterious chamber. Quickly after a bit more levitation, they managed to completely dig out the chamber. The bottom was a completely blackened floor and two crushed bodies. A pair of the Aurors lowered themselves down, making a ghastly discovery.

“Merlin’s beard it’s an old man and...HARRY POTTER!” shouted the Auror, seeing the distinctive lightning bolt scar. “And they’re dead!”

And we end on that note. Of course, it’s obvious what really happened. Coming up next, the final chapter, which may be the best or worst thing I’ve ever written. Including, because absolutely no one demanded it, a special alternative ending, before I take this universe out back and shoot it.

Chapter Thirteen: The Death of Harry Potter?

Several Ministry officials, other distinguished members of the Wizarding community, and more than a few members of the mafia world stood around a coffin, where the body of Harry Potter laid. An important looking man in black dress robes walked up to the magical microphone and looked forward, before he cleared his throat.

“Today, we come to honor a great wizard, a great man, and a true hero, Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived,” stated the Ministry official. “Most of us would break down living one day in his life, he had bravely fought the Dark Lord known as Voldemort, helped reveal the diabolic corruptions of Albus Dumbledore, and saved the Ministry of Magic from a terrible fate, under a corrupt leader. Garrett Winston and Rufus Scrimgeour were part of a grand conspiracy to bring Harry Potter down. Many of us in the Ministry were too scared to do anything, yet we knew, we knew that Harry Potter would save us, but we had to hate him, to protect our families from these diabolic forces of evil.”

Several of the Ministry leaders were sobbing in the crowd. In the crowd, Luna, Lotus, and Hermione all sat, balling up their fists, wanting to curse them.

“Yet, despite all the hatred, Harry Potter was a true trend setter, a hero he fought even with his back was against the wall, he was a true hero, an icon, he unraveled the corruptions to be pave way to a better future,” stated the Ministry official. “Despite the fact that he will not be alive to see these changes, we must move forward, to prove to the fact that nothing like Garrett Winston ever happens again. Winston, currently entombed in Azkaban, will be a reminder for all that we must shun foreign influences and move forward with the resources we have at our disposal. Sadly, one of these resources will not be Harry Potter. Today, under the spirit of the great Merlin, we honor the life and times of one Harry Potter and may he enjoy life on the other side of the veil.”

“And now, one of Harry’s oldest friends Hermione Granger wishes to say a few words,” said another Ministry official, as Hermione

marched up to the podium. Several were taken aback with the fire in her eyes, as she made her way up to the podium, slowly turning to the group.

“I apologize to Harry for making his funeral into a spectacle,” said Hermione, as she wiped a tear away from her face. “But the fact is, all of you Ministry officials are sitting here, saying you are honoring the life of Harry Potter. That’s rich, for reasons that you can’t even comprehend. The word honor, it means integrity, which is something that none of you from the Ministry of Magic have.”

The Ministry officials gasped, but Hermione was far from finished.

“You people are sitting here, talking about how you knew that Harry was a hero, making up some flimsy excuses about how you were forced to hate him, well, after all the sacrifices Harry made for you, **HOW DARE YOU MAKE EXCUSES!**” snapped Hermione loudly, causing a small burst of magical energy to shake the ground. “In your positions, Harry would have found a way to neutralize the threat and in fact he did. Harry went through hell and back over the last few days, while you sit at your desks and do nothing. To think that each and every one of you are our hopes in running the country, is fucking ludicrous! You make yourselves look better, by showing remorse, but in fact, the only reason you’re sad because Harry’s death means that you lost your scapegoats.”

“Thank you for that...” stated the Ministry official but Hermione shook her head. The Ministry officials moved forward and held their wands, but the mobsters pointed their guns. Despite the fact they had wands, the Ministry officials were afraid. Most of the bolder individuals that would have fought back had been slaughtered in the destruction of the Ministry of Magic.

“I’m not finished yet, hell I’m far from finished, so you jackals can just sit there and listen to what I have to say,” said Hermione. “To see all of you here, faking remorse, is spitting on Harry’s memory and all he’s done in his life. You two faced bastards would shove your own mothers down a flight of stairs, if it would have gotten you a promotion or better standing in the Ministry of Magic. As far as I’m

concerned, the Ministry of Magic would be better off sinking into the ground and bursting into flames, with all of you inside. In fact, this is I think of the Ministry of Magic and the entire Wizarding World in fact!"

Hermione held up her wand, moving it around for all to see before she snapped the wand for all to see and she angrily threw it to the ground. The Ministry gasped, normally having one's wand snapped was the ultimate insult, but Granger had done it as an act of anger directed towards the Ministry.

"Now Harry, sorry you had to see that and I hope in the next world, you're much happier," said Hermione, as she could barely hold back tears, as she walked off. "At least you won't have to deal with the Ministry of Magic ever again."

The mobsters, along with Luna, Lotus, Sirius, and Remus all bowed their heads as Hermione walked off the stage.

"And the Ministry officials should clear out right now, they don't deserve to be here, they don't show Harry no respect," said one of the mobsters with a grunt.

"What's going to make us?" asked one of the Ministry officials and he was promptly battered by a barrage of gunfire. Blood splattered everywhere as the Ministry official dropped to the ground, laying in a pool of his blood, shuddering.

"That will do," said the mobster as the Ministry officials promptly scattered from the nearest exit. "Now, Boss Barone, you were a hell of a man, rest in peace and I'm sure you'll takeover wherever the afterlife leads you."

The mobsters cheered as they raised their guns before they shot several rounds into the air, before they all concluded the funeral without the Ministry. Harry Potter, Boss Barone, the Boy-Who-Lived, whoever it was, was no more.

Back at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, Lotus was curled up in Luna's lap, as Hermione, Sirius, and Remus sat at the edge of the table, drinking Firewhiskey.

"I can't believe he's gone," muttered Lotus, as Luna massaged her neck, trying to comfort her, but it was really just to give her something to do to take her mind off of the fact that Harry was gone.

"I know, I know," said Luna in a saddened voice, as she would give anything for Harry to walk through that door. "It ended the way he might have wanted to, had he given it any thought. He saved the world from Grindelwald."

"I know, so valiant, but I didn't want it to end at all," said Lotus in between sobs.

"Still, we have to move on," offered Sirius after a few moments pause. "Harry might be gone, but we have to honor his memory by proving that life goes on."

"Yeah, that's what Harry would have wanted," commented Hermione.

"What is it I would have wanted, Hermione?" asked a voice, and everyone spun around, Lotus nearly fell to the ground in shock, as Harry stood in the door, with a smile on his face. The group looked at him, as if they could not believe what they were seeing. No one seemed to be able to speak. Harry stood there, with a smirk for another minute before he decided to break the silence "What, you all look like you've seen a ghost or something?"

"Harry!" yelled Luna and Lotus in an excited voice, as they launched themselves at Harry, taking turns kissing them madly. Sirius, Remus, and Hermione sat at the table, as Harry slowly moved over towards the chair, sitting down, with Luna and Lotus on either side, a head on each shoulder, as they looked relieved.

"Harry, we thought you were dead!" shouted Sirius in a surprised voice.

“Well, that was kind of the idea, I wanted everyone to think that, otherwise the emotion at the funeral would not have been genuine,” responded Harry. “Good job in ripping into the Ministry by the way Hermione, you summed up anything that I would say had I been able to.”

“Wait a minute, how did you know what I said?” asked Hermione.

“You were there underneath the cloak the entire time, weren’t you?” asked Remus.

“Yes, Remus, I was, five points to Gryffindor,” said Harry. “Now, I’m sure if you think about it, it’s obvious where I had found such a close body double. It had been something that I looked for, but I decided to take everything one step further than clear my name completely. I faked my death, that way the Ministry will never bother me again.”

“The clone, of course,” responded Luna in a knowing voice. “It was right there when the place was going around over our heads and it would have been easy to make the switch.”

“They did say there was broken glass there,” offered Lotus, before she looked at Harry, grinning. “Harry, you magnificent bastard, you faked your own death and fooled the entire Ministry.”

“It wasn’t that big of an accomplishment,” said Harry modestly. “I could have killed a hobo and put glamour charms on him and they would have bought it was me. Now, I’m sure you saw the Daily Prophet.”

“Yes, what about it?” asked Hermione.

“My obituary, I wrote it, it was my finest piece of work,” responded Harry. “Other than the final fuck off I left to the Ministry of Magic.”

“Wait a minute, what final fuck off you left to the Ministry of Magic?” asked Lotus in a confused voice. “What did you do, Harry?”

“Time will tell, it should be happening by now, those two faced bastards deserve it after they did to me, to us,” answered Harry before he sighed, as he looked at Luna and Lotus. “I’d love to make up for lost time with both of you, but I have to inform whatever’s left of my organization that I’m not dead. The last thing I need is a turf war over my empire. Then the real fun begins.”

“What do you have in mind?” asked Luna.

“Whatever it is, I’m sure we’ll have fun,” said Lotus.

“Well, I was thinking about buying a small country and kicking everyone out, so we can have it all to ourselves, you know, to get away from everything,” said Harry and Lotus and Luna just responded by hugging Harry. He found his position great, in between two beautiful girls.

“Great idea Harry,” said Lotus, as she kissed him.

“I just have a feeling this begins a new chapter of our lives and the adventure will continue,” added Luna, as she also kissed Harry. The three walked off, for some three way fun.

Harry Potter (1980-1999):

A hero and valiant savior to all, Harry Potter, was sadly found dead at the evil fortress known to some as Ministry of Magic. Harry, fought the good fight, even though anyone else rarely did. The last survivor of the Potter family, Harry vaporized Voldemort as a baby, most likely because the Dark Lord took away his teddy bear. That kind of petty crime is all that Voldemort is good for after all. Later on, Harry spent his life fighting for truth, justice, and the American Way, despite the fact that he was not American. He was faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, and could leap tall buildings in a single bound. Of course, we at the Daily Prophet could be confusing Harry with someone else. No matter what it was, today, Harry Potter has gone beyond the beyond but his everlasting spirit blesses us today. No matter what, The Ministry of Magic will never forget the

name of Harry Potter. Always remember the Boy-Who-Lived and he's always watching, even in death. You can't escape justice from what you've put him through. Remember Harry Potter is always watching. Always.

In the Ministry of Magic, several sheep moved through the Ministry.

“Bah!” cried the sheep in a loud voice, as they moved through the Ministry. On the wall of the Ministry, the following message was written.

Gotcha,

Love From,

Harry Potter.

The End.

And now, because absolutely no one demanded it, the not so special alternate ending to the Grand Conspiracy

Severus Snape's eyes snapped up, as he was leaned over a Potion, a slight headache and feeling light headed.

“Severus, might I ask what the matter is?” asked Dumbledore, as he was concerned, Severus had been cooped up in his office for the entire weekend.

“Dumbledore, I just had the most horrible dream,” said Snape. “Harry Potter was a mob boss at the age of six, he ruined your life, my life, lot more things happened that bad no sense, Potter's younger self returned out of nowhere, despite doing absolutely nothing before then. Then the dream had an inexplicable sequel. Grindelwald returned, with a plan that made no sense and an uber amulet. Not to mention he had sexual relations with his female counterpart and he turned the entire Ministry of Magic into sheep. Then I woke up.”

“Now, Severus, what did I tell you about inhaling potions fumes?” asked Dumbledore, shaking his head although he was rather amused about the thought of little Harry turning everyone in the Ministry of Magic into sheep. “This is just about as bad as the dream you had when Harry named his second born child Albus Severus Potter.”

“Don’t remind me,” said Snape dryly as he remembered the hours spent in therapy over that one. Grudgingly Snape also tried to remind himself that Harry Potter was still six years old and it would be five years before he would have to deal with the brat.

At that moment, Professor McGonagall rushed into the office, looking rather frantic.

“Professor Dumbledore, Arabella Figg floored us, Harry has ran away from the Dursleys, he was acting all strange, and then some shady looking men in a limousine picked him up,” said McGonagall.

This prompted Snape to do the only thing that made sense. He shrieked like a little girl.

The End(Part II)